

of the
Meek and the Mighty

EDWARD J. BING

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TO MY SPIRITUAL GUIDE

L. D.

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ANGLO-SAXON INFLUENCES

SECONDS OUT OF THE RING—LAST ROUND—TIME!

We shook hands and jumped apart, sparring for an opening.

Whack! Damn it, that one landed fair and square. And whack again! By Jove, I could see I should have to look out. The fellow's left was like a piston-rod. It must have been about the fiftieth punch on my nose, and the virgin whiteness of my jersey was already marred by a trickle of blood.

Now a quick feint, and—wallop! Well, I got that one home all right. He stumbled, but returned immediately to the attack. I dodged his swinging left, my neck propped under his left armpit, my left elbow keeping his right in check until the referee should separate us.

As though in a film flash-back, I could see myself in another fight, a year ago to the day, when I had had it all my own way. I had been sent to Berlin on that occasion by the Amateur Athletic Association of Hungary, and had wrested the Amateur Championship of Germany from my opponent in the final. But this fellow, who turned the scale seven pounds lighter than I, was far and away the better man. I might as well not have bothered to bring my weight down from the welters to lightweight. It was only going to be a victory on points, I could see that, his punch wasn't likely to do me any serious damage; but still—no good putting on the ostrich act, I told myself, and come on and face up to the facts!

'Break away!'

Feint, footwork—and whack!—my nose again! Yes, he's got me beat all right, and that's all there is to it—Whack!

Hell, you'd better look out and box instead of philosophizing, Edward J. Bing! I landed two good swings, which shook him up like a bottle of medicine. But that supple body of his positively bounced to the attack again; bent slightly

forward, then tilting backward as though on springs, he was at it like a jack-in-the-box. I wasn't exactly standing still either, and some of my dodges and duckings brought forth bursts of applause from the public, who happened to be prejudiced in my favour. But even my most fanatical supporter was forced to respect and admire my partner's smooth elegance and cool-headedness. And then of course I knew that many a member of the rival Budapest clubs present would silently rejoice at my defeat; for most of us are buoyed up in this vale of tears solely by the comforting spectacle of others in a still worse state.

The Englishman was my master, that was as plain as the nose on my face. Long before the referee raised the winner's hand and the public crowded into the ring, the result was obvious. I had lost the Amateur Championship of the City of Budapest to a pleasant, modest young man, who was later to display his sporting prowess in an arena of almost legendary fame—the ring of the National Sporting Club in London. The modest young man was Bob Marriott, at that time Amateur Lightweight Champion of England, and soon to become professional Champion of Great Britain and holder of the Lonsdale Belt.

As far back as 1908, Anglo-Saxon influences had begun to weaken France's cultural hegemony in Central Europe. Up to the beginning of our own century, French had been the language which the Central European learned as a matter of course in addition to his mother-tongue; but round about 1908 or 1910, the English language began to oust the French. The prosperity and commercial predominance of pre-War England were universally felt. People dressed in the English manner and strove to emulate Albion in every way, sometimes with ludicrous results, although the English example could be extremely salutary upon occasions. In Hungary—the Austrians were content with

considerably less civil freedom—the English parliamentary system was the admiration of all political parties, who unanimously wished to study it and follow its example; with the only difference that the temperament of our forefathers would sometimes break out, boxing of ears and punching of faces lending local colour to the gentle art of debating, and arguments not infrequently being enforced by the slinging of books and inkpots.

Apart from fencing, Central Europe as far as physical culture was concerned had long relied upon the influence of Germany and had specialized in gymnastics and drill. But about 1908 to 1910, English sports caught on like wild-fire among the younger generation. Lawn-tennis, Association football, hockey and the rest of them, became immensely popular. In the year 1910, my brother, a friend named Wallner, and myself introduced boxing into Hungary, and I wrote the first book of instruction in the 'noble art' to be published in the Hungarian language. In Austria, and still more so in Germany, the police forbade even amateur boxing in public on account of its 'brutality', while enthusiastic crowds were flocking to see the competitions which we organized in Hungary. There were, however, regular boxing competitions in clubs at this time in both Austria and Germany. Even two of the Kaiser's sons, the Princes Joachim and Oscar of Prussia, were learning how to box, and accepted my invitation, conveyed to them through the medium of their instructor, Joe Edwards, to assist in popularizing the noble art by coming to Budapest and giving exhibition bouts with me in the hall of the University of Engineering, which the University authorities were willing to place at our disposal for this purpose. The Princes excused themselves later, saying that their attendance at the military manœuvres would prevent them from coming. I suppose some court official or other had appeared in the rôle of *deus ex machina* and put his spoke in the wheel.

Jiu-jitsu was introduced into Central Europe at the same time, and army circles were not without their exponents of this Japanese art. Prominent among these was the well-known General von D., who was in command, prior to the World War, of the Austro-Hungarian troops stationed in Fiume. One evening His Excellency gave a party, and, fired with the enthusiasm of the missionary, he was anxious to demonstrate to his guests the advantages of this new sport.

'You will see,' he said, 'how calculation and intelligence triumph over brute strength in this system, evolved by the old Samurai.'

He rang, and an orderly appeared.

'Your Excellency rang?' inquired the hussar respectfully.

'Come here, my boy,' remarked the general with a smile of encouragement. 'Come here, and punch me in the face.'

The hussar was strangely disturbed. His Excellency was not a heavy drinker. Had he perhaps misunderstood him? Or—he had heard of cases in which the sins of a misspent youth had made themselves felt just about the time when the guilty party had reached the rank of colonel or general. But he had never before noticed anything abnormal in the general's conversation. Could it have broken out at this very instant? He wanted to be sure.

'I do not understand, Your Excellency.'

'Come, it doesn't take much understanding—surely? I asked you to punch me in the face.' And turning to his guests, he added, 'You will be amazed, gentlemen, at the way the Samurai system works.'

The hussar was a Hercules in build, but at that moment no kitten could have been weaker, and everything seemed to be turning black before his eyes. How could he possibly strike his superior officer? He could feel the goose-flesh coming out on him.

'Your Excellency—I—I can't do it!' he stammered, looking the picture of misery.

'Come, come,' said the general in a friendly way, 'nothing to get worked up about. I just want you to hit as hard as you know how!'

'As hard as I know how?' groaned the hussar.

'Yes, come on—you shall have a florin for doing it.'

The hussar was fired with the courage of despair. 'Your Excellency,' he announced in hoarse tones. 'I would not hit my superior officer—even for a thousand florins.'

General von D. thought it time to take the matter in hand. 'All right, man, if you refuse to do it of your own free will, you shall do it under orders. *I command you*—punch me in the face as hard as you can!'

Simple son of the Hungarian plains that he was, the hussar hastily recommended his soul to God and the Virgin Mary, landed a terrific punch, and—His Excellency lay sprawled unconscious on the ground.

Something had gone wrong. The general had made a thorough study of the Japanese art of self-defence, he knew all the parries and tricks, was familiar with every dodge which the sponsors of Jiu-jitsu, those cunning inhabitants of Nippon, had worked out in order that intelligence might triumph over brute strength; and the generations of Samurai for their part, who had devised this complicated art in the land of the venerable Fujiyama, had foreseen and provided for every eventuality, had worked out every combination. They had overlooked just one little detail.

The orderly was left-handed.

THE FOREIGNER INTRUDES

EVER SINCE MY CHILDHOOD, IT HAD BEEN MY DAY-DREAM to be able to study in England, and my first visit to London, which I made with my brother in 1910, only served to intensify this wish.

My first trip abroad for a newspaper took me to England again in 1911. I was representing the Budapest daily, *Az Ujság*, at the coronation of George V, when the Englishman's love of pageantry was as apparent as at the coronation of his son, twenty-six years later.

In the same year, I had the opportunity of studying the Boy Scout movement in the country of its origin, and when I returned to Budapest I was able to introduce this beneficent institution into Hungary and organize scout troops there, train the first scoutmasters and publish handbooks for their instruction. In 1914, on the occasion of the Boy Scout Exhibition in Manchester, I was already able to represent the Hungarian movement and was introduced to Lord (at that time still Sir Robert) Baden-Powell and Lady Baden-Powell. The following day I again met this wonderful man, whom millions of young people the world over honour as their chief. He was distributing badges and decorations to a number of scouts and scoutmasters, and as I happened to come within his range, I too was decorated, the grand old man of the World Scout Movement pinning the Medal of Merit on to my khaki shirt, with a few well-chosen words.

Twenty-three years later I read with interest that Lord Baden-Powell attended a World Scout Jamboree in Hungary, at which nearly 20,000 scouts from various countries had congregated, the number of scouts in Hungary at that time already exceeding 60,000.

There is a less pleasant memory associated with my activities as organizer of the Boy Scout movement in my native country. Shortly after the Great War, when terror raged in Hungary and many an old grudge could be settled

with impunity, four terrorists one day burst into the house in which I had lived during 1911 and 1912 to look for me. Had I been there when they called, I suppose that my corpse, broken by slow torture, would one dark night have joined those of the hundreds of other terrorist victims; but fortunately I was abroad at the time. It later transpired that this unannounced visit had been engineered by a man who had been active in the Hungarian Scout movement seven years previously and had always been jealous of me, since, as foolishly as I myself, he had looked upon my petty successes as something valuable and considered popularity something worth striving for. Since 1913 I had not lived in Hungary; a world war had been raging for four years, but this spartanically consistent character had rescued his hatred from the ruins of the world upheaval and preserved it like some precious treasure.

Perhaps he had failed to read that passage in the Scout regulations which says, 'A Boy Scout is a brother to every other Scout'. Or perhaps he had read it and thought of the Scouts Cain and Abel.

.

In 1913 my dream at last came true, and I went to Oxford. My parents were not well off. To live and study at Europe's oldest seat of learning was an expensive business. They made every sacrifice within their power, but it was still insufficient and I realized that the greater part of my fees would have to be earned. Fortunately I had good connections with a number of newspapers and magazines, and so was able to keep my head above water.

I reached the banks of the Isis provided with various documents which conveyed to the reader in flowing Latin the greetings of the *Rector Magnificus* of the University of Budapest and informed him that the highly learned bearer had spent many terms at the bosom of his *alma mater*. Proud as a Spanish grandee, I placed this document before Dr

Joseph Wells, the kindly old gentleman who was Warden of Wadham College, and received my first sample of Oxford's spirit.

'That's all right,' said Dr Wells. 'Now all we need is a testimonial about you.'

'??'

'A personal reference—the opinion of somebody who knows you well.'

'You mean, as though I were applying for membership of a club?'

'If you like to put it that way.'

I reflected, then mentioned an internationally famous Hungarian sportsman, Count B. Z., but my snobbish attempt to impress the professor was a miserable failure. Count Z.'s fame had not penetrated to Oxford, and the fact that he was a count impressed him not at all, for the place was full of undergraduates who were made to understand 'what's what' long before they appeared in *Who's Who*. I put on my thinking-cap and the saving idea came to me. I suggested the name of Mr Max Müller, at that time British Consul-General in my home town of Budapest. His letter was to prove a veritable Open Sesame. It was a surprise to me to learn a few weeks later that he was not only His Britannic Majesty's representative in Hungary, but the son of the famous Oxford Professor, Max Müller, the Western world's greatest Sanskrit scholar of all time. No wonder that the mention of his name acted like magic in Oxford—almost as though one were asked for a reference at the gates of Heaven and volunteered, 'Well, do you by any chance know a certain Saint Paul?'

The drawbridge leading to the fortress of British learning rattled down into position, giving right of way to the young savage from the Central European jungle. Reverently he stepped into the college hall, and was duly impressed by the portraits of old Wadham men who looked down at him from the oak-panelled walls, aloof but not unfriendly. Among

them, the late Lord Birkenhead, Sir John Simon, Admiral Blake and Sir Christopher Wren.

Since the Great War much has changed in Oxford, but before 1914 its spirit was still Victorian, although a decade and a half had passed since the death of the Queen. In sharp contrast to the continental University towns, I was impressed by what at that time was the incredibly smaller degree of personal liberty, and even to-day the undergraduate's freedom is extensively curtailed. It was news to me that one had to obtain the permission of the College authorities if one wished to come home later than ten at night, let alone spend a night away. The 'Bulldogs', recognizable from afar by their bowler hats, seemed like something out of a fairy-tale to me, and so did the Proctor's daily pursuits of students who were perhaps strolling through the town without their gowns in the evening, or had been seen smoking in their gowns, or even—get thee behind me, Satan!—had stopped to chat with girls in the street. It all conjured up a vision in my mind of the monastery schools of the Middle Ages, but my amazement was to reach its climax one evening when a friend from St. John's College and myself took out two local girls on the river. We had hired a punt, one of those long flat boats propelled by a pole, which were very much more popular in England until the era of the motor car dealt a near death-blow to this idyllic way of spending a summer afternoon. We had moored under some trees and were sitting there, chatting away, when the chugging of a motor-boat engine became audible and a searchlight shimmered over the surface of the water.

'Get out! Quick! Dive into the bushes! You girls can stay where you are till we come back!' said my friend in a manner which suggested that he had encountered the situation before. His voice bore such conviction and such urgency that I instinctively obeyed, and we bounded into

the sheltering bushes. What had happened? Had the English navy strayed into the upper reaches of the Thames? Or were Scotland Yard out, hot on somebody's trail? No, the Proctor was patrolling the river, on the look-out for students in boats with girls—for that was one of the gravest sins, entailing a heavy fine for the first offence, and likely, if repeated, to cause the miscreant to be 'sent down' from the University. Social contact between the sexes was very limited—any other sort of contact, could it have been proved, would have led to a student being sent down immediately. A young lady could never be invited to tea without a chaperon, and only a few young men were sufficiently optimistically inclined to attempt to pass off their sweethearts as sisters and cousins, this idea having already been considered somewhat out-of-date amongst Plato's disciples at the Academy of Athens.

I remember once being invited to tea with an elderly don and his wife. Two other students were invited, and three girl-students. We were not even introduced to the girls, and our conversation took place exclusively with our host, while the young ladies confined their attentions to the hostess. Then we all went home.

The storks, however, appeared to be utterly ignorant of Victorian etiquette, for even in Oxford the birth-rate remained normal.

Apart from the question of the relationship between the sexes, a sore point of Varsity life; the authorities showed a broad-minded readiness to overlook many of the students' rags.

It is an established fact that most animals unload their superfluous energy by translating it into playful action. This applies equally to that species of animal described, by a contradiction in terms, as *homo sapiens*. Whilst young goats skip and prance in a manner eloquent of *joie de vivre*, and puppies and children scamper about, making an unnecessary amount of noise, Nature seems to produce students

in bunches of four or five, arm in arm, singing or shouting at the top of their voices. If they make more than the average amount of noise, they are ear-marked as future leaders, whose progress the nation can follow with pride and expectation.

So it would appear that the students' larks and rags at a University are in truth nothing more nor less than a psychological necessity. The lark which set the most tongues wagging in my Oxford days was lacking neither in enterprise nor in alpinistic ability. At the corner of Broad Street and Cornmarket Street, the Martyrs' Memorial points its slender Gothic spire heavenwards. One fine morning passers-by were deeply shocked to discover, poised on its highest pinnacle, a vessel without which no Victorian bedroom was considered completely furnished. All attempts to scale the monument proved abortive. The undergraduate who perpetrated the lark must have been endowed with the agility of a professional acrobat, to say nothing of Providence's proverbial benevolence towards the intoxicated. Huge crowds soon collected to watch the attempts to remove the vessel. The firemen's ladders proved too short. Finally, after clearing the streets, the police attempted to shoot the offending article with a rifle. But in vain. Riddled with holes, it remained aloft—for it was made of zinc. Finally there was no alternative but to announce that no proceedings would be taken against the anonymous offender provided that under cover of night he would remove that humiliating symbol of the impotence of the forces of public order.

It was removed; and if our friend survived the war, he is possibly a member of one of the various expeditions which set out each year in an attempt to conquer Mount Everest.

In my Oxford days there was a delightful custom which had survived from the Middle Ages and was unfortunately abolished after the war. On solemn occasions and at certain public ceremonies, the undergraduates were permitted to

interrupt the proceedings, or even the official speech of the Vice-Chancellor, head of the University, by jocular remarks.

On June 24th, 1914, four days before the murder at Sarajevo precipitated events which have kept Europe in a state of turmoil for the past twenty-five years, we students filled the gallery of the Sheldonian Theatre for the last time before the world conflagration. The annual 'Encænïa' ceremony, the distribution of honorary degrees, was to take place, under the presidency of the Vice-Chancellor. At the organ sat J. V. Roberts, doctor of music, of Magdalen College, accompanying the picturesque medieval ceremony with an appropriate background of Mendelssohn and Handel. Headed by the Vice-Chancellor, the dignified procession of participants had been formed in one of the Colleges and was proceeding slowly towards the scene of action; but since it took an unconscionable time to arrive, one of the students called out to the organist a request that he should play something lively. True to ancient tradition, Dr Roberts entered into the spirit of the joke. 'Play "Get Out and Get Under"!' they called—referring to a ragtime melody which at that period was being whistled up and down every street in England and vied for popularity with 'Alexander's Ragtime Band'. Obediently the syncopated rhythm emerged from the majestic instrument, when suddenly the head of the column hove into sight almost at the theatre door, an imposing array of 'noblemen, heads of houses, doctors, proctors and gentlemen', clad in their brilliant gowns, arriving to confer honorary degrees on:

'His Royal Highness the ruling Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Knight of the Garter';

'His Excellency the American Ambassador, Mr. Walter Hines Page';

'The Right Honourable Viscount Bryce, Order of Merit, D.C.L., late His Majesty's Ambassador to the United States'; and on Richard Strauss, the famous composer.

There was a dismayed hush in the auditorium. The organist, whose perch on a balcony directly over the door did not

afford him a view into the courtyard, continued to play with zest, until a don in flowing gown rushed up and whispered something in his ear, whereupon at this point in the immortal lines,

‘ . . . he was dying to cuddle his queen
But every minute
When he’d begin it,
He’d have to get under,
Get out and get under,
To fix up his automobeeele . . . ’

the melody changed abruptly into ‘God Save the King’. As with the arrival of Blücher at Waterloo, the honour of England was saved at the last moment, for the ceremonial procession, headed by the Vice-Chancellor in person, had just entered the hall.

After the investiture of the honorary degrees came the festal address in elaborate Latin, interrupted from time to time by wanton remarks from the students. But even had there been no interruptions, the foreign recipients of the degrees would not have understood a word, for these gentlemen experienced the same surprise which I myself had felt upon first hearing the tongue of Virgil and Cicero pronounced as though it were English. It is my personal conviction that the inhabitants of Britain, recalling the period of Roman conquest, take a perverse pleasure in this means of avenging themselves on the legions of Caesar, who would assuredly never have scaled those chalk cliffs had he had the slightest inkling that the inhabitants of the island might one day pronounce his immortal words as—‘ween-eye, wide-eye, wice-eye’.

The Frenchman of course pronounces the Latin ‘us’ exactly as in French, and the Latin ending ‘um’ he speaks as though it were the ‘on’ in Napoleon. The Central European speaks Latin exactly as it is written, sounding the c before a hard vowel as k, and before a soft vowel as ts. The same

applies to the Italian, with the sole difference that the *c* is sounded *tch* before a soft vowel, exactly as in Italian. The continental visitor is invariably baffled when he tumbles to it that 'arma vierumkwy cayno' is identical with what he has always known as 'arma veerumkveh cahno', and 'casus belli' with what he was taught to pronounce 'kahzoos belly'. During recent years, actuated by a certain historical remorse, the English universities have begun to say 'bacilly' instead of 'bacill-eye', and even 'vayny, veedy, vicky'. It is no longer possible to ascertain exactly how the Romans spoke their language, but one thing is certain, and that is that they did not pronounce it like English. Had Julius Caesar really said, 'ween-eye, wide-eye, wice-eye', his compatriots would have murdered him long before 44 B.C.

The varying pronunciation of Latin current in the countries of Europe was responsible for a diplomatic incident fraught with some danger. After the Russo-Turkish war, when the envoys of the great powers met at the Berlin Congress under Bismarck's chairmanship for the purpose of dividing up the spoils, Count Shuvaloff, representing victorious Russia, made a long speech in which he set forth extensive demands. Disraeli listened to him with growing agitation, crying out the moment the Russian sat down, 'Russia's insistence upon these demands would be *quasi a casus belli!*' There ensued a foreboding silence. Although several of those present were thoroughly conversant with the English language, none of them had understood what Lord Beaconsfield had said, but they knew it must be a ticklish point, for Her Britannic Majesty's Prime Minister was visibly agitated. Not even Bismarck had understood Disraeli's interjection, so he called for a five-minute interval in the proceedings, in order to prevent any dangerous developments. The British Prime Minister was immediately surrounded, and, surprised that they had not understood the remark, he repeated it several times—the Russian demands were *quasi a casus belli*. At last, somebody grasped his meaning, and all their faces lit up.

Aha—Russia's demands were kvahsy a kahzoos belly! The conference could proceed.

Life in pre-War Oxford offered the average young man considerable encouragement to become a snob. I think that everyone should read Thackeray's immortal *Book of Snobs* at least once a year, for prophylactic reasons. The chapter headed 'University Snobs' shows how little life at the Varsity has changed since the great novelist's time. One of its dangers lay in the fact that poorer students were tempted to live beyond their means in an attempt to keep up with the sons of rich and aristocratic families, who were waiting by the banks of the Isis for their 'Pass B.A.', which, unlike the 'Honours B.A.', was 'chucked at you' as unkind wits suggested. By the tenets of the unfaltering justice which is known to govern our social system, the son of a simple workman had exactly the same right as the heir of the wealthiest peer of the realm to own a deer-park or keep a stable full of polo ponies, but for some strange reason he took no advantage of this facility. To study at Oxford before the War without winning a scholarship was almost a privilege of the wealthier classes. There was, however, a category of students at the less expensive colleges who in their social position fell somewhere between a gentleman and a foreigner. Like Indian society, Oxford students grouped themselves, albeit unofficially, into more or less clearly defined castes, which one might describe roughly as follows.

Socially the highest, that is, the Brahmins, were the members of Magdalen College and Christ Church, at which many a King of England has been a student. In the next caste one might include, among others, New College and Balliol, which latter one could enter only if one undertook to read for honours. The next step in the social scale was occupied by such colleges as Trinity, University College (known as Univ. for short), St. John's, Jesus, Worcester, Wadham, Oriel, Brasenose, etc. The 'untouchables', whose very shadow rendered their neighbours' food unclean, were the students

of Keble College, Manchester College, and the non-collegiate students, whose fees were so low that it was almost possible for poor people to send their sons there, even without scholarships.

In my Oxford days the Duke of Windsor, at that time of course Prince of Wales, and known in Oxford as the 'Praggerwagger', was at Magdalen College—unlike Edward VII, who had been at Christ Church. In every college, according to the greater or smaller number of students, groups formed which had a close contact among themselves from a social point of view. Among the friends of the Prince of Wales were his adjutant, Major Cadogan; Lord Stanley, son and heir of the Earl of Derby, who was later, until his death in October 1938, Minister for the Dominions in the British Cabinet; also one of the Sassoons, a member of the rich Jewish family which originally came from Baghdad and has given England many a brilliant civil servant. The Praggerwagger's popularity in Oxford extended far beyond his own intimate circle, for even at that time he showed a spirit of sportsmanship and genuine modesty. Being a great admirer of rowing and boxing, he was an enthusiastic spectator at the inter-Varsity boxing championships, and at the 'torpids', or 'togggers' as they are often called, the winter boat-races on the Isis between the eights of the various colleges. I repeatedly saw him, dressed like all the other undergraduates in shorts and sweater, tearing along the towing-path waving a rattle and shouting himself hoarse to encourage his college eight.

I too succumbed for a time to the local temptations to become a snob, and attempted to force my company upon a few viscounts and earls, but without success. I suppose a healthy instinct must have warned these young people; and then again they had no need to import snobs from Central Europe, as there was an adequate supply of the home product. Not until I became known as a boxer and was nicknamed 'Bruiser Bing' by the undergraduate weekly *Isis*, could I consider myself launched in society; and after making several

speeches in the 'Ugger', *recte* the 'Union Debating Society', the young foreigner found even the doors of the New Tory Club opening to admit him, where Lloyd George was hated with particular intensity at that moment, having just previously, in 1911, considerably curtailed the inherited rights of the House of Lords.

At that period, in the post-Victorian and proto-Georgian era, the term 'foreigner' was only a shade less derogatory than 'native'. And yet by one of those wilful acts of Providence which cause one to doubt the existence of a supreme justice there were about 1,954 million foreigners in the world as compared to about 46 million Englishmen. According to another calculation the proportion might be placed at 1,954 million to 230 million, for an Englishman was worth five foreigners. But as Lord Chesterfield says in those immortal letters to his son, this belief gave the Englishman such confidence that he did in point of fact become equal to two foreigners.

Much has changed since then. The English character has retained its admirable qualities whilst almost entirely discarding its conceit; and as a matter of fact, even in former days, the apparent haughtiness of the Englishman was more often than not an unconscious attempt to cover up a very real shyness and timidity, and beneath that traditional armour of reserve there lurked yesterday, just as much as to-day, a wealth of warmth and often a deal more kindness and social sense and sympathy and willingness to help than in many a country where the people are unable to speak a single sentence without waving their arms about in the air.

If one did not submit to the temptations of social life, Oxford offered all the advantages of its wonderful tradition and institutions, the healthy relationship between the cultivation of the mind and the cultivation of the body providing young people with ideal conditions for harmonious development. I for one never missed a training day at the Oxford University Boxing Club. In the last week of February 1914

we had some boxing competitions which took place before packed houses. The students' weekly, *The Varsity*, said of them among other things,

'There was some amazing hard hitting in the Middles at the Corn Exchange. Anderson, of University (College) had a sparkling bout with Rossdale, of Merton, but was always ahead on points. Crebbin, of University, and Bing, of Wadham, put up a most interesting display in their heat, and had the latter, who comes to Oxford with a big continental reputation, boxed as well in the first round as he did in the last, he would undoubtedly have gained the verdict. As it was, the margin was very small, and many thought that Bing had won.'

Five months later, Fate took over the rôle of Master of Ceremonies, and in the autumn of 1930 I read on the roll of honour in the entrance hall of University College:

A. J. R. Anderson, †1915

W. A. Crebbin, Military Cross, †1917

To-day, almost a generation later, while healthy, carefree young people are again boxing in the hall of the Corn Exchange, statesmen are proclaiming the doctrine of force. There are, after all, always plenty of fools, ready to believe the slogans about living-space, and in the quarries there is always plenty of marble from which still more 'rolls of honour' can be hewn.

A truly admirable thing in England is the attention devoted to the training and encouraging of the art of rhetoric, a tradition taken over from the Romans. Although basically it is of little consequence whether we express the fictions, illusions and slogans ruling our public life in unschooled terms or in masterly rhetoric, the observance of certain parliamentary forms has an undeniably soothing effect on frayed tempers. It does after all sound better if the speaker, instead

of shouting, 'I'll knock your block off, you . . .!' remarks, 'I beg to disagree with the honourable member opposite.' Rhetoric teaches not only the art of expressing oneself clearly, but the more important art of thinking clearly, and there is nothing humanity requires more urgently than people who can think clearly. The Oxford Union Debating Society is therefore one of the University's most valuable institutions, and in many cases it offers an opportunity of immediate training for a future political career. Gladstone and the late Lord Birkenhead were both Presidents of the 'Ugger' in their time, and the personal attendance of Cabinet Ministers at its debates lends it status in the public life of England.

During the last two terms before the War, I attended debates in which Mr Lloyd George and Sir Austen Chamberlain took part. Twelve years later, as an executive of the United Press, I was in part responsible for the publication of a series of fortnightly articles by Lloyd George in several countries of Europe, and twenty-two years later I was able to arrange for Sir Austen Chamberlain's memoirs, entitled *Down the Years*, to appear in serial form in the continental Press.

Among a number of lion-cubs whose claws were already visible at that time, there figured at one of the debates which I attended, a young man who was to make a name for himself later on. The weekly paper which I have already quoted, *The Varsity*, reported as follows on the debate which took place on May 19th, 1914, the motion being: 'That this house demands a drastic change in the public-school system', 'Mr J. L. Hore-Belisha (St. John's) . . . enlivened matters; though he should have remembered that anecdotes almost invariably fail to go off when only would-be speakers are left in the debating hall. If he had been heard earlier, he would have been more effective.'

Twenty-five years later, as War Minister in Mr Neville Chamberlain's Cabinet, Mr Hore-Belisha is not likely ever to have addressed a house in which there were only would-be speakers left. He further functioned two weeks later as 'teller

for the Ayes' at a debate on the motion: 'That this house condemns the Entente as embodying both an unnecessary and an unnatural policy.' In a speech of which the reporter of the undergraduate weekly said, 'too long by about ten minutes . . . but nevertheless very welcome, as it was of real interest for its matter,' I joined the same camp as Mr Hore-Belisha. Long before a certain Hitler and a certain Mussolini came to power, Mr Hore-Belisha and myself had, however, revised our opinions, and I can venture to say that in a debate on that same subject to-day, the former would apply solely for the job of 'teller for the Noes'.

Many a political friendship formed in Oxford is destined to last a lifetime. In this connection the rumour is significant which was circulating in my Oxford days that F. E. Smith, later to become Lord Birkenhead, and one of his very distinguished friends, both ex-Presidents of the Oxford Union, had agreed not to steal each other's 'place in the sun', and that one had therefore decided to join the Liberal and the other the Conservative party. Although this story was of course fictitious, it was significant in as far as it reflected conditions in Oxford. Political friendships made at a public school are often even closer than those formed at Oxford, and 'the old school tie' has possibly made British history as frequently as His Majesty's fleet. In spite of the democratic stage-effects, the guidance of England's destinies still lies in the hands of a group of aristocrats, many of whom are close friends. Many a vote has been gained in the class-rooms of Harrow, and many a battle at Westminster been won on the playing-fields of Eton.

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Four weeks after that Oxford Union debate, Gavrilo Prinkip, unwitting instrument of fate, shot Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife in Sarajevo and supplied the jingoism of the peoples of Europe with an excuse to wallow in a bath of blood.

In affliction, in danger and in need, a man's nature and a country's spirit show up in their true light, and amidst the universal holocaust Oxford sent me a message which displayed the British character from its best and most chivalrous angle.

At the beginning of 1915, while the U.S.A. were still neutral, I was visited in Budapest by a very good friend of mine, the American journalist Robert Mountsier, then of the *New York Sun*. I had first met him in London in 1911, at the coronation of George V, and now he had been sent to Europe again by his paper, and was collecting material for reports on life in Austria-Hungary during the war, which he later published in the *Daily Mail* and other papers. My friend left Hungary for London, intending to return later to Budapest, where I was stationed, having just received my commission. I asked Mountsier to write down the names and addresses of three young men with whom I had been on specially friendly terms in Oxford—Rupert Fellowes, of Balliol, L. Bickersteth, of St. John's, who had his 'digs' in the same house as myself for some time, and Lionel Jardine, from my own college, Wadham. When Mountsier reached London, he was to write to each of the three, marking the envelope 'Please forward', conveying greetings from me and requesting them to send me a message, saying how they were getting on.

It was a dangerous mission; to travel from Central Europe into territory occupied by the Allies, carrying 'enemy' addresses in one's pocket-book, might be as much as one's life was worth. I was young and inexperienced, and it was not till later that I realized the dangerous position in which I had placed my friend. Fortunately for my peace of mind, he returned safe and sound to Budapest a few weeks later. He told me how he had met Lord Northcliffe, and showed me copies of the *Daily Mail* containing his articles about Hungary; then he read from his pocket-book the replies which my friends had sent him—he had of course taken the precaution of destroying the originals before leaving England.

Europe was diseased with hatred and fury, its youth poisoned for years to come by fanaticism; and yet each of those three young Englishmen replied to the message. Fellowes wrote from France, to say that he was doing well and was A.D.C. to a British general. Bickersteth sent good wishes, Jardine greetings from the front.

Fellowes fell for his country shortly afterwards. The Reverend L. Bickersteth is now canon in Canterbury. I met Captain Lionel Jardine again after the War. We had both fought in Asiatic Turkey at the same time, he in the British and I in the Turkish army. To-day he has an important post in the Indian Civil Service.

About the same time I wrote a letter to the Warden of my college at Oxford, the late Dr Joseph Wells. I sent it to a friend of mine in Switzerland who put it into another envelope and forwarded it on to the addressee. Had my superiors found out that I had written to an 'enemy', a court martial would have been a certainty. On the other hand, by replying to the letter which had come from the heart of the enemy camp, the old man to whom it was addressed might, perhaps, have been politely asked to resign. The year before, but a few weeks after I had enjoyed his hospitality, Dr Lyttelton, the famed head master of Eton, had had to resign his position for signing a declaration in favour of peace.

But old Dr Wells's kindness and the culture of his soul were above petty fears. Thus it came about that in September 1915 a letter reached me at the front from Oxford. It had been re-transmitted by my Swiss friend, was written on Wadham College stationery, dated the 24th August 1915, and ran:

'DEAR BING,

'You would not know the College and Oxford. We have had only about forty men up during the last year, and during the coming year we shall have less than forty. All our men,

like those of all other colleges, are at the front. Of your contemporaries we have lost R. K. Ledger, Maxwell, and (I fear) Huckell, who is to-day reported "missing" at the Dardanelles.

'I am very glad you are all right so far, and better from your wound. I look forward to seeing you when the War is over. If you can, send me a line again to say how you are. With kind regards,

'Yours sincerely,

'J. WELLS.'

Don't talk to me about Oxford's detachment from things human or the coldness of the English. I know better.

THE ART OF BEING OFFENDED

POPULAR AS IT WAS, ANGLO-SAXON SPORT AND ITS ATTENDANT mentality did not have it all their own way in pre-War Central Europe. This part of the world had not been so quick as the West to forget that but a few generations previously the nobleman had carried his sword by his side as a symbol of his privileged position. Serfdom was abolished in Hungary in 1848, and the people had on the whole an intense love of freedom, the privileges of the parliamentary system being jealously guarded; but in spite of all this, the feudal spirit still predominated in certain respects. Then came the undeniable fact that the Law protected personal honour most inadequately. A slap in the face, for instance, entailed a fine of twenty Kronen—about seventeen shillings to-day—which of course incited bullies to indulge in deeds of bravado, and many of them really regretted that ear-boxing fines were not available on the season-ticket system, at a discount.

So the great popularity of the duel can be ascribed partly to the strong feudal instinct still prevalent at the time, and partly to inadequate legal protection.

Most people estimate their 'honour' simply and solely by outward standards, by the current value placed upon it in their own particular set. The inhabitant of pre-1914 Austria and Hungary was provided with a book of reference to which he could turn when in doubt and which never failed to inform him of the degree to which he had to consider himself insulted and of the steps he should take to reburnish his tarnished honour. This tome could be had in any bookshop and bore the title of 'Honour and Duelling Code'.

It divided insults into three categories—of the first, second, and third degree.

Comparison with an animal counted as an insult of the first degree. If, therefore, somebody addressed the gentleman

with whom he was engaged in conversation like this: 'Sir, having considered the subject from all angles, and taken everything into consideration, I am forced to the conclusion that you are an ass,' that would be an insult of the first degree. Some, in whom study of the classics, and particularly of Tacitus, had induced a taste for dramatic brevity, would concentrate their expression of opinion into one illuminating word, 'Ass', 'Cattle', 'Camel', 'Rhinoceros', and so forth, according to whether their preference was for local or tropical fauna. Others elected to use creatures populating mythical fables, such as 'moon-calf'. All these expressions counted as insults of the first degree, although the cap often fitted.

The second degree consisted almost entirely of more or less serious encroachments upon the offended party's sense of honour; this category including wishes, invitations and commands which were derogatory to the other's prestige, even if he failed to comply with them, for instance, 'Go to Hell!' or 'You can go and boil yourself!' and similar exhortations of a fraternal nature.

Matters became really serious with the third degree. To this category belonged three types of insult—those which cast doubt upon the offended party's honesty, such as 'Cheat', 'Swindler', and similar valuations; physical attacks; and the insult or seduction of fiancée, wife, daughter or sister of the offended party.

It is one of the laws of Nature that the husband should be the last to hear of his wife's adultery, when not only does the whole town know of it, but wandering bards are already immortalizing it in song. If, however, the pre-War Austro-Hungarian husband did find it out in the end, he was then deemed to have been insulted in the third degree.

One of the most important third-degree insults was a slap in the face. A slap in the face is, of course, in other than Anglo-Saxon countries, an old and time-honoured institution having a symbolic, a dramatic and, one might almost say, a

decorative character, rather than the purpose of causing severe bodily harm. It is above all things an emphatic gesture of disrespect, arising out of the fact that many people consider their face to be one of the nobler parts of their anatomy.

People of a practical turn of mind, loath to expose themselves to the somewhat hazardous results of a slap in the face, frequently made do with the remark, 'Sir, consider your face slapped!' According to the rules of 'The Honour and Duelling Code', this counted as a regulation slap in the face.

There was a practical significance in the division of the insults into categories and their subsequent arrangement in catalogue form. It automatically established the conditions under which these matters of honour were to be settled or fought out. Insults of the first degree could frequently, though not always, be atoned for by an expression of regret on the part of the offending party. But if the latter had, in the excitement of the moment, strayed from the comparatively safe regions of zoology and mythology, then a duel was almost inevitable.

With regard to the conditions and other details of a duel, there were numerous possibilities. In the case of insults of the first and second degree, light Italian sabres were the order of the day, and the duel was continued 'until the first blood drawn', which meant that it was stopped as soon as one of the parties was wounded. In many cases a duel like this would develop into a farce—more often than not especially staged by the seconds—the routine being that the doctor, who was disposed to be friendly and had been initiated into the game, would intervene at the first scratch and squeeze the 'wound' between two pads of cotton-wool until a drop of blood oozed out.

The 'first blood' was thus obtained and honour satisfied.

According to the 'intensity' of the insult, the seconds had to agree that the bandages should be either 'heavy' or 'light',

or that this protection for such vital parts of the body as the jugular vein, the pulse artery, etc., should be dispensed with altogether.

In the case of insults of the third degree, duels in Hungary were usually serious affairs. The offended party always had the right to name the weapon, and very often decided upon pistols or heavy cavalry sabres. There were various ways of using these weapons upon which the seconds could come to an agreement. It was, for instance, possible to choose pistols with or without sights; and from one to three shots could be fired. Further, the distance between the opponents would be measured according to the magnitude of the insult. The offended party as a rule was entitled to the first shot. The experienced duellist, or the one who had been correctly instructed by his seconds, stood in such a way that he offered his opponent as small a surface as possible at which to aim, turning the right side towards him and thus shielding his chest. If it had not been agreed that the opposing parties should fire simultaneously, then the party who had the second shot held his pistol, pointing upwards, on the level of his head, the weapon itself thus affording some degree of protection to it and his chest being shielded by his bent arm.

Duels with cavalry sabres frequently continued until one party was incapable of fighting any longer. Sometimes also the thrust was permitted, and a duel with cavalry sabres, with cut and thrust, often had a tragic outcome. In my childhood I can remember talk about a duel of this nature which took place between two prominent members of parliament, a Count Keglevich and a certain Dr. Karl Hentz. Keglevich rushed his adversary, who replied with a *coup arrêé* by simply holding his outstretched sword at arm's length. Count Keglevich lost his balance and rushed on to the sabre, which plunged into his heart and emerged the other side. He was killed instantly.

Duels were illegal, but no serious punishment was imposed

for indulging in them, and such punishment left no smirch on one's reputation. So Hentz was merely sentenced to a few months' honourable confinement to a fortress, without sustaining any loss of honour.

The extensive use of dangerous weapons can, however, produce a situation wherein hardly any duel is a serious affair, as for instance in France, where the *épée* is usually chosen. This weapon is so dangerous that a good fencer could spike his adversary like putting a pin through a butterfly, and the result is that duels in France are often more comic than anything else. They see to it that the newspaper reporters and photographers are present, before taking up their positions. Neither of the duellists dares to advance, for his adversary's weapon inspires too healthy a respect in him. After a while, one of them grows tired and drops his arm, whereupon the other lunges forward—but not too far—and usually wounds him on the forearm. This is how ninety-nine out of a hundred duels end in France; and yet they are much more serious affairs than the so-called *Mensur* customary at the German universities before the Great War and reintroduced by the Nazis. The students stand facing each other, heavily bandaged, their eyes protected by wire-mesh goggles, and proceed to belabour each other's cheeks with light sabres with blunted ends, in order to be able later on to flaunt their disfigurement as any African warrior displays his tribal scars.

In a duel with either the so-called light Italian sabres or with cavalry sabres, a medium fencer is, strange to say, almost invariably at a disadvantage compared to a non-fencer. For this reason the first question put by an experienced second to his principal would be, 'Are you a first-class fencer, a non-fencer, or a medium fencer?' If one of the latter descriptions applied, the young man would be initiated into the great secret of duelling. 'When you hear the word "Go!" you must rush at your adversary like a wild Ashanti warrior and lay about him from all angles like a madman. Don't

bother about footwork—*rush* at him. Only remember to hold your sabre tightly. It is not *de rigueur* to let forth a war-cry! The rest will look after itself. Only don't try to fence, whatever you do—unless you want to look more like a Hamburger steak than a man when he's finished with you!' And so it was. Anyone who was not a really first-class fencer was helpless before such a primitive onslaught, since all the fine feints and parries and the rules of the art of fencing were simply ignored by the other in the throes of his exalted anger. And so one not infrequently witnessed duels in which both parties fenced like lions.

Lions cannot fence.

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Duels with pistols also provided just as many comic as serious incidents. Hungarian custom prescribed muzzle-loaders for duels, and shortly before the encounter one would insert the powder and then introduce the bullets—just as in great-grandfather's day. This gave the philanthropic second divers opportunities of performing quiet deeds of mercy. The duel with pistols had a further advantage over the sabre duel in that it was easier for the seconds to conceal from their principals the intrigues with which they sought to reduce the rate of mortality. As the combatants usually knew nothing of these little manipulations, they were able to 'save their face'—to say nothing of saving their life. A favourite trick practised by the seconds was to put the powder in but omit the bullets. And so a duellist, eloquent of blood-lust, would sometimes fire upon his adversary; or perhaps, obeying a nobler inspiration, he would fire in the air or into the ground—and would then stand transfigured in the halo of his magnanimity, while the bullets reposed in the second's pocket.

A malicious trick of which the seconds were particularly fond was to render the loading ineffective by secretly spitting down the barrel. There were a few people who brought this

practice to a fine art. One of my oldest friends, to-day head of an important business concern in Hungary, was considered the world's champion pistol-spitter; the precision of his aim would have put William Tell and Buffalo Bill to shame any day. Woe betide the pistol which was treated to his brilliantly measured and aimed spittle, for it was inexorably destined to play a pacific rôle. This man was one of those modest heroes, comparable to Florence Nightingale, who, beyond the reach of glory's searchlight, do their bit to ease the sufferings of humanity and yet are somehow never recipients of the Nobel Prize for Peace.

The effort to prevent duellists from doing each other injury was of course sometimes prompted by the less admirable motive of having a good laugh at their expense. This was especially true of students, and I myself once seconded and helped to organize such a duel.

A friend of mine, B.K., who was at that time, in the year 1912, in his first term as a medical student—I came across him again in 1936 as a much-sought-after doctor—had the misfortune to collide with his colleague, B.F., who was a freshman, like himself, and is now, like himself, a well-known physician, on the stairs in the main building of Budapest University. The two exchanged words in which they vividly described each other's mental deficiency by drawing upon similes from the animal world. Since they were both about twenty, they were of the opinion that only blood could wash this stain from their escutcheons. There followed the usual ritual—exchange of visiting-cards, choice of seconds within twenty-four hours, and the meeting of the seconds.

My friend, B.K., asked me to be one of his two seconds and to choose the other myself. Both principals and three of the four seconds were medical students, I being the only layman. In charge of the duel was R.Gy., a very popular figure at that time in Budapest sporting and duelling circles.

The initiated knew full well what it meant to have Gy. directing a duel, but the two freshmen, who had only just come to the University, were still in that state where ignorance is bliss. Gy. had not yet obtained his medical degree, and some unkind spirits declared that he was in his fifty-sixth term, while others maintained that he had come up shortly after the University's foundation in the year 1680 and had been retained year after year ever since upon the unanimous request of the medical faculty, in order that suffering humanity might be spared his attentions; but although as a doctor he might be 'Public Enemy No 1', a kindly soul dwelled within him, and no serious duel ever took place under his direction. He specialized in sabre duels, declaring that in the case of pistols he might one day in a fit of absent-mindedness really put bullets in, and, as he was short-sighted, he also feared that his aim might be poor when spitting into the barrel. 'There is no foreseeing what the consequences might be,' he was wont to say. 'I am a God-fearing man, and when I appear before my Maker, I don't want to have to answer for any murders other than those to which my medical degree will entitle me—should I ever obtain it.'

Well, in this case, our attempt at settling the matter by mutual apology was unsuccessful, both parties refusing to revise their diagnosis of the other's mental qualities. So we agreed upon a duel with light sabres, 'without thrust' but to continue until 'complete exhaustion'. As it was the young men's first duel, we decided upon these conditions, for they sounded desperately dangerous and yet offered the seconds more opportunity than any other form of intervening and preventing the duellists from doing each other serious harm. On the other hand, we wanted to give the freshmen the fright of their lives and so were determined to leave no stone unturned in making the preparations as blood-curdling as possible.

The great day dawned. Neither of them could fence well,

so I gave my principal the advice which I have already described, and exhorted him on the word 'Go!' to hurl himself like a howling dervish at his opponent and to lay about him without bothering his head about technique. Acting upon our advice, both duellists had put quantities of pomade on their hair and then brushed it back flat—an old dodge to make the hair more resilient, affording some measure of protection against a blow from a sabre. Then we produced the usual triangle of vaseline on our principal's foreheads, so that in the event of a head wound, the blood would run off the temples instead of trickling into the eyes.

My man had taken good note of my advice, and when he heard the word 'Go!' he shut his eyes and rushed at his adversary like a Sioux on the warpath, brandishing his sabre in very truth like a tomahawk. The spirit of the late lamented Great Chief Sitting Bull would have rejoiced at the sight, had he been present. But before my man had contrived to scalp the paleface or indeed to harm a hair of his head, we had thrust our sabres between them and separated them, exercising the second's ancient privilege to intervene if it appears to him that his principal's life is in danger. There was of course no question of this, but we had agreed with the other seconds not to allow any serious damage, and so, in turn, the seconds interrupted every round the moment it threatened to degenerate into a conflict. We contrived nevertheless to give the whole such a martial character—as seconds, we wore fencing masks which hid our smiles—that when at last the doctor, who was in the know, declared at the end of the fifth clash that they were both 'completely exhausted' and therefore 'unfit to continue', they were convinced that they had escaped death by a miracle.

As a reaction to the fear they had both experienced, a humanitarian impulse awoke in the bosoms of the two freshmen, which enabled us to bring about a reconciliation,

We then explained to them that it was customary for the principals to invite their seconds to a Lucullan repast, and so this Homeric fight ended in a no less Homeric manner, for as the immortal blind bard of antiquity might have said:

‘To partake of dishes galore the princes of battle forgathered.’

FIRST NEWSPAPER ASSIGNMENTS

IN ORDER TO KEEP MYSELF AT OXFORD, I HAD, AS I HAVE already mentioned, to act at the same time as correspondent for several Budapest papers, chiefly the *Az Est*, Hungary's biggest evening paper, which was prosperous and paid well. I also wrote for various magazines, such as the *Magyar Figyelő* ('Hungarian Observer'), which would pay a hundred Kronen for a fairly long article. This came to about four pre-War gold sovereigns—very welcome to a young man who had to provide his own board and lodging. One of the articles I wrote for this paper bore the title, 'The Cure for Unemployment'. To-day I should be able to earn very much more than four gold sovereigns, did I but know the cure.

Round about Easter, 1914, two years before the Easter Rebellion in Dublin, the whole of England and Ireland was in a state of great agitation over the preparations which the Ulster Volunteers, under Sir Edward Carson, were making for civil war against Nationalist Ireland. I was instructed by the *Az Est* to go to Belfast, where I managed to obtain permission to attend the secret evening drill-practice held by the Volunteers in Brewery Buildings, Sandy Row. I was allowed in only after knocking in a particular manner and exchanging passwords. On the ground-floor of the factory men of all ages were having rifle-practice, while in a room on the first floor ladies prominent in Belfast society were being trained as nurses for the insurgent army.

A few weeks later, it was not only in Belfast that soldiers were being trained.

At the beginning of July 1914, *Az Est* fell in with my suggestion that I should spend a week in the East End of London and write a series of articles on my experiences. A C.I.D. Scotland Yard official put me into touch with an ex-inspector named Cunningham, who, after twenty-five years' service with the Yard, had set up as a private inquiry agent and was considered an expert on the East End. He

it was who had served as guide to George R. Sims for his studies of 'darkest London'. In order not to be conspicuous, we both dressed in the typical Cockney get-up, with a scarf instead of a collar, and the inevitable cap. I had been over-enthusiastic and bought myself a red scarf. When Cunningham saw it, he made me change it, remarking that when he said a scarf he meant a scarf and not a danger-signal. 'Are you able to take care of yourself?' he asked. I thought I was. 'All right,' he nodded. 'We shan't go armed.' But he showed me how to jab an adversary in the solar plexus with a walking-stick, which, on account of the concentration of the shock on a small space, is much more effective than a blow with the fist.

We spent a whole week exploring the most doubtful haunts of Houndsditch, Bromley, Stepney and Limehouse, not forgetting the streets of Whitechapel, which was, however, even at that period a district of distress rather than of crime. In Whitechapel we were joined by Inspector Dessent of the local police-station, and in Limehouse by Detective Ryan, each a specialist for his particular district. We visited the doss-houses in Brick Lane and Whitechapel Road, where one can spend the night for sixpence; and the famous pub in Limehouse, owned by Charley Brown, who died, a local celebrity, in June 1932. Brown had a collection of unique value, which he had obtained mostly through sailors. Beside the foetus of a calf with six legs and a human embryo with two heads, floating in spirit, stood a magnificent Buddha carved in ivory; stuffed tropical animals reclined gracefully against cloisonné vases which would have been the pride of many a museum. During the course of our excursions, my companions showed me the various places where the victims of 'Jack the Ripper' had been discovered. And then we visited a number of opium-dens in Limehouse. Ryan warned me not to expect luxuriously equipped salons, but merely the cheap lodging-houses in which the Chinese of this quarter live.

To avoid any unpleasant surprises, we had discussed our plan of action beforehand, for, with the exception of the police, no outsiders, and in particular no Europeans, are admitted to these places. We fixed that Cunningham should remain standing by the door, while Ryan would go in and speak with the owner of the den, and I would stand each time directly beneath the petroleum lamp which usually hung from the centre of the ceiling, so as to be able to bring it down by a blow should things take a dangerous turn. Ryan, who knew all the ins and outs of these places, would engage the owner in a discussion, which would give me time to have a look round. They would hardly dare to attack us, imagining us all three to be detectives; but after that we should have to move along quickly, for there could be no question of remaining in that jealously guarded circle.

The plan worked in two cases. Each time we could smell the heavy, pungent, sickly-sweet odour of the opium-smoke even in the ante-room. While Ryan engaged the owner in conversation, I had time to take a quick look at the clients. The opium-smokers were usually lying in pairs, fully dressed, stretched out full-length on the cheap European iron bedsteads. Between them stood a spirit-lamp, over the flame of which they held the little brown bead of opium in the bowl of the pipe, while they inhaled the smoke. A few were already lying with half-closed eyes in an ecstatic half-slumber. In one of the two places we visited, there were two fairly large rooms opening out of each other, one of which was for opium-smokers, and the other a general recreation-room. In the latter, the guests were seated in groups, deep in Chinese games, one of which looked like the counting machines one gives to children, with coloured wooden balls fixed on parallel straight wires. In both opium-dens, I saw only Chinese people. We were not molested, but we had scarcely entered the third, when five or six men who had obviously been engaged in a discussion, suddenly sur-

rounded us threateningly. They may have been members of one of the two Chinese secret societies which oppose each other in the East End of London, or else a gang of crooks whom we had disturbed in conference. Anyway, whoever they were, one thing was certain, and that was that they did not want us.

'Get out, quick!' said Ryan in an urgent whisper.

I thought I could see something glittering in the hand of a man standing beside me. I pushed him aside, my companions dealt with their neighbours in similar manner, and a few quick paces brought us out on to the street.

'Phew! That might have been a tight corner!' said Cunningham, adding with a friendly twinkle, 'Have you seen enough opium-dens now?'

Certain parts of London which were considered extremely dangerous at the beginning of this century—such as for instance the notorious 'Seven Dials' near Shaftesbury Avenue—are to-day quite harmless. On the other hand there are streets of the capital where a stranger who makes himself in any way conspicuous by wearing better clothing, especially a white collar, may be in danger of his life. A favourite instrument for stunning or even killing the victim who is about to be robbed is the 'cosh', a canvas sack filled with sand, somewhat shorter and thicker than a policeman's truncheon. A blow with this neat little gadget on the back of the head or neck renders the victim helpless without leaving any outward mark of violence.

In Bromley, Houndsditch and certain streets of Stepney, we walked three abreast, and down the centre of the street at that, taking no chances. In a street in Limehouse, we passed two men who seemed to have stepped straight out of the rogues' gallery. I had seldom set eyes on such dangerous-looking individuals, and I whispered a remark to this effect to my companions.

'Speak your mind out loud,' said Ryan, laughing, 'those are two of our best chaps.'

On the other hand we did have two genuine encounters with members of London's underworld. We were walking down the Whitechapel Road, Cunningham and myself, when my companion suddenly put his fingers to his nose; but as far as I could see there was nobody at whom he could be directing this insult, until a young man swung round from the shop-window which he appeared to have been studying, and said, 'Sorry, Mr Cunningham, I didn't mean you.'

'That's all right, my boy. No harm done,' replied Cunningham with a laugh.

I was naturally mystified.

'An old client, from my Yard days,' Cunningham explained. 'He was "glassing" us. You don't know what "glassing" is? If one wants to watch somebody's movements, one looks into a shop-window; if the contents are dark, everything which is happening in the street is of course reflected in the window.'

On my third or fourth day in the East End, I went with Cunningham to a pub called 'The Three Nuns' near the Whitechapel Road Underground station. We had just been inspecting the notorious house, number 101 Sidney Street, where a group of gangsters had recently withstood a siege, in which field-guns had been used and operations had been directed by Mr Winston Churchill, at that time Home Secretary. We were accompanied by Detective-Inspector Dessent, who had taken part in the siege.

In the pub we were approached by a well-dressed and very pleasant young man.

'Hullo, Cunningham, still with the dock police?' he asked.

'No, I've retired and set up as a private inquiry agent.' Then, pointing to me, 'My nephew. Ex-sailor, from South Africa, looking for work. And Dessent you've met before.'

We shook hands.

'And now what will you have, gentlemen?' I asked.

The detectives ordered whisky and soda, and my new

acquaintance a lemon-squash. After a short and extremely friendly conversation, he begged us to excuse him, as he had an appointment. We all shook hands again.

'Now you've made an interesting acquaintance,' said Cunningham. 'One of the sharpest pickpockets in London. And if I were still with the Yard, I should follow him now. He's going to a job.'

'How do you know that?'

'Didn't you see? He ordered a soft drink. He wanted all his wits about him.'

But the most lasting of all my East End impressions, and the one which shocked me most deeply was 'Medland Hall', at that time, to my knowledge, the only place in the capital where it was possible to spend a night under cover without paying anything. By three in the afternoon the homeless had begun to queue up outside the building, opposite one end of the Rotherhithe Tunnel. There were often nearly a thousand men waiting, and, if my memory serves me right, three hundred would be admitted. There were two rooms, each with 150 sleeping-boxes placed on the floor; they looked like coffins, the gruesome effect being completed by the black oilcloth covers with which they were fitted. For each seventy-five men one roller towel was provided in the wash-room. I remained for about a quarter of an hour in one of the rooms where the castaways of the vast metropolis, having reached the very last rung of the social ladder, could lay themselves down in three rows of fifty and for a few short hours escape from themselves in sleep. Deep breathing was to be heard, interrupted now and again by an attack of coughing which spoke of a hopelessly diseased lung. Then silence reigned in the room, lit dimly by a flickering petroleum lamp hanging from the ceiling.

'We hardly ever look in there for criminals,' said Cunningham when we were outside again. 'Those poor wretches have no energy left for crime.'

On the 28th of June, which was a beautiful warm Sunday, I spent the afternoon in a punt on the Thames with my friend Stephen D., who had come from Budapest to visit me. We had been out with two pretty girl friends, making a gay tea-party on Eel Pie Island, then we had come into town to see the girls home, and were standing in Piccadilly Circus, outside the London Pavilion. Newsboys were calling out extra editions of the Sunday papers, paying as usual more attention to volume than to clarity of sound, but all the same it seemed to us as though we could detect the words 'Archduke' and 'murder'. I bought a newspaper, and stamped in the Stop Press column at the foot of the back page, we read:

'Sarajevo, June 28th. While driving through the town this morning, the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, and his wife, the Duchess Sophie von Hohenberg, were assassinated.'

We looked at each other in bewilderment.

'That's a nasty business,' I said.

My friend was staring thoughtfully at the paper. 'That's not just a nasty business,' he remarked slowly. 'That's war.'

THE SILVER LINING

SOLDIERS WERE NATURALLY NOT ALLOWED TO BE ON A NEWSPAPER; but I managed to obtain permission from the War Ministry in Vienna to write articles for the Press in the free time which military service afforded me. I was assisted in this connection by the timely intervention of a colleague and fatherly friend, Emanuel Radó, with whom I had worked in 1912 in the editorial offices of the *Politisches Volksblatt*, a paper which appeared in German at that time in Budapest, but has since departed this life in spite of having survived my collaboration. Radó was undoubtedly the wittiest journalist in town, and his Sunday column in the *New Pesth Journal* entitled 'Rambles in Budapest' sparkled with humour. In his youth he had abandoned the career of a bank official for that of a journalist. His swan-song at the bank was a business letter which he addressed to another financial institution. His chief, Baron F. K., a well-known figure in Budapest financial circles at the time, had complained that his business letters were too conventional.

'The secret of a good business style,' he lectured the young employee, 'is the "personal touch", and above all a certain warmth. That's one of the most important things to get into your letters. Now here you are—go and answer this! And remember—warmth must be the keynote!'

Radó's letter began:

'Fondly beloved Commercial Bank,

Your perfectly adorable letter of the 5th inst. to hand.'

The next day he was a journalist.

There was plenty of humour and on the whole much more humanity in the Austro-Hungarian army than in the German. From a cultural point of view it was probably

significant that the trumpet-signals of the Austrian army were composed by none other than Haydn.

General M., the military governor of Budapest at the outbreak of war, enjoyed the reputation of being a particularly kindly soul, and there was a fund of stories about him, some true and some fictitious. It was recounted for instance how he turned up unexpectedly one day to inspect the barracks of the 32nd infantry regiment and caught sight of two soldiers emerging from the kitchen, bearing a steaming cauldron slung on a pole between them.

'Halt!' commanded the general. 'Fetch me a spoon!'

His A.D.C. dashed into the kitchen and returned with the required article, which General M. promptly dipped into the cauldron. When he tasted the contents, his face grew red with anger.

'And they dare to set this filthy concoction before my men, who are preparing to sacrifice body and soul for their country?' he shouted. 'It's scandalous, I tell you, scandalous! Who dares to call this stuff soup? Soup, is it? Dishwater!'

'Your Excellency,' stammered one of the soldiers, 'it is dishwater!'

Another time, so the story went, the general wished to do something to improve the soldiers' minds, and as an eclipse of the sun was due in a few days' time, he ordered that each company of the garrison should prepare a number of pieces of smoked glass, and that at the given moment the men should have the phenomenon explained to them by the officers. The command went the usual round from the military governor to the regimental commanders, and thence by way of the battalions to the companies, in one of which the captain said to the sergeant, 'His Excellency orders each platoon to have a piece of smoked glass ready at five o'clock the day after to-morrow as there is going to be an eclipse of the sun. So let the men know.'

The sergeant, a worthy peasant, is said to have written in the company's orders of the day:

'Every platoon-commander must immediately prepare a piece of smoked glass, as at five o'clock on Thursday afternoon by order of His Excellency the G.O.C. an eclipse of the sun will take place.'

But the soldiers' natural, spontaneous manner was also the cause of many an unusual experience, such as that, for instance, which, it was said, befell the Archduchess A., who frequently visited wounded soldiers. In a Budapest hospital one day she addressed a good hussar who had taken part in the campaign against the Russians in 1914.

'And where were you wounded, my friend?' inquired Her Imperial Highness, with sympathetic interest.

'On the . . .' replied this simple son of the people, employing the most vulgar word imaginable, used—though not in court circles—to designate the lower part of the back.

'That, Your Imperial Highness,' the commander of the hospital intervened with alacrity, 'is a mountain in Poland.'

Italy had declared war on Austria-Hungary and I was sent to the front. I was placed in command of a battery of three-inch guns, with which I was to receive my baptism of fire. I was young and in love, and had to take leave of Ellen. Marching orders came without warning, so I looked her up in her dressing-room at the 'Palais de Danse', where she was the star of the programme, and she came to me after the show. We indulged in melancholy, swore eternal devotion, and lay long in each other's arms, for pain and pleasure are neighbours in young souls.

Eleven years had passed when one day—it was in the spring of 1926—I walked into a café in the Via Nazionale in Rome to drink an '*espresso*'. At another table sat a dazzlingly beautiful and elegant brunette. We kept looking at each other. Yes, it was she. I hurried over to her table,

apologized to the people with whom she was sitting, and asked her if she were Madame Ellen R.

'But of course, my dear,' she said with a laugh, 'and I recognized you the moment I set eyes on you!'

She excused herself from her friends, and we found a table in a quiet corner, for we had a lot to say to each other. She had not changed at all. The café was only part of the well-known Apollo music hall. Once again Ellen was the high-light of the programme, and her name was featured in large letters on the poster on the wall.

'Yes, my dear,' she said with an enchanting smile, 'those were good times in Budapest.' She watched me amusedly. 'I shall never forget those hours with you, in that room of yours with the big opaque glass doors . . .'

'Nor shall I . . .'

I began. 'What? What's that?' the thought suddenly darted through my mind. 'Never in all my born days have I had an opaque glass door.'

Like a poisonous snake, a voice hissed in my ear, 'The baggage! Opaque glass doors? That was somebody else! You thought she loved only you, and all the time she was going to the owner of an opaque glass door! That opaque glass certainly throws a new light on things! Who knows how many opaque glass doors closed behind her! Tell her what you think of her!'

Then another voice made itself heard, a voice which had been growing more and more frequent during the past few years, and remarked quietly, 'Now keep calm and reflect. To begin with, ninety-nine out of every hundred lovers have successful rivals with or without opaque glass doors, only they do not all find out about them. Secondly, be just; such a beautiful woman, and a music-hall artiste at that, is constantly surrounded by admirers, and in the crush she can so easily be forced through an opaque glass door. Thirdly, you would surely never wish to embarrass this charming person, who once showed you such kindness, by pointing out her mistake? Behave like a man of the world! And last

but not least, you will be more modest in future and will not forget that there are other men in the world—for instance those with opaque glass doors.'

The hissing of the first voice was silent, and as we sat there over a bottle of *Asti spumante*, celebrating our reunion, I took Ellen's little hand in mine and said with a smile: 'Yes, my dear, they are unforgettable—those hours behind the opaque glass doors . . .'

After a few months at the Italian front—the deeds of heroism which I accomplished there will not be sung by future generations—I had a short but pleasant spell in the military hospital at Klagenfurt in Carinthia, where all those of us who could walk would climb out of the windows at night and strive to forget the war in uproarious merriment in the cafés and night-clubs of the town. We would bring back wine and cigarettes for those who could not get out of bed. One of us, Lieutenant Hans Speneder, a handsome, well-educated young man from a good Viennese family, who had just passed through the Military Academy at Mödling—the Austrian Sandhurst or West Point—would on the occasion of such harmless revels raise his glass and sing the refrain of the well-known Viennese song:

*Es wird ein Wein sein,
Und wir wer'n nimmer sein,
Tara—lala—la—la—la—la,
Es wird schöne Mäderln geben,
Und wir wer'n nimmer leben,
Tara—lala—la—la—la—la. . . .*

There'll be many a drinking bout
After we've faded out,
Tara—lala—la—la—la—la,
And lovely girls galore,
But we shall be no more
Tara—lala—la—la—la—la. . . .

He proved a good prophet, at least as far as he himself was concerned. Three months later he was hit by an Italian 11.2-inch shell, and there was not much left of him beyond the metal identification disk which he wore round his neck. In other words, there was just enough left to break a mother's heart.

From Klagenfurt I was sent to hospital in Graz, where my father visited me and bought me a new uniform, for I was almost in rags. There followed a short stay in Budapest, where I dreamed on three successive nights that my C.O. sent for me and said: '*Herr Leutnant*, make your preparations. You are about to embark on a particularly long journey.'

By the fourth day this experience was so firmly fixed in my mind that I expected my marching orders every moment. I was just on my way from the battalion orderly room to the Officers' Training School where I was daily engaged in initiating budding officers into the secrets of ballistics, which, as becomes our age, put murder on a scientific basis, when an orderly appeared to summon me to the C.O. This was an almost daily occurrence, and yet this time I knew quite definitely—these were my marching orders.

I clicked my heels together.

'*Herr Leutnant*,' said Captain Fischer, 'make your arrangements. You are about to embark on a particularly long journey. You have been transferred to the Turkish front.'

Three days later I was leading a draft of two hundred and fifty Austro-Hungarian gunners to join the fifth Ottoman army, which at that time was under the command of Marshal Liman von Sanders Pasha, two years later Allenby's adversary.

TURKISH ADVENTURE

OUR TRAIN RUMBLED ALONG BENEATH EMPEROR JUSTINIAN'S mighty city wall, and a little later our men were allotted their quarters in the Taxim Barracks, situated in the Pera quarter of Constantinople; here we received our first insight into old-time Turkey's view of life.

The practising Mohammedan of the old school of course refuses to kill any animal, even vermin. The soldier's most faithful companion in wartime was, however, the louse. This symbiosis, coupled with the architectural construction of the Taxim Barracks, resulted in an embarrassing state of affairs for us. On the first—and only—floor were stationed Turkish troops, our Austro-Hungarian detachments having their quarters on the ground-floor level. The Turkish soldiers were in the habit, whenever they found a parasite upon their persons—and they very frequently found parasites upon their persons—of respecting the innocent creature's life, in accordance with the teachings of the Prophet, and throwing it down into the courtyard, where there were usually some of our men. This caused diplomatic incidents and protests on our part to the Turkish commander, which finally resulted in a drastic reform; the Turkish soldiers no longer threw their lice into the courtyard, but out of the windows overlooking the street, on to the passers-by. The only instance to my knowledge where, in the case of a dispute between two parties, the third party has not been delighted.

Later on, when spotted fever was raging, Enver Pasha, who was War Minister at the time, did actually prevail upon the *Sheikh-ul-Islam*, then the highest church dignitary in the Mohammedan world, whose function it was to settle disputed points in connection with Moslem scriptures by issuing solemn *fetvahs*, to permit the killing of lice. We infidels were more than a little amused at the '*Fetvah* with regard to the killing of lice'.

We received another instructive experience when watching our Mohammedan comrades at meal-times. Three times a day the Turkish soldiers gathered outside the canteen; three bugle-calls would then be sounded, followed each time by a roll of drums and the unanimous cry, *Padishahym tchckyashah!*—‘Long live my Padishah!’ After this stormy though not entirely spontaneous expression of gratitude, dinner would be served. The supply of food to the Turkish armies, as organized by the Quartermaster-General, Ismail Hakki Pasha, was guided by the principle that the men should receive just sufficient nourishment to prevent them from an untimely entrance into the *djennet-i-aleh*, the seventh heaven. The meal which was served to these poor peasants of Asia Minor, consisted of a soup in which, in addition to olives, there floated at rare intervals little lumps of a brownish tissue which it was difficult to classify as organic or inorganic, but which these fatalists regarded as meat. The ‘meal’ would be served in a large, flat, open zinc tureen, placed on the ground, four soldiers sitting crosslegged round each, and each provided with a spoon, which he would dip straight into the dish.

This process was, however, not so simple as it appeared at first sight, for it was a question of keeping time with one’s comrades, so that each should get his fair share. The slightest attempt to accelerate the *andante* into an *allegro* would have been unfair competition—while a ‘swing’ rhythm would have denoted basest treachery.

The corporals had a sense of rhythm of which a Gershwin could have been proud, and it was both tragic and amusing to see them teaching recruits how to eat. When the four soldiers had taken their places round the steaming tureen, the corporal would stand beside them. Being, through experience, well versed in the peculiarities of human nature, the *onbashi* would usually roll up the right sleeve of his tunic before operations began. Then he would shout in monotonous rhythm, ‘One—two! *Beer—ickee! Beer—ickee!*’ the men dip-

ping their spoons into the tureen and raising them to their mouths in time to his commands. The distribution of the olives or morsels of alleged meat was left to Allah's higher guidance. The optimist who was tortured by hunger and secretly hoped to increase his tempo without being noticed had his ears boxed so promptly and so soundly that he heard the houris singing. Thus, after a while, by means of these Spartan pedagogics the poor wretches acquired the necessary culinary *esprit de corps*.

Our life in Constantinople was fortunately not confined to the barracks. This town, which combines within itself three towns—Pera, Stambul and the remains of the sunken world of Byzantium—is a unique experience. Out of every hundred Westerners, ninety-nine see nothing of Stambul but a few mosques, devoting the rest of their attention to the completely un-Turkish district of Pera, after which they return home, convinced that they know all there is to know about Turkey.

For weeks on end in our free time we were able to visit one new thing after another, making constant discoveries, finding ever-new outlets for our admiration. The fairy-like marble palaces of the sultans studded the shores of the Bosphorus like jewels in a prince's crown. *Dolma Bagtcheh*, where Mehmed Reshad ruled after thirty years' imprisonment imposed upon him by his brother Abdul Hamid; *Beylerbey*, where the deposed 'Red Sultan' was in 1916 himself still spending his last days as a prisoner, and *Yildiz-Kyeushk*, one-time favourite residence of 'Abdul the Damned'. Between and beyond them the shores of the straits were lined with the palaces of the great. On one side of the Golden Horn lay Stambul, with its hundreds of cupolas and minarets, on the other Galata with its filthy, swarming harbour alleys, and above them, on the hilltop, Pera, the so-called European quarter, actually a bad copy of Genoa, a hotch-potch of everything which is sham, cheap and vulgar in both East and West, with its blind-alleys and crooked streets, stone symbols of the mentality of its Levantine inhabitants.

Pera's 'society', in spite of its international character, bore a close resemblance in more ways than one to a small provincial town. There were countless intrigues and constant scandal-mongering, for everybody knew exactly what everybody else was doing, and if they by some strange chance did not know, then they lost no time in inventing something in order to be able to pass it on.

But you would be wrong in thinking there was nothing more stable in Pera than intriguing and scandal-mongering; fortunately, harmony and hospitality reigned as well, I found both these in the home of Mrs James Bey, an Englishwoman and a sister of the Hon. James W. Lowther, then Speaker of the House of Commons, later to become Lord Ullswater. Turkey and Hungary were the only European countries which did not intern enemy aliens in the Great War, so the English colony in Constantinople was not interfered with in any way. I was in the habit of openly visiting English families in full uniform.

In Mrs James Bey's home in the Rue Syra Selvi, I repeatedly met a charming English girl by the name of Miss Whitaker. We talked of playing tennis together, but my transfer to the Palestine front upset this plan. Four years later I learnt quite by chance that this young lady had been engaged at the time not only upon the practice of lawn-tennis, but also in one of the most romantic exploits of the War. For in the reading-room of a London club about 1920 or 1921 I happened to pick up an English magazine, either *Blackwood's* or the *Cornhill Magazine*, and, glancing through it, I came upon a serial, in which a former British officer described his adventures as a war prisoner in Turkey. Suddenly I began to sit up and take notice. 'Miss Whitaker? In Constantinople? But surely that's the girl you knew?' And I read how, as a prisoner of war, the author, accompanied by two Turkish soldiers, was granted permission to attend divine service every Sunday in the English church in Pera. He went on to tell how in the congregation, which consisted of the British colony of Con-

stantinople, he noticed an attractive girl and managed to get introduced to her. She was a certain Miss Whitaker. They gradually became good friends, and when he confided his plan of escape to her, she managed, in spite of extreme difficulties, to provide him with women's clothes, in which he escaped from Turkey.

At the time the author was putting this story on paper, he was stationed as a British officer in Aleppo, and he concluded his dramatic account with the announcement that Miss Whitaker was now his wife.

Perhaps in those days when we used to take tea together at Mrs. James Bey's, she was in the midst of carrying out her stratagem. Should my book happen to come into the hands of this courageous lady, I should like in this unconventional manner to offer her my belated congratulations on her marriage. Who knows—perhaps I may just be in time to add my congratulations on the wedding of a daughter?

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Just as the heaving surface of the sea conceals the amazing, glorious-hued life of the deep, so daily life, with its petty triumphs and sorrows, compelled our attention, whilst beneath and behind the flagrant 'to-day' there rested, silent, yet gifted with a thousand tongues, the gigantic past of the Near East. Across the Bosphorus, between the Sea of Marmora and the Tigris, there is a chain of ruined cities which lie there, displaying, like so many shells, gorgeous forms and colours long after the spark of life which once moved within them has disappeared. Yet how recent, and how near to us are the six thousand years recorded by humanity in comparison to the length of time our species has existed! In fact the spiritual and inner life of mankind has not substantially changed since the Late Stone Age. How closely related to our spirit and intellect is then that poetry which comes from the sun-soaked archipelagos of the Aegean and penetrates into our grey industrial towns! Not even the moral pressure of school

teaching, the tyranny of enforced learning by heart, can obstruct our view of that glorious plain of the Troad, of the sluggishly flowing Scamander, the heroic duel between Achilles and Hector, or of Helen's graceful, slender body.

On June 5th, 1916, we—that is Captain S. of the Austro-Hungarian Medical Corps, Lieutenant L., both Viennese, and myself, drove in a horse-drawn carriage from Kilia on Gallipoli to Kilid Bahr. From there we crossed in a little Turkish sailing-boat to Chanak Kaleh on the Asiatic shore of the Dardanelles, to begin our march on foot to Troy. The town of Chanak was completely deserted, almost every house displaying gaping holes torn in them by the British naval guns. An old Turk, who was going our way with his rickety horse and cart, agreed, upon receipt of adequate baksheesh and under the supervision of Captain S.'s orderly, to take our knapsacks to Erenkeuy, which was half-way to our destination. Then, in the terrible heat, beneath the scorching rays of the Asiatic sun, we began to trot to Troy; I say 'trot', for one could not call our rate of progress walking—it could best be described as a half-way house between a walking-competition and a cross-country run. We kept seeing our friend S. on the horizon, dwarfed by distance, and the ether, which at this spot once bore the war-cries of Agamemnon's and Priam's warriors, carried the words to our ears, in a strong Viennese accent: 'Come on, boys—don't crawl! Walk!'

We hoped secretly that we should not, like the whilom runner of Marathon, reach our goal dying, with the words, 'We have won!' on our lips.

This is how I trotted to Troy.

From time to time, when we came to an inn, Captain S. would relent sufficiently to allow us from five to ten minutes' rest, and it was then that I learnt a tip which was to prove valuable many a time in the future—namely that on a forced march or in intense heat there is nothing so refreshing as a cup of very hot Turkish coffee.

Our way led past Fort Hamidieh, the key fortress on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles, which a few months previously had been the scene of one of those miracles which sometimes alter the course of world history, and which was known at that time to no more than a handful of men. I published the facts in the American Press in 1920.

For days the British fleet had been attempting to force the straits by a terrific bombardment, and the Dreadnoughts showered a perfect hail of steel and explosives on to the Turkish forts, which, however, in spite of severe damage and heavy casualties, continued to retaliate. When several big British naval units, among them the *Queen Elizabeth*, had been badly damaged, the British fleet ceased fire and withdrew beyond firing range.

At that moment the key fort of Hamidieh had two rounds of ammunition left. Had the British continued to fire for ten minutes longer, they could have flown the Union Jack over the Golden Horn.

At Erenkeuy we were given a great welcome by the Turkish officers, and slept splendidly on the fresh hay. Only once did I wake up, bathed in perspiration, for I had dreamt that Captain S. was forcing me to run seven times round the walls of Troy in the heavy plated armour of a Spartan hoplite, while Priam called down to me from the battlements of the city with a strong Viennese accent, 'By Hercules, sir—don't crawl! Walk!' and Helen, who bore a startling resemblance to my friend Ellen, added with a laugh, 'Well, I can't imagine myself taking an interest in a fellow as slow as that!'

The next day we continued our trot, and landed, puffed but happy, in the Turkish village of Halileli, close to the ruins of Ilion. Djevad Pasha was in command of the division stationed there, and his staff gave us a most cordial reception. We sat cross-legged beneath the starry sky, drinking coffee, while I smoked my first, and—thank Heavens—my last *nargileh*. The next morning we walked over to the ruins, and

somehow the conversation died down of its own accord and we noticed that each of the three of us was sitting by himself on the remains of the city walls, with the Troad stretching out below us as far as the eye could see and the Scamander threading its way across the plain as in the days of Hector.

On the left in the distance, we saw the two hillocks which, according to legend, are the graves of Achilles and Patroclus. Far away, on the horizon, lay a shimmer which was the sea. And—grotesque plunge into the present—in and out among those walls thousand of years old there threaded the zigzag of modern trenchwork, providing for the eventuality of General Sir Ian Hamilton's taking over the rôle of Agamemnon.

Unlike most other excavations in Asia Minor, there are practically no ruined buildings, only the remains of walls to mark what once was Troy. But these speak a very plain language. In the course of history, no fewer than fifteen towns have arisen on this site, each built on the debris of the preceding one. How much may that measure in life and death, joy and sorrow? The modern archaeologist sums it up neatly as 'fifteen layers of civilization'.

The Homeric city was the eleventh. Its wall, which belongs to the Mycenaean period, is well preserved in many places and easily distinguishable from the remains of the prehistoric battlements and the Roman wall. At one point on the latter we saw the remnants of an ornamental fountain; it is more than likely that it and, before it, other fountains stood there at the source of some ancient spring—perhaps even the one at which the elders of Troy once gathered to observe the fair Helen and exclaim, 'Upon my word, can't blame them going to war for such a fair wench!' or words to that effect. Which only goes to prove that age is no protection against folly. As for a young optimist like Paris, who voluntarily undertook the delicate and thankless task of choosing one of three unclothed goddesses to be 'Miss Olympus'—well, what could one expect of him! But the worthy Trojan patriarchs should really have known at

their age that while to be jilted may be a mishap, not to be jilted is a calamity.

The truth of which later became sufficiently apparent in this case too.

Right through the remains of the walls is sunk that famed and ill-famed North-South shaft which Heinrich Schliemann made when he was searching for the legendary 'Treasure of Priam'. Ill-famed, because this shaft, driven through the layers of successive civilizations without technical knowledge or scientific precautions, is almost criminal in the eyes of modern archaeology; famed, because it was the means of revealing to that distinguished and enthusiastic man, whose hand Dame Fortune guided, a phenomenal treasure, consisting of articles and vessels of pure gold. It was, however, not, as its finder believed, the treasure of Priam, but belonged to a period which fell two layers, that is about seven hundred years, further back than the Homeric city; but his discovery was none the less an amazing piece of luck. Not long after, Schliemann made another famous discovery, unearthing a second gold treasure in Mycenae on the Greek mainland, dating back to approximately the same period as the first. Eight years after my visit to Troy, in 1924, I was fortunate enough to see the Mycenae find in the National Museum in Athens, where it filled an entire room.

In the time-lapse between the epoch to which these treasures belong and the period of the Trojan war, the artistic style of the Greek world scarcely altered, for the magnificent description which the *Odyssey* gives us of Nestor's goblet might apply almost word for word to some of the gold cups of Mycenae.

There are still several hypotheses current as to the actual historical causes of the Trojan War. Just recently, E. Forrer, the well-known European archaeologist, has tried to prove, successfully in my personal opinion, that the Empire of Atreus, the father of Agamemnon and Menelaus, embraced, in addition to a substantial part of the Greek motherland, a strip of the coast of western Asia Minor, including Troy.

Now nothing is of course easier than to start building up fascinating scientific or pseudo-scientific hypotheses with more enthusiasm than logic. But I do think that, on the basis of Forrer's demonstrations, one might go a step further and build up the hypothesis that the Asiatic part of the kingdom of Atreus possibly became detached from his dynasty after his death, and that the march of Agamemnon and his brother Menelaus against Troy was a war of succession with the object of winning back the lost provinces.

Let us be cautious, however, and not be tempted by the siren song of imagination too far into the shimmering, colourful jungle of conjecture.

ROMANCE BY THE BOSPORUS

ONE OF THE GREATEST WISHES OF ALMOST EVERY WESTERNER in Turkey is to meet Moslem women. Ever since Kemal Ataturk's reforms, the Turkish woman, unlike her sisters in other Mohammedan countries, is not distinguishable from an American or an English woman in her social and political position or in her outward appearance; and from the French-woman only in so far as the *latter* has no vote. But at the time of the Great War, this was quite different, and although upper-class Turkish women were emancipated to a certain extent even at that time, they were, like those from the lower classes, still subject to a hundred and one restrictions.

A Turkish woman at that period was not allowed to visit any restaurant, café or tea-shop; nor could she go to the theatre, with the exception of two afternoons a week, when there were special matinées for Turkish ladies. The only career open to her was that of a teacher; there could be no question of her becoming an actress, a singer, a musician or a dancer. At home, she always wore a scarf over her hair, since no man, except her husband, not even a Mohammedan, was permitted to see the nape of her neck. In public she wore the *petcheh*, the veil, which covered the whole face, including the eyes, and the *tcharshaf*, a sort of mantilla, held together by a brooch at the breast, and covering the upper part of the body as well as the neck and hair. Should she chance to meet a male acquaintance in the street, she was not permitted to greet him, nor to be greeted by him. She had to be at home by sunset. There was scarcely any opportunity for her to indulge in physical exercise. If she were sufficiently well off to afford the luxury, she could take a drive in a horse-carriage, or be rowed in a boat. The women of the lower classes would sometimes go for an outing on a Friday afternoon to Kyaathaneh or Anadolu Hissar, known to Europeans as 'the Sweet Waters of Europe' and 'the Sweet Waters of Asia', and there they would sit by the shore, with their veils thrown

back, facing the water and turning their backs to the passers-by, and spend the afternoon chatting amongst themselves.

Caliph Abdul Medjid II, who now lives on the Riviera, is a gifted painter, and has already had various pictures exhibited in the Paris Salon. In the completely Oriental palace which he had arranged for himself with exquisite taste at Tchamlidja on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, he had hung one of his pictures, which has probably disappeared in the various violent changes which have taken place in Turkey since then. It depicted a scene from the harem life of the eighteen-fifties, the time when the artist's father, Sultan Abdul Aziz, reigned, and showed three ladies of the imperial seraglio, just returning from an outing in a *kayek*, the broad Turkish rowing-boat. They were being received by a eunuch and by a servant, whose black coat, like those of all male harem attendants who were not eunuchs, was topped by a high collar, the purpose of which was to prevent the wearer from looking anywhere but straight ahead.

The *serailllis*, as the ladies of the harem were called, were dressed in the ample cloak known as a *feredjeh*, and it was customary at that period for the ladies to wear this garment whenever they drove out, as it reached to the ground and completely hid their figures.

In 1923 the Caliph had the painting photographed for me. Since it illustrates a phase of Oriental life which disappeared and was forgotten in the subsequent precipitation of events in Turkey, the artist named it *Une page oubliée*, and since the original has probably disappeared, the photograph, which is still in my possession, must, I think, be the only reminder of this forgotten page of Eastern history.

The old customs of their country had inflicted incurable wounds upon the soul of some Turks I knew. The poise and graciousness of that beautiful and elegant woman, Ferideh Hanoum, wife of the well-known Turkish statesman, R. Bey,

in whose *konak* in Stambul I was a frequent guest, seemed always to be overshadowed by a scarcely perceptible tinge of sadness and melancholy, which lay like a veil upon her exquisite features. Each time when the heavy garden gate had closed behind me, I went away with the impression that there must be some hidden sorrow in Ferideh's life. Then one day I learnt the secret from a woman who had for years been my hostess's close friend.

The lavish, palace-like residence had belonged to the *hanoum's* father. Her mother, Nadir Hanoum, had been an exceptionally beautiful blonde, the daughter of a small merchant in the bazaar of Smyrna. When Ferideh was two years old, her father married again, this time the daughter of a high official, and as the distinguished young bride insisted on being the Bey's only wife, he divorced Nadir, in accordance with the legal custom abolished by Kemal Ataturk, by merely declaring three times before witnesses, 'I send thee from me.' He continued to support Nadir, but retained his little daughter with him when he sent the mother back to Smyrna.

Nadir found it very difficult to be separated from her husband, but quite impossible to give up her baby. As her father had wished to prevent her from returning to Constantinople, she set off on foot one night without telling anyone, and got as far as Panderma, the harbour on the Sea of Marmora, where the captain of a ship took pity on her and brought her to the capital.

When Nadir asked to be admitted to the house where she had been happy, and in which the little daughter whom Allah had given to her was asking for her mother, the garden gate was brutally slammed in her face.

The next morning they found her lying outside the house. The heavy gate had severed three of her fingers. She herself was dead.

In 1922, when, as war correspondent for the United Press, returned to Turkey for the first time since 1918 to report

on the Greco-Turkish campaign, I met again Galibeh Hanoum, with whom I had fallen in love four years before. In 1918, Turkish ladies who were shopping or visiting in the European quarter of Pera, would go with their veils thrown back, but would immediately drop the *petcheh* over their face when they crossed the Galata Bridge on their way home to the Turkish quarter; but now, four years later, I found them all walking along with the veil tied into a knot at the side of the head, where it served no purpose but that of an ornament. It was even possible for a Turkish lady to meet a European for tea in the lounge of either of the two big hotels, the Tocatlian or the Pera Palace. The ladies of Moslem society were also able to go to a theatre with their husbands or sit in the open-air cafés in the Taxim Gardens. It was a cautious advance towards the social emancipation of Turkish women, but they still did not feel quite sure that a policeman would not intervene as he used to do, if they behaved in too 'Western' a manner, and it was still out of the question for a European to greet a Turkish woman in the street, let alone to accompany her. There would immediately have been a scene, although the presence of the Allied troops hampered the Turkish police to a certain extent. The fez was still worn. Not till a year later did the *kalpak* become the fashion for men, the fur cap, usually made of black astrakhan, which incidentally was almost identical with a fez. There was still no idea of introducing European hats for men, or of abolishing the veil for women.

Galibeh, tall, slender, and every bit as lovely as ever, dared, in view of this partial emancipation, to come to the Pera Palace Hotel and have tea with me quite openly in the lounge, whereby I must confess that she displayed more courage than I. In her hand she held a large box of the best Turkish delight in the world, made by Hadji Bekir in Stambul; it was her gift to me. I knew that I should have to leave for Vienna in two days' time, and I longed to be able to take her somewhere where we could chat without being disturbed.

This was impossible in the hotel lounge, and there could naturally be no question of her coming up to my room, nor of my going to her house in Stambul. So we held a real council of war and finally decided that the only possibility was a *promenade sentimentale* in a taxi, a Western institution only just introduced into the Turkish capital.

But the plan was easier devised than executed. All the taxis were open 'flivvers' from the Ford works, eking out in the East their last days with Eastern imperturbability. It would have been dangerous for Galibeh to be seen in an open car with a European; so she decided to make herself up as a European woman.

We had fixed a rendezvous at the end of the Grande Rue de Pera, at the entrance of the subway which connects Pera with Ortaköy. Constantinople was swarming with Russians, who had fled from the Crimea with the remains of Wrangel's white army, and, after having ascertained that the driver was Russian and not Turkish, I hired a taxi for the whole evening. Suddenly an elegant 'European' woman addressed me in fluent French, and as Galibeh came into the light of the street-lamp, I had to congratulate her. She wore her blue woollen costume with the nonchalant elegance of my lady of Mayfair, and had found a clever solution to the problem of headwear. In the autumn of 1922 most Western women were wearing toques, fitting close to the head, with a short veil hanging down behind. With a few pins, Galibeh had created a toque from the piece of black taffeta with which, according to Turkish custom, she usually covered her hair, and her *peçete* hung down from the back of her toque, strictly in accordance with European fashions. The *sürmeh*, the black which all Turkish women apply beneath their eyelids to make their large eyes appear still larger, was perfectly in order, for Europe had already copied this centuries-old custom of Moslem women. White glacé gloves and a smart handbag completed the picture of the 'European lady'.

'*Les Désenchantées*', Galibeh laughingly quoted the title

of Pierre Loti's famous novel, with which all cultured Turkish women are familiar. For the benefit of the driver, we spoke French; but as we saw that it was a matter of complete indifference to him whether my companion was Turkish or European, we lapsed into Galibeh's mother-tongue, which was after all easier for her, and I was just quoting with much enthusiasm a verse from the old Turkish song: 'I am even jealous of my own eyes for beholding thee,' when a policeman came along and spoiled my poetical mood. We dived into the 'flivver', I stuffed my felt hat into my pocket, and as the car, open at the sides and protected on top by a primitive canvas roof, rolled slowly along the brilliantly lighted Grande Rue de Pera, I leaned back, in case the Turkish traffic-policeman should hit upon the idea that a European was driving out with a Turkish woman. Soon we had left Pera behind and were rolling along the European shore of the Bosphorus, past the luxurious private palaces of Arnautkeuy, Bebek and the rest of the places which follow one another in quick succession.

We spoke neither French nor Turkish. Philology had receded into the background, for yonder, behind the plane-trees and cypresses of the Asiatic shore, the moon had risen and was flooding the fairy-like town with liquid silver.

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In August 1923, when, after nearly a year in the United States, I returned to Turkey to interview the victorious Mustapha Kemal Pasha in his capital, Ankara, I saw Galibeh again. This time I made arrangements which enabled us to meet undisturbed. In the Rue des Petits-Champs in the Pera quarter, not far from the British Embassy, I found a house whose *kapudji*—the apartment-houses in Pera have their concierge in the French manner—was an Armenian and therefore not a Mohammedan, and here, in a flat owned by two Greek women of Constantinople, that is, likewise non-Moslems, there was a room to be let, with only one window,

which opened on to a light-shaft and was not overlooked. Here Galibeh would be able to visit me without running too great a risk.

The strongest inducement which draws a European to a Moslem woman is curiosity. This curiosity is mutual, for the Oriental woman looks upon the Westerner as being particularly interesting—a sad illusion, the spreading of which throughout the East is responsible for its decline. The danger which attended their meeting made it appear all the more desirable to both the Turkish woman and the Westerner. Far fewer people would fly, or play American football, or go for bobsleigh or toboggan runs, were it not that some of them break their necks.

True, those were unforgettable afternoons in the Rue des Petits-Champs. One might have expected the stealthy creeping up the stairs, the tipping of the concierge, the little room furnished with mediocre European taste, the uneasy apprehension of danger, to have coarsened and put the taint of adventure upon this relationship of two people. Yet it was the spiritual element and a higher kind of harmony which governed those hours.

They offered the only opportunity for two people who came from diametrically opposed environments, and one of whom was then still bound by centuries-old fetters of restriction and supervision, to meet undisturbed. But the personality and charm of that Moslem woman were quite aloof from the petty squalor of a hiding-place in Pera, and commanded an esteem and a spiritual affection which to-day, despite a separation lasting fifteen years and the many changes in both our lives, are as strong as ever. It is to such friendships that the saying applies which is current in the country of Galibeh, whose name, by the way, is not Galibeh, *Eeree gamee doeroo getcher*. A much-tossed ship keeps a steady course.

A RENDEZVOUS WITH APHRODITE

IN MAY 1916 MY BATTERY WAS TRANSFERRED TO SMYRNA, which lay in the sector of the fifth Ottoman army. On our way there, we stopped for a few days in the harbour of Panderma, on the Asiatic shore of the Sea of Marmora, where Field-Marshal Liman von Sanders Pasha had his G.H.Q. at that time, before becoming Allenby's adversary in the year 1918. We took all our meals at the Field-Marshal's table, and the tall, herculean man liked to discuss political questions with me, particularly conditions in Austria-Hungary. Liman himself was not unpopular with the Turks, since, unlike many other German officers, he showed himself polite and considerate to the Turkish authorities.

In Smyrna, which was an attractive and prosperous town at the time, there lived a large colony of English people, who were not merely left unmolested by the Turkish authorities, but were actually treated with particular politeness by the Governor-General, Rahmy Bey. The garden city of Boudja and the suburb of Bournabad were almost exclusively inhabited by wealthy English merchants and their families. Rahmy Bey, with whom I soon formed a friendship which has lasted ever since, introduced me to several English families of Bournabad, whom, to the anger of the Germans, he continued to visit almost daily. Among the Germans, too, I made several interesting acquaintances, for instance, the Consul-General, Count von Spee, brother of the Admiral of Falkland Islands fame, and Captain Böhlke, at that time the greatest flying ace of the German army, who was on leave in Smyrna.

When, eleven years later, together with a number of fellow-newspapermen, I exchanged a few words at Le Bourget with Charles A. Lindbergh, who had landed some days previously in the *Spirit of St. Louis*, I was impressed by his striking physical resemblance to Böhlke. The same bony face, the same colouring, the same slender, muscular body, even the same

unsophisticated look in the eyes; the only dissimilarity being that Lindbergh was much taller than the German. Soon after his return from Smyrna to the Western Front, Captain Böhlke met an airman's death, and was succeeded by Immelmann and finally by Richthofen.

The manager of the famous Smyrna Carpet Factory was an Englishman, who bore the French name of Girault. He initiated me into the secrets of carpet-weaving, and when I visited him in his home, I noticed that he flicked his ash several times on to the carpet, and, *in the presence of Mrs. Girault*, proceeded to rub it in with his foot. I had long known the English to be a dauntless people, but this man was nothing short of a second Richard the Lion-hearted. When he had repeated the process for the third time and no storm had overtaken him, I inquired timidly whether the cigarette-ash would not harm the carpet, pointing out that young married bliss has frequently been nipped in the bud in Europe by just this habit. My friend then explained that cigarette-ash actually did the carpet good and improved its lustre. As director of the Smyrna carpet factory, he must have known what he was talking about, and I should like to pass on the joyous message for the benefit of suffering married humanity of my own sex. Anyway, it is a marvellous excuse.

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When two of my comrades were given a few days' leave at the same time as myself, we seized the opportunity of going to Ephesus, known to Christianity chiefly through Saint Paul's letters to the Ephesians. The ruins of this town are not far from the Turkish village of Ayasoluk, and it is only one in a whole series of formerly flourishing cities in the west of Asia Minor, many of them on the banks of the River Meander, which *meanders* through the landscape, and has given us this verb.

In the hope that we might make a lucky find, we dug systematically among the ruins, but without success. The

sun glared down on us until we felt completely exhausted. Our furlough was at an end, and we should have to return to Smyrna.

Two hours before we were due to leave Ephesus, we went for one final dig, and somewhere midway between the ruins of the temple built by 'I, Claudius, the God', and those of the former city library, we began our operations. Suddenly I let forth a howl of triumph. My friends rushed up.

I had hit on something hard. Within half an hour, we had unearthed the marble torso of an athlete, about twenty inches high, which went to Captain S.; an almost intact head of Janus, which Captain R. kept, and the exquisite, lifesize marble head of a girl, which I annexed. In an ecstasy of delight we returned to Smyrna, where we obtained the permission of the authorities to keep the objects.

The head I had found is made of the stone most sought-after by the sculptors of ancient Greece and Rome, the extremely hard Parian marble. According to Mr F. N. Pryce, until last year curator of the Greco-Roman department of the British Museum, to whom I showed it twenty-one years later, it is probably the head of an Aphrodite. The girl who originally served as model to the artist must have been very lovely, for the masterpiece exhales as much sweet charm as classical poise, and in execution it is nearer to the school of Praxiteles than to that of Phidias.

The Archaeological Institute of the University of Vienna, which supervised excavations in Ephesus shortly before the Great War, and is accordingly specially qualified to judge and classify anything found there, expressed the opinion in 1933, from photographs which I submitted to them, that my find had once formed part of the large relief friezes of what is known in archaeological circles as the Parthian Monument. It had been erected in Ephesus by the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius in honour of the victory of his co-emperor Lucius Verus over the Parthians.

Only artists of highest repute would of course be allowed to work on such a monument, and when the sweet face of that Greek girl looks down at me from the top of my bookshelves, my eyes wander across from her to the portrait-bust of the spiritual father of this masterpiece. The bust shows serene features imbued with genius and nobility, and illuminated by one of the most beautiful souls that ever lived, that of the philosopher and emperor, Marcus Aurelius.

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Soon after that, I spent a short leave in my home town, Budapest, and in Vienna, after which I returned to the Balkans entrusted with a message from the Hungarian Prime Minister, Count Stephan Tisza, to the Bulgarian government. This mission afforded me the opportunity of making the acquaintance in Sofia of 'The Father of Bulgaria', the grand old man of the Balkans, Radoslavov. It was Radoslavov who, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, created the Bulgarian State out of a Turkish province occupied until shortly beforehand by the Russians, and caused the young Ferdinand of Coburg, serving in Hungary as an officer of the hussars, and later to become Tsar Ferdinand and father of the present King, to be elected ruler of the new Bulgaria, which had risen again after so many centuries.

Never as long as I live shall I forget Bulgarian hospitality. The War Minister, General Naydenov, placed at my disposal a landau drawn by two superb horses and appointed a Bulgarian lieutenant to serve as my adjutant. Thus equipped, I drove about the streets of Sofia like a reigning prince, and it took me quite a time afterwards to lay aside the majestic bearing which I had assumed for the occasion.

When I asked for the bill in a restaurant in that plain but scrupulously clean town, Sofia, I was told that it had been paid by a guest who had already left. This happened to me several times, and I was subsequently informed that it was a Bulgarian national custom, a gesture of hospitality

towards foreigners. It can only have been the fact that Bulgaria was fighting against Great Britain at that time which prevented an influx of special excursion-trains from Scotland.

Upon my return to Constantinople, I was transferred to Aleppo, and my stay in this glorious Arabian city, the largest in Syria, was to prove the turning-point of my life; for on the day after my arrival, on my twenty-third birthday, I met my spiritual guide there. His influence, which has been with me ever since, showed the young son of the Western world the way which leads from the worship of the goddess Business, with a capital B, to the spheres of higher cognition, from the egocentric conceptions of the West to the principle of the impersonal, from the black magic of scientifically organized barbarism to that tolerance which results from a feeling of being one with the All.

Aleppo is a geographical centre of paramount importance between Asia Minor, Syria and Mesopotamia. In the period prior to the building of the Suez Canal, the town had an added importance, since it was the junction of all the most important caravan-routes of the Near East. In my day, this town, like the clothing and the mentality of its inhabitants, was still exactly as it had been in the days of the Arabian Nights, crowned by that mighty citadel which has remained impregnable for centuries. Stored away in its palaces, in the *khans* and in the houses of the wealthy were indescribable treasures.

Public safety in the town was not much greater than in the time of the Crusades. It was all in the order of the day to hear something whizz past one's ear in the streets after dark; and the something would not be a bird of song, winging in the glorious sub-tropical skies, but a bullet being exchanged between the soldiers who nightly deserted and the sentries who were supposed to prevent them from doing so, or possibly a bullet from a former deserter now operating as a bandit in the vicinity and wishing to greet his comrade

on sentry-duty in memory of the days they had spent together in the service of the Padishah—'lest auld acquaintance be forgot'. The deserters were so numerous that the *katchmysh asker*, the escaped soldier, had become an integral ingredient of society. The deserters—a conservative estimate placed their numbers at 300,000 throughout Turkey—formed themselves into bands which held out in the mountains and lived by robbing, occasionally bringing off a lucrative transaction by kidnapping prosperous citizens, who would be released later upon receipt of a suitable ransom. In this branch they found themselves involved in unfair competition with some of the neighbouring Bedouin tribes, who looked askance at such amateur exhibitions, for the Bedouins had had thousands of years of experience in the art of robbery and armed blackmail, and went about it a deal more cleverly than many a European government at the present day.

The Syrian desert to the east and north-east of Aleppo was the territory of the mighty Bedouin tribe known as the *Anese*. From time to time the Sheikhs of the tribes would receive from Berlin sacks in which gold coins clinked invitingly, whereupon the Sheikhs would swear eternal devotion to the Germans and their Turkish allies. Then shortly afterwards mysterious envoys would arrive from the south, pronouncing their Arabic with an Oxford accent, and bearing similar sacks, clinking no less invitingly, whereupon the Sheikhs would swear eternal devotion to the British, the Sherif Hussein of Mecca, and his son Faisal.

In the purses which the Sheikhs carried in their belts there would then repose side by side the ducats of the Deutsche Bank and the sovereigns of the Bank of England. The mottoes with which they were stamped lay peacefully face to face, the German coins proclaiming with false pathos, 'With God for King and Fatherland', whilst the shining ambassadors of Threadneedle Street combined piety with a sound commercial instinct that indicated the expected return of services.

The Bedouin Sheikhs had a strong sense of justice; for whilst accepting the money of both the English and the Germans with admirable impartiality, they took conscientious care to deceive them both equally, thus providing an example of benevolent neutrality in the most lucrative sense of the word. The Sheikhs were also extremely polite people, so they never failed upon receipt of money to swear eternal devotion to the sender.

Many centuries in advance of certain European governments, the Bedouins of the north Syrian desert discovered the economic potentialities of one's 'nuisance value', and so it came that they were paid not only by the Turks, Germans and British to remain 'neutral', but received two pounds from the Turkish treasury throughout the Great War for every lorry or other vehicle which they allowed to pass unmolested along the strip of desert between Nisibin, then the terminus of the Baghdad Railway, and Mosul. We used to drive through this particular piece of desert with mixed feelings, ready to fire, hoping secretly that the gentlemen who, in flowing robes, mounted on their agile little horses, guns slung on their backs and thirteen-foot lances in their right hand, were parading their 'nuisance value' along the horizon, had received the two pounds relating to our particular means of transport.

At the same time the Bedouins kept up a secret but flourishing trade between Jerusalem, which was occupied by the British, and Damascus and Aleppo, which were in Turkish hands. The enemy fronts ended at the edge of the desert and the Bedouins simply rode behind both front lines into the heart of Syria or Palestine. So it was that in the Bazaar in Jerusalem one could buy the famous 'sheets' of dried and pressed apricot jam from Aleppo, whilst in Aleppo my breakfast-table was graced each morning with the best Ceylon tea and fresh strawberry jam made by the London firm of Crosse and Blackwell, which my friends of the Bedouin tribe of the Anese had brought over from Jerusalem.

Wisdom decrees that a specially close eye should be kept upon a wife, a husband or a Bedouin chief who swears eternal devotion too frequently, and so in Aleppo we were always prepared for the event of our Bedouin friends paying us an unexpected and unwelcome visit.

Life was cheap around Aleppo; and it was no less cheap in the town itself. There was no street-lighting, and people who wished to pay visits in the evening had a lantern carried ahead of them, and went armed. If the sky was overcast, all the streets were plunged into complete darkness upon the setting of the sun. Following the example of many of my friends, I would walk down the centre of the roadway, an electric torch in my left hand and a revolver in my right, turning round every hundred yards or so to make sure I was not being followed. These elaborate precautions were by no means an absurdity, for quite apart from the deserters who had turned bandits and frequently ventured right into the town, the honourable trade of *fidayeh*, or hired assassins, had flourished in Aleppo for centuries. Political economy's iron rule of supply and demand naturally applied to this trade too, and by 1917, as a result of the flood of new members to the profession, the price 'for services rendered' had fallen so low that the poor hired assassins of Aleppo had to be content with eight or nine gold pounds per human life, absurdly cheap when one takes into account the risks of the profession.

But Aleppo also enjoyed notoriety in another and less violent sphere of activity. Throughout Turkey, the expression *halebli*—Aleppine—was used as a term of abuse equivalent to 'liar' or 'cheat'. This was of course, like every generalization, an injustice. I myself have known several honest people in Aleppo, one of them was indeed a shining example of correct conduct. Unfortunately he turned out later to be a classic case of paranoia.

And then Aleppo had a third claim to fame, as we shall see.

THE MAN WHO FOUND THE TOWER OF BABEL

THE MALE POPULATION OF THE EARTH CAN BE DIVIDED INTO two sections—those who admit that they are or that they used to be on friendly terms with prostitutes, and those who deny it.

It was not only with the ancient Greeks that the *hetaerae* played a part; and just as the most cultivated men in Athens frequently found pleasure in the company of the priestesses of Venus, so this contact with prostitutes, which is by no means always necessarily a physical one, has remained a tradition up to this day in the Near East.

The brothel or *Mansoon* quarter of Aleppo is famous throughout the Arabian East, and it is indeed in some ways a sight worth seeing. Not far from the main square of the town—bearing the euphemistic name of *Bab al Faradj*—Gate of Happiness—one comes upon one brothel after another, whole streets of them, forming an entire district. The side-streets leading off one side of the main street are full of Moslem brothels and those on the other side of houses with non-Moslem inmates.

I found that the majority of the latter were Greek women from Asia Minor or sometimes from the Hellenic motherland. A few of them were very well educated. The lovely Erasmia, for instance, a Greek girl from Smyrna with a glorious figure, played the piano excellently and could give a very good performance of Mozart and Beethoven if required to do so. Occasionally she revealed a definite sense of humour by introducing the display of her musical accomplishments with 'The Maiden's Prayer.'

Many of the brothels of Aleppo were housed in wonderful old Arabian houses, the rooms of which opened on to a large patio, almost invariably decorated by a tiled fountain which proved most refreshing in summer, and separated from the interior of the house by beautiful doors exquisitely carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The gracious curve

of ceilings which were hundreds of years old, artistically carved in stalactite forms, spanned alcoves reached by carpeted stairs, where one sat upon cushions, smoked a *nargileh* and studied the peculiar Syrian night sky—purple velvet sprinkled with diamond dust.

The best society of Aleppo frequently met in these houses and the gentlemen would request each other to remember them to their respective wives, mothers and daughters. My G.O.C., Mustapha Kemal Pasha, at that period Commander of the Seventh Turkish Army, and seven years later to attain the presidency of the Turkish Republic and world fame as Kemal Ataturk, was a regular patron of these houses in Aleppo. The chronic organic trouble which snatched him away so suddenly in 1938 at the height of his power was perhaps the price which this man, a mixture of creative genius, volcanic will-power and the untamed instincts of the cave-man, was called upon to pay for the hours which he had spent behind those mother-of-pearl doors.

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It is to that same quarter of Aleppo, by the way, that I owe an enrichment of my knowledge of ancient Greek mythology.

In Smyrna and Constantinople one began to notice the classical melodious first names which were in general use among the local Greeks and can produce an extremely comic effect when combined with prosaic utterances such as, 'Pericles, you have forgotten to clean my shoes again!' or, 'If I hear one more word from you, Demosthenes, you've got a kick in the pants coming to you!'

Among the male attendants in the brothels of Aleppo there were a number of Greeks from Asia Minor, and I remember being deeply impressed one evening, on entering the courtyard, to behold the lovely Erasmia, startlingly *décolletée*, leaning out of a window in a state of great excitement and shouting at the top of her voice, over and over

again, 'Elatho, Heracles!' After a while she was rewarded by the precipitated appearance of the individual who answered to the name of the Greek demigod and who resembled a little satyr prematurely aged by overwork rather than the Hercules of the Greek legend.

'Heracles!' cried Erasmia in the high-pitched tones which for some strange reason Greek women seem to use in moments of anger, 'run after that low-down wretch who was here just now! He hasn't paid!'

Upon hearing this, Hercules disappeared with an alacrity which belied his frail appearance and put one rather in mind of the fleet-footed Achilles. After a few minutes, he returned, panting but triumphant, bearing aloft in the true heroic manner his booty, the fee of love.

I felt that I had witnessed a moment of historical importance. For humanity knows only twelve labours of the Greek demigod—the slaying of the Numidian lion, the cleansing of the Augean Stables, and the rest of them. But, poetical and heroic as they may be, they have, during the intervening three thousand years, lost much of their appeal. Here, on the other hand, was an event destined to be recorded by me for countless future generations, something which will live for ever in history, side by side with the Iliad and the Odyssey.

For I had seen it with my own eyes and experienced it with my own senses, this the thirteenth labour of Hercules.

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Thousands of the inhabitants of Aleppo have circular scar marks on their hands and faces about the size of a half-crown piece. These scars are a peculiar hall-mark of Aleppo, for they are caused by a disease which has for centuries been endemic there and is known to medicine as *bubo alepensis*, or 'Aleppo boil'. In my time there existed two hypotheses in medical circles as to the cause of this affliction. One of these sought to ascribe it to infected drinking-water,

while the other declared that the germ was conveyed by the sting of an insect. The latter argument seemed to be supported by the fact that the boil appeared almost exclusively on the hands and face. It is only in recent years that bacteriology, which has still not determined the particular microbe which causes the boil, has succeeded in proving that the germ is carried by the sand-fly.

The Aleppo boil is an unpleasant, open, festering, but otherwise harmless sore which requires about a year to heal and is only aggravated by treatment, painting with methylene blue being the only thing which will accelerate recovery. Anybody who has once had the boil, is immune from it for ever. Many inhabitants of Aleppo therefore have themselves specially infected in the hand with this germ, in order that their faces may be spared disfigurement.

One fine autumn day in the year 1916 after the flight of the Prophet from Mecca to Medina—blessed be his name—the news went like wildfire through the male population of Aleppo, 'Have you heard? Madame Renée has an Aleppo boil!'

Madame Renée was the uncrowned Queen of Aleppo's brothel quarter. She was one of the first women I ever saw who made her blond hair still fairer by artificial means, long before the 'platinum blonde' came into vogue. In view of the Turks' and Arabs' preference for blondes, Madame Renée's hair, not grown white in honour but, one might say, bleached in dishonour, was one of the chief attractions of this universally celebrated and popular lady.

There was, however, another reason which made her Aleppo boil the talk of the day. It was almost unique in medical history, for it appeared neither on the hands nor on the face of the lovely patient, but on the contrary—yes, *quite* on the contrary—on that part of the anatomy which is provided for seating purposes.

'How *very* interesting!' exclaimed the gentlemen into whose ears this news was whispered. The very thorough

ones required an exact topographic description of the affected part. 'Right or left?' they inquired. 'Aha!' one or the other of them would exclaim when he had received an answer to this question. 'Now I can see it. Just above the mole—am I right?'

Hardly anyone had any difficulty in picturing the exact position of the boil, for the knowledge of the afflicted territory was common property. I myself was told the news by a Turkish officer on the occasion of a party at my house, to which I had invited, among others, a young German physician of the Prussian Medical Corps, just out from Europe. Like many young people who have just obtained their degree, he was a pedantic busybody, with an opinion about everything and ready to hold forth on any subject, probably believing that he differed from the Creator in one respect only, namely that God knew everything but he knew everything better.

When Tewfik Bey expounded upon the subject with an interest not exclusively scientific, Dr F. leaned back in his chair with a superior smile, then raised his right hand and wagged a forefinger at us.

'Gentlemen, here we have a classic example of the manner in which an entirely false diagnosis can be repeated and unthinkingly accepted. I have not seen the afflicted part, but——'

'But I have!' Tewfik Bey interrupted him rapturously.

'As I was saying, I have not seen the patient,' pursued Dr F., raising his voice and frowning at the interruption, 'but I can assure you that it is not a case of *bubo alepensis*.'

'Why not?' I inquired modestly.

'I will explain,' Dr F. addressed us from his Olympic heights. 'The *bubo alepensis* occurs only on the hands and face.'

'You must forgive me for contradicting you,' I said, 'but as chance would have it, I happened to read a short while ago an article about the Aleppo boil in Professor D.'s

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'Handbook of Dermatology', and as far as I can remember, it said——'

'I know,' interrupted Dr F. with an indulgent smile, 'I can quote the passage for you by heart. It reads, "*The bubo alepensis*, sometimes known as the 'year boil' because the time required for it to heal is about a year, usually appears on the hands or face'"

I drew myself up to my full height, and my face took on a smile of malicious joy. Then I spoke slowly, in order to savour my triumph over this Teutonic know-all. '*Herr Doktor*,' I said, 'you are aware of all the secrets of dermatology and of all the symptoms of *bubo alepensis*; but you are unaware of one point, which is of paramount importance in the diagnosis of this particular case—namely, Madame Renée's profession. I would ask you to quote the second part of that phrase from Professor D.'s "*Handbook of Dermatology*."'

'The *bubo alepensis*,' repeated Dr. F., a smile of understanding suddenly illuminating his severe and scholarly expression, 'usually appears on the hands or face or such parts of the body as are habitually uncovered.'

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In April of that same year I had a memorable meeting with Professor Robert Koldewey, the discoverer of the authentic Tower of Babel. Koldewey had just reached Aleppo after a recent visit to the ruins of Babylon, where he had had to abandon his excavation-work on account of the British capturing Baghdad. But before leaving, this friendly, enthusiastic old man had been given the satisfaction of making a discovery which demonstrates in dramatic manner that the archaeologist's spade can often put the pen of the most gifted novelist in the shade.

In March 1899, Koldewey's expedition dug its first spade into the drear expanse of rubbish and ruins which had once been the proudest metropolis of antiquity, Babylon, or, in the Semitic language of the Chaldaean Babylonians, *Bab-*

iloon. (*Bab*—gate; *el* or *ilu*—a god; *iloon*—of the gods. The 'Babel'—'The Gate of God', and 'Babylon'—'The Gate of the Gods'.) And now, eighteen years later, the old professor sat in the reception-room of the old house in the *Azizi* quarter of Aleppo, in which I had rented a few room holding the obligatory cup of Turkish coffee in his hand and talking about his work.

'Time and again during the excavation-work I looked up the words: ". . . And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven . . . And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the children of men builded. And the Lord said . . . Nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there we will confound their language . . . So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth.'"

The Jews without any doubt had to work as slaves during their Babylonian captivity on the lavish and extensive restoration work on the Tower of Babylon which their conqueror, Nebuchadnezzar II, had commissioned, and there, engaged upon the same work, they came across tens of thousands of prisoners of war from all parts of the Babylonian Empire, whom the King had brought back from his campaigns. The babble of different languages spoken by these people then probably gave rise to the legend of the confusion of tongues at Babel. Nebuchadnezzar himself confirms this when writing of the restoration-work on the Tower of Babel in some inscriptions discovered only a few years ago:

'I prepared to place *Etemenanki*'s summit in position, so that it might compete with Heaven. I compelled people of all nations to help in building *Etemenanki*. The towering dwelling for Marduk (the Sun-God Baal-Marduk or Bel Marduk) my master, I caused to be artistically restored on the very top. *Etemenanki*, the Tower of Babylon . . . I restored it with bitumen and burned bricks and brought it to

completion . . . a sanctuary of supreme artistry, made of burned bricks with a blue glaze, did I build upon the shining upper storeys.'

'You can imagine my feelings,' said the Professor, 'when in 1911 we knew at last that the foundations which our spades uncovered were without any shadow of a doubt those of the Tower of Babel, known in its time throughout the Babylonian Empire and far beyond its bounds by the name of *E-te-men-an-ki*, "House of the Foundations of Heaven and Earth". It measured 99 yards square and was 297 feet high, and on its southern side a very steep flight of stairs led about 150 feet up. You probably know that Herodotus saw it when it was still in fairly good condition and he reports that the sanctuary of the Sun-God Bel-Marduk was to be found on the top, with a gold table and couch for the God's use whenever he wished to descend from Heaven.'

Professor Koldewey is no longer in the land of the living, but the research-work of the last twenty years has confirmed his epoch-making discovery and his estimate of the measurements of the Tower of Babel.

THE KAISER CANCELS AN ORDER

MY SUGGESTION TO ABDULHALIK BEY, CIVIL GOVERNOR OF Aleppo, that the Boy Scout movement should be organized in the town, was most favourably received by that progressively-minded man. The head masters of the secondary schools were instructed to place their boys at my disposal for this purpose. I trained them as scouts, and trained a number of masters as scout-masters, introducing the usual uniform worn by boy scouts in all countries, with the sole exception of the hat; for climatic and traditional reasons, I allowed the boys to retain the *hattata* or *kufiyeh*, the Arabian kerchief for the head, held in place by a single cord wound round to form a double ring.

As I mentioned before, the average Aleppine did not enjoy a savoury reputation in Turkey, and he was particularly supposed to be averse to the truth. It is of course understandable that in a hot climate everything should stretch, even facts; but in Aleppo facts were more bewilderingly elastic than anywhere else.

In this respect, as in many others, the Boy Scout movement had a speedy and salubrious effect on the boys, and it very soon became extremely popular.

Meanwhile, Abdulhalik Bey had been called to Constantinople, where, as Under-Secretary of the Interior, he directed the affairs of the Turkish Empire by the side of the Grand Vizier, Talaat Pasha. One fine day there reached me in Aleppo a high Turkish order, which Abdulhalik Bey had obtained for me from the Grand Vizier 'in recognition of the organization of the Boy Scout movement'. But even without this gesture, our close friendship would have survived war and revolution. By his unshakeable sense of duty and his high sense of honour, this man, whom I met again in Ankara in 1923, had won the respect of the most varied systems of government which the Turks subsequently adopted. After the Turkish revolution, Kemal Ataturk, the creator of

the new Turkey, appointed him successively to the posts of Minister of Justice, of Finance and of War, and to-day he still serves his country as Speaker of the Turkish parliament in Ankara.

After the capture of Baghdad by the British, General von Falkenhayn, former chief of the German general staff, and originator of the frightful, unsuccessful siege of Verdun, who had been made a Turkish Field-Marshal, arrived in Aleppo to take over command in Mesopotamia. This order was soon countermanded and von Falkenhayn was given the chief command in Syria and Palestine. I naturally called to pay my respects to him, and was received most cordially by this tall man with the grey moustache and the youthful bearing, who was shortly to lose Jerusalem to the British with the same youthful bearing. In spite of the slight difference in our ranks—I was a lieutenant and he a Field-Marshal—he contrived within the space of a few minutes to create an easy and familiar atmosphere which, coming from a Prussian officer, and one of such exalted rank into the bargain, surprised me considerably; but it soon became apparent that he had an axe to grind.

'*Herr Leutnant*,' he remarked suddenly, 'I want to ask you a question, and I want you to answer quite frankly. You can of course rely upon my discretion.'

After this prelude I confess to having felt a little white about the gills, but I said what was expected of me, 'Your Excellency, I am at your service.'

'*Herr Leutnant*, you must understand that I am addressing this question to you because you are not German, and because I am informed by the officers of the German garrison that you enjoy unusual popularity among the Turks, a thing—let us be quite frank—which one can rarely say of our German officers. Now I should like to hear from somebody who is neither German nor Turkish, why, in his opinion, we Germans are so unpopular here? I want you to speak just as you would to an old friend.'

I felt myself on the horns of a dilemma; yet instinctively I realized that von Falkenhayn was not setting a trap for me. I was only indirectly under his command, and, in spite of my subordinate rank, I enjoyed a favoured position with the Turks, and this had no doubt been reported to the Field-Marshal, who was anxious to hear an unbiased opinion on a problem which was causing the Germans in Turkey a good many sleepless nights.

I reflected for a moment, then decided to be careful about my choice of words, but otherwise to speak frankly. Recommending my wretched soul of a subaltern to the Lord, I began.

'Your Excellency, I feel deeply honoured by your question, because it implies great confidence in me, although I am personally unknown to you. I therefore in return feel bound to answer your question conscientiously and to the best of my ability.'

'Just what I want.' Falkenhayn smiled encouragingly.

'If, as your officers maintain, I enjoy particular favour with the Turks, this is chiefly due to the fact that they know my liking for them to be sincere. But I must also tell you quite openly that I have derived untold benefit from some wise and valuable advice given to me on the very day after my arrival by a man whom I look upon as my spiritual guide. The Turks are a nation of rulers, and they have just as much self-respect as we have; but the German officers, whenever they have to deal with them, seem to lapse unconsciously into the rôle of teachers, and in addition to that, they frequently address them in a tone of command which the Turks resent. I personally have found that by a modest bearing and a politely expressed request I can obtain anything within reason from my Turkish friends.'

I naturally refrained from going further into the subject of how altogether gifted the German authorities were in the art of 'How to lose friends and alienate people', and of how unpopular they had accordingly become not only in Turkey

but with their Austro-Hungarian and Bulgarian allies also.

The Field-Marshal listened attentively, then remarked, 'I have been only a short time in Turkey, and I assure you, *Herr Leutnant*, that I appreciate your frankness.'

We talked for a while about certain archaeological discoveries in Syria, then I clicked my heels and took my leave. The next day Field-Marshal von Falkenhayn sent his card to my rooms. A few days later, he proceeded to Damascus.

Not long after that, I received a small packet from the Field-Marshal's G.H.Q. It contained the Iron Cross.

A few weeks later I made a memorable trip to Damascus and Beirut and to the Lebanon, which has such glorious scenery and is so teeming with fruitfulness. The irony of fate willed it that precisely this district should suffer from terrible famine at the time. In Beirut I saw dozens of wretched people lying about in the streets in the last stages of starvation, in a state of complete apathy, men, women and children, who could no longer bother to stretch out a hand to take what was offered them. With the fatalism of the Oriental, they were waiting silently and without complaint for Death to relieve them from their suffering. Early each morning, the corpses were taken from the centre of the town and buried.

On the evening of our arrival at the Gassmann Hotel in Beirut, the whole town was suddenly filled with the sound of shooting and shouting. We rushed up to the roof-terrace to ascertain whether a contingent of enemy troops had arrived or whether there was mutiny amongst our own troops. Then it was explained to us that an eclipse of the moon was taking place and that the population, carrying out an old custom, was endeavouring by means of shots and cries to scare away the dragon which, according to a belief going back thousands of years, threatened to swallow the moon on such occasions.

Turning our attention heavenwards, we were able to watch a particularly fine eclipse of the moon, whilst the cries and shooting were intensified. At last, however, the inhabitants seemed to have succeeded in disturbing the dragon's repast, for, behold, the portion of the moon which had become invisible gradually began to shine once more, as the dragon, disturbed by the frightful din, vomited up his prey. After a while the silver circle was shining serenely down on us again, while the population triumphantly proclaimed that they had once more saved the moon.

That celestial body, however, turning its familiar face upon us, seemed to smile more than usual, and was perchance experiencing the sentiment to which one of the teachers at my school was in the habit of giving vent when the ignorance of some boy was driving him to the verge of distraction. On such occasions Dr Toborffy would gaze heavenwards, reverently fold his hands and remark in tones of Christian resignation, 'Oh, Lord, how extensive is Thy zoological garden!'

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A journey on the Baghdad Railway and on its branch-lines in Syria and Palestine could certainly vie for danger with fighting at the front, and as for thrills, it came up to the highest scenic-railway standards of any 'Luna Park' in any European capital or on New York's Coney Island.

The biggest worry and the worst problem of war administration in Turkey was the almost complete lack on the part of the otherwise excellent soldiers and indeed of the population in general of any technical skill or understanding of mechanics or ability to handle machines. It was quite on the cards that the engine-driver would hit upon the inspired idea of saving steam by closing the throttle when the train had reached the peak of an ascent, so that it travelled downhill by its own momentum and, like the coaches on a scenic railway, ran up the following incline. The engine-driver's triumphant satisfaction at this epoch-making method of

economizing steam was in no way dimmed by the fact that the axles almost invariably began to smoke so dangerously that the train had to stop when it reached the top of the incline. Then there would be a halt—sometimes as long as one or two hours—until the axles had cooled, during which the engine-driver and the stoker and a number of the passengers would get out, offer each other cigarettes and discuss contemporary politics. I repeatedly saw optimistically-inclined individuals watering the steaming axles out of coffee-cups which they had brought with them in their food-baskets, exchanging highly original hypotheses on the subject of thermophysics as they did so. Others, pious souls, who held that the life of the faithful is always in the hands of Allah, and especially so during rides on the Baghdad Railway, would spread out their prayer-rugs by the railroad, if it happened to be one of the five daily prayer-times. They would undertake their ritualistic ablutions with the help of the water which they always carried with them in a small flask, and then, as oblivious to the time-table of the Imperial Ottoman Railways as to the other illusions of life, they were united in thought with their Maker.

It was a Turkish custom that the railway officials should wave a red flag violently before the departure of a train, crying *tammam* ('Everything in order!') about a dozen times as they did so. The naïve Westerner who had not been long in Turkey concluded that these battle-cries signalled the imminent departure of the train, a typical deduction of Occidental brains, monopolized as they are by rational trends of thought. After the twelfth *tammam*, the train would usually remain just where it was for a further quarter of an hour; and herein lay the malicious element in this procedure, hallowed by tradition, for after the long unofficial pause following the official *tammam* in the station or on the line, the train was wont to slip away unannounced with coy malice, almost invariably leaving behind a crowd of optimists, swearing or invoking Allah, some of them attempting to

overtake the train with gazelle-like agility, while others resigned themselves with stoic indifference to the decisions of Kismet. Repeatedly I saw old and worthy men, surprised in the midst of their spiritual communion with the heavenly powers by the sly departure of the train, holding their prayer-rug by one corner like a sail and clambering on to the train when it was already well under way. Such an occasion would always afford the student of philology the opportunity of enriching his Turkish vocabulary by a series of extremely picturesque expressions addressed to the engine-driver, such as, 'Donkey and Son of a Donkey', 'Procurer', 'Obliging husband', and other pearls of Eastern folklore.

At this period, most passenger-trains in Turkey carried supplies of munitions and petrol, which lent an atmosphere of tensity to those little episodes relating to the overheating of axles.

The procedure which I have just described was of course repeated at the next descent and incline. But what is a human life more or less in the great happening of the cosmos? And is not the eternal ebb and flow of nature, which Allah created, independent of all sense of time?

Thus it came to pass that the journey from Aleppo to Constantinople, which nowadays takes two days, then took a matter of five days and five nights, and Providence once decreed that I should take eleven days and eleven nights to cover the distance. But does not the Prophet (blessed be his name) say, 'Haste comes from Satan'?

In July of the year 1917 I was able to visit the remains of Carchemish on the Euphrates, the once flourishing capital of the Empire of the Hittites, which disappeared long ago. These remains were excavated in the years 1913-14 by none other than Lawrence of Arabia and Sir Leonard Woolley, the discoverer of the wonderful royal tombs dating from the fourth millennium B.C. in Ur of the Chaldees.

On the way there from Asia Minor, I witnessed something, the elementary horror of which is mentioned in the Bible as one of the punishments which God inflicted upon the Egyptians.

Looking out of the train, I saw that the sun had suddenly been blotted out; and when I put my head out of the window, I could not believe my eyes. Millions upon millions of tiny insects had formed a cloud which swelled forth out of the horizon with a terrific din as they flung themselves with a hard, rattling sound on to the afflicted landscape.

A swarm of locusts.

As relentless and inevitable as Fate itself, more and still more hundreds of thousands of greyish-green bodies whirled up from behind the hills, loomed up far above the horizon and fell upon the defenceless plains, gnawing, guzzling, grabbing, digesting, destroying. But a few minutes ago a field in full bloom, the next moment a desert. And more and still more new battalions, new masses of insect bodies swirled and buzzed and hummed and clattered and rattled upon the dumb earth, messengers of ruin and destruction.

This revelation of unbridled nature was, at one and the same time, terrifying and gripping, a symbolic picture of the circulation of life, which must inevitably nourish itself on destruction. An unforgettable, horrible sight, like a tornado or a huge conflagration in its awe-inspiring picture of unconquerable force and horrifying beauty.

The Turkish government did all in its power to overcome the locust plague. Aleppo had an expert who had been specially sent out from Germany, a Dr L., who instructed and advised bailiffs and peasants as to locust-fighting methods. Dr L. had a very cultured but, alas, terrifyingly ugly wife, and unkind tongues would have it that he merely gave his methods an air of scientific research, whereas his technique was simply to get his wife to stand at the crucial moment in any field which was threatened by the onslaught of locusts, whereupon the creatures fell as though struck

by lightning, their bodies piling up several feet high on the ground.

The archaeological discoveries made by Lawrence and Woolley at Carchemish, known to-day as Djerablus, are of great importance and extremely interesting. I spent a number of days on the site of the excavations, staying in the only available house, where I enjoyed the hospitality of the Inspector of the Djerablus sector of the Baghdad Railway, Chief-Engineer Mavrogordato. My host, a man with intellectual interests, on friendly terms with Lawrence and Woolley, had undertaken the self-imposed task of protecting the finds and guarding them against damage. Everything was just as Lawrence and Woolley had left it.

Dozens of carved granite slabs were standing up-ended in the open in long rows, just as they had been placed thousands of years ago. On them were depicted warriors in helmets, shield and lance; musicians, dancers, ladies of the royal court; the King in his war-chariot and at the hunt, and various scenes from court life. There were also two mighty thrones of carved stone beneath the Mesopotamian sky, one of them flanked by two steers, the other by two exquisitely carved, stylized lions. Between the two, holding them by their manes, knelt the mythical hero Gilgamesh, whom the Sumerians, the Babylonians, the Assyrians and the Hittites all honoured as a demigod. He accomplished many heroic deeds and his fame lives on in the Old Testament in the person of Samson and in Greco-Roman mythology as Hercules. Numerous signs of a fierce battle between Pharaoh Nekho and Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon were found in Carchemish, including the Pharaoh's seal, now in the British Museum.

That autumn I returned to Europe on leave.

On my way back to the Palestine front, I was greeted in the hall of the Pera Palace Hotel in Constantinople one evening by the German Captain L., who held the rank of

major in the Turkish army. In the battle of Suvla Bay on Gallipoli he had been in command of the Turkish artillery under Kemal Ataturk, and at the time of my stay in Smyrna in 1916, he was in charge of the artillery of the Turkish army corps which was stationed there. He also was on his way back from leave in Europe, and had visited the German G.H.Q. in Spa.

Over a glass of wine, Major L. told me how he, like other German officers, had travelled through Belgium on behalf of the German general staff; giving himself out as a horse-dealer, he had prepared military maps of the country, intended for the use of the Kaiser's army in the event of a war. Then Major L. went on to tell me other things.

'I'll tell you something, *Herr Kamerad*,' he said. 'We've a few surprises up our sleeves for the English and the French. To begin with, the latest idea in Spa is to use aeroplanes for the attacks on London in place of the Zeppelins, which have proved too vulnerable. We've got a whole lot of them ready to start.

'Secondly, we've invented a cannon with a range from Dover to Calais.'

'Just a moment, *Herr Major*,' I interrupted. 'You and I are both gunners. You know as well as I do that the maximum range of guns used on land is 17 kilometres (about 10½ miles).'

'I know, I know. But, believe it or not, I'm telling the truth. I said the same as you when they first told me. But it's a fact, nevertheless. The Allies are going to get the shock of their lives.

'And that's not all. We have bombs which could be dropped from a Zeppelin or an aeroplane and would wipe out London within a few hours.'

'Wipe out? That's a sweeping statement, surely? After all, you know, there's a limit to what those incendiary and explosive bombs . . .'

'Who's talking about incendiary and explosive bombs?

These bombs are filled with a gas heavier than the air, which would spread outwards and downwards, and penetrate so thoroughly into London that there wouldn't be a cat left alive when we'd done—for all its nine lives.'

'And are they really going to use those bombs on London?'

'I don't think so. The Kaiser is against it. You know how religious he is. I believe he has religious scruples about the whole affair.'

I took all this with a grain of salt.

A few months later the *Gothas* made their first raids on London. In March 1918 the first shells of Big Bertha, fired from the Laon Forest, landed in Paris, seventy-five miles away.

And the phosgene bombs?

On May 19th 1922, I had lunch in Berlin with two men who were anxious to promote a scientific expedition and were trying to interest American circles in it. Ex-Captain O. and Ex-Lieutenant E. had both been airmen. E. had been a member of the German air force and O. a commander of a Zeppelin from which he had repeatedly bombed London. Over coffee we fell to reminiscing about the War.

'I must say,' said O., 'the English airmen showed extraordinary pluck. Our toughest struggle was with the British sea-planes—they brought down several of our Zeppelins. After a while, the British organized their air-defence of London so effectively that we used to look upon it as a miracle each time we got home safely.'

I remembered my talk with Major L.

'And you had gas-bombs?' I inquired.

'Gas-bombs?' Captain O. drew his chair closer to mine and dropped his voice. 'There were a lot of experiments made with gas-bombs, but the gas was lighter than the air and rose too quickly after the explosion to be much use. Later laboratory tests—which by the way took only three weeks—did succeed in producing a gas which was heavier than the air and would drop downwards and sideways. A

minute quantity of it would have been enough to cause death. As you know, of course, only the troops in the front lines were provided with gas-masks—there was no such thing for the civilian population. You can imagine what the effect of that gas would have been on London or any other British industrial centre!’

‘And why was it never used?’

‘Well, my Zeppelin was provided with the bombs immediately the invention was completed and I had orders to drop them on London. We were all set to take off, and I was just going to get into the gondola, when a phone-call came through for me from Spa.

“G.H.Q. this end. That Captain O.? Glad I got you in time. You are on no account to take those gas-bombs with you. S.M. (for *Seine Majestät*, His Majesty, meaning the Kaiser) wishes them to be left behind.”

‘I had orders to use the gas-bombs a second time, during the battle of Verdun. In my personal opinion the gas would have killed about 30,000 of Verdun’s garrison, and I am convinced that that would have led to the fall of the fortress. Again, almost literally at the last moment, a telephone-call came from Spa. “S.M. does not wish it.”

‘And again we had to unload our gas-bombs.

‘And now, *Herr Doktor*, I can tell you another little secret worthy of a place in world history. Our spies informed us that King George V and Marshal Joffre and one other eminent personage—I can’t be quite sure, but I think it was Asquith or Lloyd George—were going to meet and would all sleep under the same roof. This house was about three miles behind the first French line. We knew the exact spot.

‘Here was a chance to alter the whole course of the War. I gave the word to prepare the airship for taking off. Once again—telephone-call. “Captain O., Spa wants you on the phone!”

“Captain O. speaking.”

"*Oberste Heeresleitung* this end. *Herr Kapitän*, the secret command number so-and-so has been cancelled."

"S.M.'s orders, of course?" I asked.

"Yes," came the reply. "Good night."

'And do you know why the Kaiser interfered each time and prevented gas from being used? Why he saved his cousin's life, and Joffre's? It is a well-known fact that he read a passage from the Bible aloud to his household every morning. He still does it every day in Doorn. He is deeply religious.'

Chapter Eleven

DEBACLE

ON SEPTEMBER 10TH 1918, I RECEIVED ORDERS IN ALEPPO TO report at Constantinople, where I would be given special instructions for Vienna and Budapest. I left Aleppo on the 16th.

In the night of September 18th-19th Allenby, breaking the Turkish front between Tulkarim and Tel Sheria, put an end to the Ottoman Empire.

My travelling-companion was an Austrian lieutenant, the commander of a four-inch battery at Tel Sheria, a mere boy who was spending his leave by paying a visit to Vienna, his native city. Our journey took us past Islahie, the Issus of classical times, where Alexander the Great routed Darius the Persian and carried off his mother and wives; a superb marble mosaic of Alexander's time is crumbling to pieces there, unheeded.

Once more we passed under the spell of Alexander when the lorry we were riding on rolled through the Cilician Gate at Gulek in the Taurus which, like the Tibetan gorge in James Hilton's *Lost Horizon*, leads at a stride from the palmy, sub-tropical vegetation richly fringing the Mediterranean into a towering, arid world of rugged mountains and, like the only passable road in the Taurus, was hewn out of the virgin rock by the troops of the Macedonian king.

In Bozanti, the traffic-centre of the Taurus, we got the first news of the British break-through in Palestine. Allenby had crumpled up the front with a single thrust, and English and Australian troops were pouring on in a steady stream.

On the sixth day after we left Aleppo we reached Constantinople where the bad news struck us with full force. The English advancing all along the line—Marshal Liman von Sanders, the Turkish Commander-in-chief, saved only by a miracle from being taken prisoner by an enemy raiding-party—the Turkish army in a state of dissolution—English aircraft ceaselessly bombing the retreating waves of half-

starved Turks—Colonel Lawrence advancing with his Bedouins—bewilderment, flight, the debacle. The empire of Soliman the Magnificent was falling in ruins to the crashing of bombs and shells.

And in the midst of this cataract of misfortune, a rock. An action such as a higher dynamic power working in a human being sometimes produces when the will, strung up to the highest pitch, hovers supreme over all contingencies, creating first history, then a legend.

One of the unjustly forgotten heroes of the world war of 1914-1918, the unknown Turkish Major-General Fakhri Pasha, had been charged by the Turkish High Command with the defence of the Holy City of Medina. For four years he had held the birthplace of the Prophet. Amidst a hostile population, surrounded, besieged and starved by Ameer Faisal's Bedouins, which a young and eccentric Oxford archaeologist had transformed from a marauding horde into an army, Fakhri defied all the skill of Colonel Lawrence and all the efforts of King Hussein's army until January 1919, almost three months after the Ottoman Empire had vanished, and after Lawrence and Faisal had arrived in Damascus and the armistice been concluded in Mudros between the Allies and the Turks. This Turkish general, unimpressive, shy and hence obscure, proved himself a foeman worthy of the steel of his enemy Lawrence. Nor would he have surrendered with his ten thousand men and 34 guns even three months after the general armistice, if a special courier from the Turkish High Command had not managed to gain admission into Medina and convince General Fakhri that the wireless orders to surrender the Holy City to Hussein's Arabs were no enemy ruse, but a genuine command, that the world war had long since ceased, the armistice been declared on all fronts and an honourable retreat promised to him and his garrison. Thus ended the Thermopylae of the tropical desert.

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Three days after we reached Constantinople, the 'Balkan train'—now known as the Simplon-Orient express—arrived from Central Europe. The fresh news of horror brought by the officers on it was staggering; Bulgaria had backed out, the government of Sofia had asked the Entente for a separate peace, the Bulgarian troops were in full mutiny, there had been street-fighting in Sofia, the mutineers were encamped along the railway-line, looting the passing trains.

We could not yet foresee all that was to happen, but the effects of the shock lay heavy on our heads and hearts. Everybody realized that the end had come, that chaos had broken loose.

Faintly yet perceptibly, however, the instinct of self-preservation thrust the thought into our conscious minds: 'The nightmare of years, the endless butchery, is nearing its end. My people may yet see me again.' But in four years of obedience the automatic fulfilment of duty had become a fixed idea, an instinct, second nature.

I snapped on my leather belt, the emblem showing that I was on duty, and reported to the colonel. The military convention of centuries made our conversation as dry and one-sided as such conversations may well have been between the centurion and the military tribune.

'Ready to start?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Have you got your orders for Budapest and Vienna?'

'I have, sir.'

'So you can leave by the next train?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Good. Reserve your seat.'

'I will, sir.'

'Good-bye.'

A click of the heels, a slight bow, a handshake. I left the doomed state of Turkey.

Crown Prince Abdul Medjid's open landau, drawn by a pair of superb Arab horses, was waiting for me on the Asiatic

side of the Bosphorus, and once again I entered the beautiful palace in Tchamlidja. Abdul Medjid, the highly-cultured, likeable man whom fate was soon to make Caliph of all the Faithful, then the reluctant adversary of Kemal Ataturk, then an *émigré*, and finally the father-in-law of the Nizam of Hyderabad's eldest son, spoke of the future of his country and the Central Powers with a heavy heart. Through the open window we could see—an unsought symbol—the hilly fairyland of the Bosphorus which the forefathers of this man had crossed six hundred years ago, long before Mohammed the Conqueror had overcome the splendid city of Byzantium, which was now slipping out of the hands of his descendants.

Then back to Galata and another drive to the *Yildiz-Kyeushk*, on the European side of the Bosphorus. That jewel of Islamic architecture and decoration, once the favourite palace of Abdul Hamid, the 'Red Sultan', was now the residence of Mehmed Vahideddin, the last secular ruler of the Ottoman dynasty, the last lord of Byzantium to bear the proud title of *Kaisar-i-Rûm*, Emperor of Rome. My friend the Turkish Colonel Nadji, nicknamed by his mess-mates 'the diamond' on account of his chivalrous nature, was at the time adjutant to the Sultan. To-day he is a general and Turkey's Minister of War. Small and slim, with fine-cut features, he was, as ever, kindness and courtesy itself.

'His Majesty is in the harem at the moment,' he said, but thought it necessary to add quickly: 'Nothing intimate—only a visit to his mother.'

Nadji Bey gave me some fresh figs, and as we stripped off the green rind and ate the juicy pulp, our conversation was shadowed, here as everywhere, by the black cloud which hung over the country. We did not know if we should ever meet again.

'*Allahah ysmarladyk*, my Bey. We have appealed to God for you.'

'Allah salaamat versin. God give you peace. *Güle-güle gidinis, güle-güle gelinis.* Go with laughter and come again with laughter.'

Then, before sunset, when all Turkish women must be at home, I hurried away in mufti, a fez on my head, to the 'Türbe Sultan Mahmoud', the little cemetery where Galibeh was waiting for me, hiding behind the trees from the eyes of Turks of the old school. Here at last politics faded into the background and our talk was given up to the one topic which has hardly known an original contribution since palæolithic times. Few words, long pauses, a choking feeling in our throats as if there had been no more fateful moment in four years of murder than the parting of two young people. Time to kiss away two great tears, then the farewell greeting: '*Güle-güle*—go with laughter,' a pious irony, for with my twenty-four years I, too, was nearer tears than laughter.

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The next day, the last train to connect belligerent Turkey with Europe stood waiting in Sirkedji station. Besides about twenty officers of the Central Powers, there were two German and three Austrian nurses and some thirty civilians, men, women and children, on the train. In view of the revolution and mutinies in Bulgaria, we officers held a short council of war before the train left. It was decided that from the Turco-Bulgarian frontier, where the Bulgarian engine-driver took over from his Turkish colleague, to the Bulgaro-Serbian frontier-stakes, behind which the Austro-Hungarian military occupation of Serbia began, an officer with a loaded service revolver would always be posed on the engine. In case of an attempted attack by the Bulgarian mutineers, he would, if need arose, force the engine-driver to dash through any station at full speed heedless of consequences, cutting out the regulation stop at Sofia or any other place. Thus on the one hand, the prospect of a fight and looting, on the other, a railway disaster.

We were, however, pretty familiar with the—to put it mildly—somewhat informal manners of the undisciplined Balkan soldiery towards women, as well as with their bestial cruelty to male enemies. In this point there is little to choose between the soldiers of all the Balkan states, and I recalled at that moment how Austrian officers serving on the Bosnian-Montenegrin frontier had long since acquired the habit of carrying a dose of prussic acid sewn up in their tunics even in times of peace. Castration, gouging out the eyes of the living victim and filling the sockets with uniform buttons were among the more popular customs of the 'Land of the Black Mountains', though they did not figure in Baedeker or Murray's guides.

Hence we found no difficulty in preferring the risk of a railway-accident to that of an attack by a troop of marauders greatly superior to us in numbers.

The train stopped in Sofia. A young, lanky Austrian officer displaying four war-medals was on the engine beside the driver, playing at cleaning his revolver by breathing on the barrel, then wiping it on his sleeve. At the moment he looked as if his astral body were far away, maybe sitting over a glass of wine in the arbours of Grinzing, Vienna's charming suburb.

Bulgarian troops were encamped on both sides of the permanent way. No officers were to be seen, but there was order among the men. Some were lying in picturesque abandon in front of their tents, rifles were piled. Not a man approached the train, so that we could not tell whether they meant to salute us, their allied officers. These troops had obviously been told off to guard the railway-line.

On the platform stood a well-dressed civilian, probably a native of Sofia, with whom I got into conversation.

'Is there order in the town?' I asked in French.

'For the moment yes, *Monsieur*. Of course just recently there was a regular battle between the cadets and the mutineers near the sugar-factory here.'

'Who won?'

'The mutineers.'

'And where are they now?'

'Here,' replied the man with the utmost sang-froid, pointing to the troops encamped along the railway-line.

I took my leave with singular promptitude. I'd been through four years of war—father and mother were expecting me home—here, now, fighting mutineers? Why, of all cemeteries, Sofia? No, thank you.

I stepped quickly up to the Austrian officer and whispered a few words in his ear. Then to the other officers travelling with us, some of whom had got out of the train. Our group got busy. All passengers were quietly forced to return to their seats. The astral body of the Austrian lieutenant abandoned the arbours of Grinzing and resumed its earthly tabernacle. The train began to move. There—one, two, three shots. No, they have passed over the train. Full steam ahead. A few seconds and we were far away in open country. The engine-driver's poker-face betrayed neither his views on the outstanding problems of sociology nor his attitude to the question of our safety, and the young lieutenant, who had completely forgotten the arbours of Vienna and remembered his war-medals, evinced, with all his politeness, an almost exaggerated interest in small fire-arms.

The train was soon able to slow down to the regulation forty m.p.h. and the rest of the journey passed without incident. On the Serbian frontier, the stoker and engine-driver, to their great astonishment, were each presented with a handsome tip and a box of Turkish cigarettes—'Cercle du Bosphore'—such as probably only Ferdinand of Bulgaria was smoking at the moment.

Serbia, still in Austrian occupation, and Southern Hungary were soon crossed and the train rolled into the station of Budapest. A good-bye to my fellow-travellers. Then I was at home.

REVOLUTION

A FEW DAYS LATER, I PAID MY LAST VISIT TO IMPERIAL VIENNA.

After four years of war, destitution was visible everywhere. On the four fighting fronts of the Habsburg Empire, half-starved men, often wrapped in the rags of their uniforms, were staggering on against the enemy.

The sun of Habsburg, which never set on the empire of Charles V, and shone on the infamies of the Spanish conquistadores in Central America as it shone on the pavaues of the court in Vienna, was on the point of sinking below the horizon. Its last, weak, level rays gilded the domes of the capital, the incomparably lovely corners where jewels of the Gothic and Baroque stand side by side with houses of the nineteenth century; they lit up the superb mansions of the great to whom the court had been a source of wealth and a *raison d'être*—the Princes and Counts of Schwarzenberg, Starhemberg, Kinsky, Auerspperg, Lobkowitz and the rest. They glittered on the thousand window-panes of the Castle of Schönbrunn, and what lay in the shadow passed unseen by hasty eyes.

In that castle, two years before, had died an old man with a high sense of honour and a mediocre mind, who had played ride-a-cock-horse on the knees of Napoleon's son, his mother's friend. This old man, to whom we had taken the oath of allegiance in 1914, had been the link between two epochs. Emperor Francis Joseph was a living anachronism. With the utmost rigour, he imposed on his court the so-called Spanish etiquette, which had been in force under Charles V and Philip II in the sixteenth century, at a time when Blériot was already flying the English Channel. He steadfastly refused to use a telephone or drive in a motor car. He visited only at the embassies where the reception-rooms were on the ground-floor, for he would in no circumstances set foot in a lift, that invention of the devil. His Spartan personal habits are well known; in the gigantic Hofburg, in the midst of the magnificent

Castle of Schönbrunn, he slept on a camp-bed, but he would only give his hand to men of noble birth, even though bourgeois might be standing in the same group with them.

In 1848, at the beginning of his reign, serfdom was still the rule in Francis Joseph's dominions. The steady development of national feeling among the heterogeneous racial elements which made up his 'ramshackle empire' went on piling up inflammable material round the Austro-Hungarian powder-cask, and it grew more and more difficult to hold together the Austrians, Hungarians, Czechs, Croats, Ruthenians, Slovaks, Slovenes, Austrian Italians and Hungarian Rumanians, the Serbs of the Banate, the Bosnian Christians and Mohammedans.

Mottoes and emblems are often but the unintentional manifestation of an inferiority complex—mere 'wish-fulfillments', as the psycho-analysts say. They have an auto-suggestive purpose and arise as a rule from an unconscious realization of an inherent weakness. Thus it is not mere chance that the rebellious Black Prince assumed the device *Ich dien*—I serve—while republican Rome, eternally torn by civil wars and conspiracies, proclaimed: 'The welfare of the state is the supreme law.' Hence it was perhaps a cruel, but perfectly logical joke of world history that Francis Joseph's motto, which also appeared in the inscription on his coins, should be *viribus unitis*—with united powers. It remained, however, for his pathetic young successor, Carl the Last, as he was called after 1918, to turn the joke into an unintentional farce by decreeing a new crest for all state institutions showing the national arms of Austria and Hungary side by side, with the family arms of the Habsburgs hovering like Mohammed's coffin between them as a connecting link, while underneath the scheme there writhed the motto: *indivisibiliter ac inseparabiliter*.

Two years later, Austria and Hungary collapsed with a crash, burying the arms of the House of Habsburg in their ruins.

I had seen the old Emperor in my childhood, his face framed in the snow-white whiskers which had attained the dignity of a symbol, as he drove through the streets of Budapest in an open carriage drawn by four superb white horses. Later my commission was stamped with the facsimile of the signature 'Franz Josef'.

After a five days' stay in Vienna, I returned to Budapest. For the last time, on my way from the Ballhausplatz to the Burgring, I crossed the great square of the Imperial Palace in uniform. When I saw it again I was a civilian on the staff of American newspapers.

The sentinel at the gate called *Habt Acht*; for the thousandth time the guard sprang to attention to salute the passing officer.

I returned the salute. The military power of the doomed Austro-Hungarian monarchy and a little subaltern of a great Emperor took leave of each other.

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In Budapest two of my friends, Stephan D. and Stephan Z., had founded a monthly under the name of *Politika*. Z. was the leader of the parliamentary fraction of the party whose chief, Count Albert Apponyi, was the 'grand old man' of Hungary, a statesman of European calibre, speaking English, French, German and Italian with rhetorical perfection and, except for Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian hero of 1848, the only non-American ever to address the United States Senate. Apponyi led the Hungarian delegation at the Peace Conference, and in the following years annually pleaded the cause of his country at the meetings of the League of Nations. He had taken on the editorship of the monthly, and I was to become its managing editor. At the same time I was to stand for the Hungarian parliament. As I was now twenty-four, the age of majority in Austria-Hungary, and the seat a sure thing owing to Apponyi's influence, I should have been the youngest member of parliament. But fate willed otherwise, for within a fortnight there was no parliament to stand for.

Ludendorff had seen it coming since July. In Berlin it was an open secret. It was whispered in Vienna, in Budapest, in the trenches in Southern Serbia and Macedonia and in the rock dug-outs on the Italian front. Then, at long last, at a meeting of the Hungarian parliament in the middle of October, Count Stephan Tisza, a former Prime Minister, said it openly: 'We have lost the war.'

The spell was broken, the dreaded word pronounced, the campaign had ended in disaster. The tidings so many millions of mothers were hoping for in secret had come: 'The war is over.'

We had reached Journey's End. Roaring, the thousand-year-old state fell in ruins.

For centuries Europe knew no national feeling. The serf had to adopt the religion of his feudal lord. Politically, the feudal lord sided with those who could best safeguard his interests. One day the Genoese Admiral Andrea Doria was fighting for François I of France, the next for his mortal enemy Charles V. *Ubi bene, ibi patria*—the land of my welfare is my homeland—was the watchword everyone took for granted. Meanwhile 'second sons' roamed through Europe taking mercenary service now under Frederick the Great, now under his enemy Maria Theresa, again without a qualm under the Prussian monarch or the Pope, and their loyalty, which lasted as long as their service contracts, was professional probity, not patriotism. The Scots fought in most continental armies, and only took their revenge for Culloden long after the event, when they conquered the City of London by peaceful penetration, grabbing all the lucrative bank-directorships in Threadneedle Street. The Swiss infantry fought anywhere where there was pay to be had, and at the beginning of the sixteenth century stood on opposite sides in the wars between the Italian and French feudal nobility. At the storming of the Tuileries, the Swiss, who kept their own free country free with their blood, gave proof of their highly respectable professional reliability.

It was the French Revolution that created and strengthened the notion of the *patrie*, of patriotism, and the conscripted armies of the nineteenth century were already shedding their blood under the star of the new-born monster of nationalism, which devours its own children.

But it was not only the state of Austria-Hungary, undermined by nationalism, that foundered. What vanished with it was the ideology, the moral code which had been the support of generations of men. Only to the very few is it given to awaken and develop their own ethical impulses, and boldly to free themselves from that share of inherited and acquired ideas that forces the blinkers of intolerance on to free eyes. The average man, be he peasant or ruler, workman or capitalist, is and always will be the product of his environment. Thinking is a most uncomfortable process, and so we stumble through life, clinging to the railings of ready-made notions of honour and moral codes to keep from falling.

However reluctantly, selfishness must make sacrifices to the necessity of life in common with other people in the form of collective ideas of honour, of systems of professional and other communal ethics, whose object it is to spare us the painful personal facing of moral problems as they arise. Most people have collective moral ideas. The citizen of a normally functioning state is subject to a series of codes which partly overlap and partly contradict each other. As a business man, he is subject to the usages prescribed by the Chamber of Commerce. Advertising his goods in the Press, he is guided by the code of honour in advertising, and when his competitors have gradually made it impossible for him to invent poetic and non-existent qualities for his wares, his subconscious mind turns a somersault and, making a virtue of necessity, he proudly avows the principle of 'Truth in advertising'. As a man, he has, of course, his masculine code of honour, which is furiously contested by his wife. In the card-room he naturally respects the card-player's code of honour, cannot,

unfortunately, cheat, and cannot make debts of honour. If he does so, he must, in many countries, pay them within twenty-four hours, and if he cannot pay them, he must shoot himself, for he knows what is expected of an honest dishonest debtor. If he is an officer, he has his code of honour as an officer into the bargain and cannot visit certain young ladies in uniform. In battle, unlike the simple-minded soldier who has never so much as heard of Potsdam, Saint-Cyr, Sandhurst or West Point, he cannot run away but must be brave for fear of being a coward.

And what about the honour of a father? Or of a husband, with its complicated rules and precautions? Club honour, class honour, sportsman's honour, national honour—for nearly every walk in life, for nearly every inner conflict they deliver the ready-made solution. Above all, nobody need think. Those who went before have provided for every contingency and material security is the basis of ethical orientation.

But what if the Chamber of Commerce, the card-room, the income-tax commissioners, the army, the tradition of the family, the social system, the nation, the state and material security all vanish at one fell swoop? If the hurricane has carried away the moral railings to which a man could cling, torn down the pillars and masonry that have stood a thousand years, so that the wayfarer, sick with horror, sees at his feet the abyss through which the torrent is whirling away all he has inherited or acquired?

That is what happened overnight to millions of men in the Habsburg Empire. Everything was toppling, nothing familiar stood fast. In the effort not to go under, millions of horrified human beings improvised their philosophy, their plans, from hour to hour, just like the good-natured, incapable young man who had succeeded his aged grand-uncle on the throne and still laboured under the delusion that he could maintain himself at the head of this heap of terrified men and peoples who, scattering in all directions, were trampling each other to death in wildest panic. These people were fired with the

hope that they might save themselves from being dashed to pieces by jumping off the cart which was now rolling recklessly downhill, and by proclaiming their national independence, rescue their territory from the general bankruptcy, obtain better armistice terms and peace conditions from the enemy, and hence create a better life for millions of men.

Hungary was disarmed, but not the troops. We all had our small arms, but in a single morning the pressure of a discipline a thousand years old which had, in the last four years, become second nature with millions of armed men, had been swept away.

Anarchy raged in the towns, there was looting in Budapest; ceaselessly the open lorries rolled through the streets of the capital, crowded with armed men cheering the republic with wild cries and firing their rifles into the air. 'Soldiers' Councils' were formed. Officers were held up in the streets and their insignia of rank torn off. The news ran through the city like wildfire that several who had resisted had been cut down, and that a young lieutenant had died of a shot in the abdomen. The population was hypnotized with terror. Revolution swept through the streets.

On the afternoon of October 31st I left home to go into the town. In the Cserhát-Gasse, about two minutes' walk from our flat, a hussar, a big, burly middle-aged man came up to me. His rifle was slung on his back over his *mente*, the short fur-lined jacket worn by the cavalry regiments. Putting his hand in his trousers-pocket he pulled out a cheap clasp-knife with one blade and a red-stained cherry-wood handle such as is sold in Hungarian villages for the peasants' use, opened it and, raising his hand to my collar where the stars of rank were glittering, he said: "*Herr Oberleutnant*, there aren't any officers now. We are all equal—those stars will have to come off."

There was neither scorn nor menace in his tone, still less, however, was there the respectful inflexion it had taken on for four years when speaking to a superior officer. It was

a neutral voice, attuned to the business dictated by the moment. The later emotions of his soul would depend on events.

Hussar, more properly *huszár*, is a Hungarian word which has been adopted by all the armies of all countries. *Husz*, twenty—*ár*, price—the price of twenty. For centuries every twenty families of serfs had to send a light cavalryman to the king's army. They had to give up a tithe of their harvest to the noble landowner, a second tithe to the church. It was his poor fellow's forefathers who had to pay the king's taxes, not their noble lords. They had to work free for a number of days a month for their feudal superiors, who disposed of the *jus primae noctis*, the 'right of the first night', over their laughers. Until 1848, almost every offence was punished at the *deres*, the whipping-stool. They had no right of free movement—that is, of transfer to the estate of another noble.

But even since his liberation the Hungarian peasant always raised his cap if a townsman—that is, a *Herr*—spoke to him, and this hussar, like his father before him, had to spring to his feet when the *Herr Offizier* appeared. Among the first things he had learned as a recruit were the '*Imperial and Royal Articles of War*', containing the famous Article VIII: Anyone using cowardly language in face of the enemy, *refusing to obey orders*, or throwing away arms or ammunition, will be at once cut down by order of the superior officer, *or by the officer himself.*'

By dint of thrift, my parents had managed to give me a university education to help me on in life. They had never regretted when my brother and I left for the front so as not to adden our parting, though their hearts nearly broke every me. Now the war was over, we had survived. Survived—*fe*—life yet to come . . .

But this higher education had also qualified me for my commission. I became an officer in the war, that is, a member of the ruling class. This hussar's mother was hoping for his return, my mother was hoping for mine. This hussar

and I had both lain in the muck of the field of honour, had scratched ourselves for king and country when the lice got busy and had obviously escaped spotted typhus, malaria and slaughter. We had fought on the same side for the same symbols. But I had *commanded*, he had *obeyed*. By the decree of fate we had strayed into different castes. It was not two men but two worlds that stood facing each other outside the coal-merchant's in the Cserhát-Gasse that October afternoon.

The man had laid his hand on my collar. Two days before, when the country was still officially at war, the penalty would have been instant death. 'There aren't any officers now,' he had said, but at the same time generations of serfs and hussars dictated from his subconscious mind the address *Herr Oberleutnant*, adding: 'Those stars will have to come off,' not, 'I must take them off.'

His hand was raised, holding the knife, but his tongue refused to pronounce the sacrilege distinctly.

I was a trained boxer. In the war I had not been the worst of cowards. By my side I wore my heavy sabre, ground like a razor. The soldier had his carbine slung on his back, not ready to shoot. On the one side a conflict between self-realization at last set free and the instinct of obedience, on the other a struggle between self-respect and the instinct of self-preservation.

'One over his head with my sabre and the thing's done—poor devil, he doesn't really know what he's doing—perhaps he's got children at home—no. Well then, a right hook to the chin and the fellow would drop senseless in the mud. Yes, but the crowd would start yelling all round us—there are other soldiers about—I can cut down two or three with my sabre and be shot myself like a dog. Damn it, I haven't got my revolver. Mother is expecting me to dinner. How can you think of food now—utter nonsense. But God in Heaven, I'm not going to let the swine cut off my stars—but something's got to happen or else . . . Die here in the

street mud after four years? . . . But I can't let the fellow simply get hold of them.'

Then the subliminal mind found a compromise with the complexes of my environment, the ruling fictions of my class. 'Hand over that knife. I'll do it myself,' I said between my teeth.

He handed it over, visibly relieved. I cut off the stars, tucked them in my pocket and gave the hussar back his knife. Now I was no longer an officer.

Then the forebears of my new social equal dragged his hand to his cap. He saluted the officer who was no longer an officer, while through the streets of the town the cry was ringing: 'Long live the revolution!'

Chapter Thirteen

I BECOME AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPERMAN

THE NEXT DAY THE GOVERNMENT MANAGED TO RESTORE order to a very great extent. It is characteristic that a single decree, promulgated by poster, was enough to reinstate the difference of rank between men and officers in the actually disbanded army. A brief statement prohibiting the molestation of officers did its work; in the struggle with licence, the instinct of obedience had a thousand years' start, and won.

The excesses waned but the waves of enthusiasm over the *fait accompli* of Hungarian national independence rode high. On November 1st many thousands gathered in the great square in front of the Parliament buildings. A band played the Hungarian national anthem, which the huge assembly sang with bared heads. Officers and men, the former again in possession of their insignia of rank, cut from their caps the rosette with the initial 'K', the token of the sovereignty of Emperor Karl, then an oath was read out, a vow of loyalty to the new Hungarian Republic, which we repeated with our right hands raised.

It was our third oath of allegiance in the space of four years. In 1914, the first had risen from millions of lips:

'I swear by Almighty God a solemn oath to be loyal to my supreme War-Lord, Francis Joseph I, Emperor of Austria, Apostolic King of Hungary . . . to do my duty in all engagements and enterprises on water, on land and in the air . . . and to live and die as becomes a brave soldier. So help me God!'

Two years later, the section of our mortar-battery consisting of Austrians and Hungarians was drawn up at the entrance to Smyrna, where we had been attached to the 5th Ottoman army. The *Pagos*, crowned by the ruins of the citadel built by the Genoese, a dominating feature of the town, looked down on us: its slopes had re-echoed to many an oath, true and false, since that day, much more than three thousand years before, when the first Ionian Greeks

had settled on it. The news of the old Emperor's death had reached us in Turkey, and now we were taking the oath of loyalty to the new warlord of the Habsburg Empire.

We subalterns had received confidential instructions, 'Keep an eye on the Czechs to see if they move their mouths.'

Since the Thirty Years' War, when the Czechs had lost their independence, national feeling had been smouldering under the ashes of their lost freedom. In the Great War the occasion to win it back seemed to have come. While Masaryk and Beneš were pleading the cause of their country abroad, tens of thousands of Czechs went over to the enemy. Whole regiments deserted. And now the stability of the throne of the Habsburgs was supposed to depend on whether the gunners whose cradle had rocked in Bohemia moved their lips or not. With burning eyes these stepchildren of Austria stood there, their hearts filled with hate of Habsburg, while their mouths, dutifully watched by the officers, murmured the forced lie: 'To be loyal to Karl, Emperor of Austria . . . So help me God!'

At that moment it was hard to say which was more pitiable—those poor murmuring devils or a State whose existence rested on the hypothesis that its subjects' conviction was identical with a forced oath.

Now, another two years later, Karl was no longer Supreme War-Lord, no longer Apostolic King, and the thousands of lips were saying: 'To be loyal to the Republic of Hungary . . . So help me God!'

God listened, but said nothing.

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For three days the nation had been drunk with patriotic fervour. Now it was to become sober.

The armistice terms of the Allies, drafted under Clemenceau's personal supervision, were transmitted to the Hungarian Government.

Moderation in the midst of victory is supreme wisdom.

Yet the average statesman has no notion of the secret of 'pulling one's punch' in victory, and the statesman who, in the hour of triumph, showed restraint in essentials, would be swept away by his own hinterland. For in most men, as in human communities, the last word is spoken not by thought, still less by superior insight, but by emotion. Thus in spite of a certain apparent freedom of thought, the politics of to-day, that is, the history of to-morrow, are determined by emotion.

That is the reason why treaties of peace are of necessity cruel and impolitic, and will be so as long as war goes on. For only the truly wise go the way of restraint; but the truly wise are absent from peace-conferences as from councils of war. And even if they were consulted, the wise would have no influence, for, as any parliamentarian knows, minority reports are of no importance.

In the maelstrom of change and catastrophe, my personal plans had, of course, undergone a radical alteration. Count Apponyi had retired from public life, parliament had ceased to exist. I had taken over the sole managership of *Politika*, which I transformed into a fortnightly magazine devoted to questions of foreign policy. To get subscribers I had a poster put up all over the town—it was magnificently done by a leading artist—showing a naked man with a lamp in his right hand, while with his left he was lifting off the roof of the huge Parliament Building in Budapest—famous for its architectural beauty—to cast its light into the interior.

The abysmal symbolism of this poster was supposed to express human progress taking a look at what is going on in the legislature of the country. I was at an age when a young man cannot sit still for ten minutes for sheer ambition, is determined to become famous, and casts the light of his criticism not only into Parliaments, but into everything and everybody except himself. To-day, looking back on the poster and the youth who had it made, it seems to convey to me a totally different symbolism. I am afraid that the

figure of the inquiring lamp-bearer was nothing but my own disillusioned subconsciousness peering into the symbolic edifice of public life to see if there were no corner where a possibility of a successful public career might be hiding.

But I really think that I made quite a success of the review. At that time the only periodical in Hungary systematically occupied with the events and problems of world politics, it had a fairly big circulation, for until then the country had never been a factor in international affairs, a domain which Vienna had always dealt with for Austria and Hungary together. Fate, however, once more intervened; only a few months later Bolshevism put an end to the bourgeois Press and to my review with it.

At the end of 1918 our contact with the outside world, especially with the countries of the 'Allied and Associated Powers' had not yet been re-established. Hungary had no telegraphic connection further than Switzerland. The news in our daily papers of what was going on in the former enemy states was as scanty and unreliable as Western news of us. In January 1919, a young, pleasant American, Frank Taylor by name, arrived in Budapest and took rooms at the Hotel Astoria. He represented the United Press, which was co-operating with the Exchange Telegraph Company, the English news-agency, and in France with the 'Agence Radio' which in turn provided a great number of British and French papers with news. The dispatches circulated by the United Press consequently appeared in a very large part of the world Press, including some 800 papers in North and South America. Taylor was travelling through Europe, had just come from Russia, and had been commissioned to appoint local correspondents for the United Press in the most important news-centres. Vienna, once the focus of the Habsburg Empire, was of course a first-rate source of news; Budapest, on the other hand, was a journalistic 'back-water' for the world Press, especially the American, which was so far distant. All the same, Taylor did not want to go

farther without having provided at least for 'local news protection' in Budapest. There was of course no question of a 'staff' job, for which Hungary was too insignificant. Taylor applied to the proprietor of the hotel, asking him whether he knew of anyone who was a professional journalist, had a good command of English, written and spoken, was capable of impartial judgement and ready to act for the 'U.P.' as 'spot protection man'.

'I know somebody who could fill the bill,' replied the hotel-proprietor. 'I can put you in touch with him, but he's editing a review himself and I don't know, of course, whether he'll take it on.'

The next day Taylor and I met over a whisky and soda. It even transpired that I could use a typewriter—with my two first fingers, to be sure, but quite efficiently for all that. So I obviously had all the qualifications necessary for a newspaper-correspondent.

'We can't offer you much in the way of finance just at present. Don't forget that Budapest is a journalistic backwater and we shan't want many wire dispatches from here. Besides, as a concern which refuses subsidies of any kind, and therefore works on a sound business basis, we must avoid unnecessary telegraph and cable tolls.'

'So you'll only want wire dispatches at urgent rate in the rarest of cases?'

'That's so. You need only send dispatches of that kind—we call them "flashes"'—Taylor grinned—'when, for instance, the President is assassinated or if the country stands on its head.'

'And then only "country stands on head", I suppose?'

'Oh well, in that case you can wire a bit more fully,' he replied, laughing.

Then we settled the technical and financial details. I was to send my telegrams to a forwarding address specially created for the purpose in Berne, as there was still no direct telegraphic connection with Paris and London. It had

already been arranged in Berne that the wires from Budapest should be handled as 'collect' and debited to the account of the Berne correspondent of the United Press. I was to be reimbursed for cash expenses by the 'U.P.' and paid a 'retainer', since I was 'spot protection man'—that is, I did not belong to the 'staffers' who drew a regular salary. Further, for work actually done I should, at the end of the month, receive a bonus calculated by the U.P. according to its volume and importance.

Then I was initiated into the mysteries of 'cablese', a cable jargon which aimed at economy by merging several words into a single one. The extreme form of cablese was however dropped a few years later when the international conference of the various post and telegraph administrations decided to lower the cable rates, more particularly for Press dispatches, but on the other hand, with cold, immovable cruelty, to reckon the component parts of the manufactured 'cablese' words as separate units.

What would Geoffrey Chaucer, that father of the English language, have looked like if one of his scribes had presented him with something like the following:

'battle poitiers won brilliant style blackprincely today stop francoking john quote the good unquote postbravest resistance beaten britishly made prisoner stop in exclusive statement your correspondentward quote unknow whats idea back blackprinces head stop unbelieve will really outcarry plan take me exfrance englandward stop would resist this deathward acting conformity french maxim subquote death rather dishonour unsubquote *parbleu* unquote.'

And yet this gibberish meant a very considerable saving in cable tolls and, decoded by the 're-write man' in New York, reproduced all the essentials.

What interested me more than anything else in my arrangement with Taylor was the re-establishment of my contact with the outside world, interrupted by four war years, and the connection with some thousand papers of both Americas,

England and France. As regards the spirit in which I would do my reporting, Taylor was soon at ease, since he realized from our talks that I was no jingo and no party man, and had definite views as to the three most vital qualities of a good newspaper-correspondent—reliability, impartiality, speed.

We bade each other a warm farewell; we were to meet again in Washington in 1926. Taylor continued his journey and I remained behind as 'spot protection man' in the 'journalistic backwater' of Budapest. For the 'U.P.' the Budapest job was not worth a regular salary, for me it was a 'side job', so both parties were pleased.

The President of the Republic was not assassinated, and although the wretched country had stood on its head at the end of October, its position at the moment was such, statically speaking, that nobody knew if it was again the genuine thing or merely a bad case of dislocation. Thus there was no material for urgent 'flashes' to the United Press, but there was plenty to report in other directions. As all telegrams had to be passed by the Allied Military Mission, I used to take my own dispatches to the censor, who insisted on sending them to the telegraph office himself after looking them through. In all innocence I submitted to the regulation without protest.

About six weeks later, at the beginning of March 1919, I got a letter from Ed L. Keen, Vice-President for Europe of the United Press of America, then in charge of the 'U.P.' staff 'covering' the peace-conference in Paris. At the time I did not know him personally, but he has since become one of my best and most valued friends. In this letter, Keen courteously informed me that my dispatches were regularly arriving eighteen to twenty-four hours later than those of my Viennese competitors. I would of course realize that in these circumstances the telegrams were a useless expense, and he requested me to cease my activities for the U.P.

I was fired.

The reason for the enormous delay in my telegrams could only lie with the censorship, which did not function in Vienna, but only in Budapest. It was no great blow for me to get notice, for my main job was the editorship of my review, but it wounded my amour-propre as a journalist. Though in my opinion Keen was perfectly right, since telegrams arriving so late were pure waste of money, on the other hand, owing to the high-handedness of the censor, a circumstance beyond my control, I had not had a fair chance to show what I could do.

My first move was to visit the censor and demand an explanation. It turned out that dozens of telegrams, mine among them, were first 'collected' after being censored, then taken to the telegraph department of the General Post Office by the orderlies of the Allied Mission. And I had been assured that Press telegrams were always forwarded immediately! It was a bit thick. I protested vigorously, declared that I would in future cut out the censor, no matter what happened to me, and finally got them to tell off a special orderly who, as soon as my telegrams were censored, would take them to the telegraph operator under my own eyes.

Then I determined not to 'stay fired'. I wrote to Keen explaining the situation and proposing to give up my retainer and bonuses until further notice; I would be satisfied with the reimbursement of my cash outlay. He would then in the course of time be able to judge whether I was worth money or not. Keen accepted the proposal from the unknown Budapest journalist in a kind and comprehending letter.

A week later, on the morning of March 20th 1919, Lieutenant-Colonel Vix, head of the Entente Mission, paid a visit to Count Michael Károlyi, President of Hungary, and handed him a note from the Supreme Council in Paris, which had reached Vix by way of the French commander in Belgrade. This document established a new 'line of demarcation'. The new line ran several hundred miles within the former one and roughly coincided with the later

Hungarian frontiers. The note, moreover, was drawn up in the tone of an ultimatum; its demands had to be fulfilled *before March 21st.*

Hungary lay prostrate and defenceless. Everybody who had heard of the note felt that it simply could not be accepted. There was despair on every face—the country had nothing more to lose. Was there no anchor of safety, no straw at which the mortally wounded nation could clutch?

Count Károlyi and his ministers, many of whom belonged to the Social Democratic party but were at the same time strongly nationalist in feeling, looked round them in panic. It was noon, they had only twelve hours' time. Then—what about it? It was generally said that the Russian Red army, which had taken possession of the Ukraine, was only a few days' march from the frontier. Quite apart from that, rumours nobody could verify had been circulating for weeks past in Hungary about the military strength of the Bolsheviks and their victorious advance. It was the only army which had successfully defied the Entente. Brains worked feverishly—what—what if . . . ? But an alliance could only come about between Soviet Russia and a *Soviet* Hungary!

It was a ghastly dilemma; national suicide or social upheaval. What was to be sacrificed—the country or the bourgeoisie? The precious time was slipping past—only ten hours left for a decision involving the life or death of a nation.

Count Károlyi sent again for the memorandum worked out a few weeks before by Colonel Aurelius Stromfeld and Lieutenant-Colonel Eugene Tombor, two officers from the Budapest War Office. It was a study of the strategic position of the Moscow government, and stated definitely that the Red army was steadily advancing towards the Carpathians, and that a military alliance with Soviet Russia was the only hope of salvation for Hungary.

Eight hours left.

But how in Heaven's name could Hungary form a Soviet government? What was she going to do it with? In the whole

country, twenty millions of people in Old Hungary and eight and a half millions in Little Hungary, there were at most 1,500 Communists, all of whom, without exception, were prisoners of war back from Russia. And who was to lead a Soviet government?—Ah! that man—what *was* his name? Béla Kun, in prison for organizing street riots in which several policemen had been killed. But it really couldn't be done. And what would a Bolshevik revolution lead to in this poverty-stricken, amputated country? Appalling! The discussions went on.

Seven hours left.

Then patriotic despair got the upper hand. Bolshevism meant a dangerous illness; the new 'line of demarcation', more properly speaking, the new frontiers, death. Rather disease than death, rather social than national suicide. And then the military alliance with Russia? Who knows? Perhaps the pre-war frontiers of the country could be won back? The decision was taken—*va banque!*

In the late afternoon of March 20th, at a secret meeting of the Cabinet, the government decided to resign. Károlyi, as President of the Republic, accepted the decision of the Premier, Berinkey, and his colleagues, then decided to resign from the presidency himself.

The public knew nothing of all this. Neither the text of the Allied note nor the meeting of the Cabinet was as yet public news.

I had been at the Government Building daily so as to keep in touch with events. While the Cabinet was deliberating, I was sitting with two or three colleagues of the Hungarian Press in the antechamber of the conference-room in which the meeting was going on with Károlyi in the chair. We knew that the future of the country hung in the balance. Down in the street, in the pale sunshine of early spring, people were going about with their cares, fears and hopes, but none had a suspicion of what was going on in the Government Palace.

Evening had nearly come. The doors of the conference-room swung open, and a group of men came out, obviously deeply moved.

'Well?' I turned to Dr Siegmund Kunfi, Minister of Education. 'Well, Minister? What decision have you come to?'

'The government has resigned.'

'Yes, and what next?'

The Minister of Finance, Professor Eugene Varga, later Soviet Commissar for Finance, who has now been living in Moscow for years, had come up to us.

'A Soviet republic.'

'A *what*?'

'Yes, yes. A Soviet republic.'

I withdrew into a corner of the room. Could it be possible? For Bolshevism you have to have Bolsheviks. Were there any Communists in Hungary? Those few hundred late prisoners of war? It was a joke. Nobody in the town would believe it if I told them.

I went up to one of the ministers again—Wilhelm Böhm I think it was, who was also later a Soviet commissar.

'Look here, Minister, how are you going to form a Soviet government? Where are you going to get your commissars?'

'Don't you worry,' he said, smiling. 'The Social Democrats and the Communists will join forces and form a government between them. I think it will be all ready to-morrow.'

So it was true. In Heaven's name what will happen to the country? And the livelihood of all these human beings?—Livelihood?—yes. Father's business will be communized. And my review—smashed. Our living broken up—ghastly!

But what a piece of news! This was *really* an event in world history. It was more than a scoop, it was a bombshell. And every one of the other foreign correspondents was in Vienna. Why, it was a clean beat!

My living gone—good. I could think of that later. Now I was on duty again, this time in the service of the Press,

of the world public. Now to the telegraph office. Every second counted.

I dashed downstairs. While Kunfi was on his way to see Béla Kun, the imprisoned agitator, to form a government with him, I jumped into a waiting car.

'General Post Office. Ten Kronen tip for you if you get there in five minutes.'

The car set off at top speed over the suspension-bridge to the left bank of the Danube.

What we'd been through these last five years! The war is over? Why, it's begun again already! And ah! my good friend Frank Taylor, the country's standing on its head again. This time the United Press won't grudge the cable tolls. And the censor? Censor be blown. I wouldn't think of going to him. To-morrow there won't be any censor anyhow, and no Allied Mission either.

A few minutes later I pushed the dispatch over the counter. At urgent rate. A 'flash'.

And so it was that the startled outside world got to know of the unexpected effect of Clemenceau's ultimatum, of the second revolution in Hungary within five months, of the latest turn in European history. And so it was that the Hungarian capital ceased to be a journalistic 'backwater'. And so—a tiny event in the great stream of history—Budapest became a 'staff job' for the United Press.

HUNGARY TURNS BOLSHEVIK

THE GIGANTIC ATTEMPT TO ABOLISH CAPITALISM WAS IN FULL swing in Soviet Russia, and the original project of pure Communism had already begun to yield to that mixed system of State economics and State-directed private economy which operates to-day in varying degrees in Germany, Russia, Italy and other countries, wearing a different label in each country for political reasons.

Lenin, surrounded, like all important figures in history, by hatred and emulation, had to defend his creation against the intervention armies of the British, Americans and Japanese, against the 'White' generals, Yudenich, Koltchak and Denikin, financed by foreign governments, and against the Czechoslovak legionaries in Siberia. Moreover, Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov was backed by two years of practical experience at the head of his State. Thus it was that when his disciple Béla Kun seized power in Hungary, he counselled moderation in his methods of government.

Shortly before coming to power, Kun had organized a demonstration in Budapest, during the course of which several policemen were shot down; he was arrested, and in prison the victims' angry comrades beat him till he was half dead. Kun was of medium height, stockily built, with a somewhat puffy face. The wounds on his head from the rifle-butts were so serious that he had to have his hair shaved off. The partially healed scars were still visible when I called upon him immediately he had seized power, in order to interview him for the American, British and French Press.

Before the war Béla Kun was an official of a workmen's mutual insurance organization, then a journalist, after which he became a lieutenant in the Austro-Hungarian army during the Great War and was taken prisoner by the Russians. He played a prominent part in the events of the Bolshevik revolution in Moscow, becoming the com-

mander of a Red Army division and one of Lenin's confidants. Returning to Hungary in the autumn of 1918, he organized the country's very small Communist party, and was undoubtedly just as surprised as Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Wilson and Lenin when he found himself overnight head of the Hungarian state. Officially he was only Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and the right-wing trade-unionist Alexander Garbai was 'President of the Council of Commissars'; but in reality Garbai was only a figurehead and Kun the dictator of Hungary.

My news-dispatches about the revolution in Hungary were not only the first to get out of the country, but for several days they remained the only ones, since one of the first moves of the new regime was to stop railroad communication with other countries and block all roads at the frontier. So I was lucky enough to have the day-dream of every newspaper-reporter come true—I had the story all to myself for several days. After that, the other representatives of foreign newspapers reached Budapest from Vienna, where they had been forced to remain on account of the sudden closing of the Hungarian frontiers.

One Soviet decree after another was issued in Hungary. The bourgeoisie were disarmed under threat of the death-penalty. Thus I for instance had to hand over a war-time relic, a British infantry rifle, given to me by Rahmy Bey, Governor-General of Smyrna, after the evacuation of Gallipoli by the Allied troops. A Red army was got together, consisting mainly of right-wing trade-union men, since there were very few Communists in the country. The military value of this unwilling Red army was nil.

In the first shock of the completely unexpected turn of events, the 'Big Four' of the Supreme Council of the Allies were quite at a loss to know what was happening in Hungary and what this unknown Béla Kun really wanted. In an endeavour to clear up the mystery, the 'Allied and Associated Powers' sent the well-known South African statesman,

General Smuts, to Budapest to seek contact personally with Béla Kun. On April 4th Smuts arrived in a special train. He did not set foot in the town, Kun and his associates meeting him in his train in the station. I was present when the general arrived, and since I was the only one among the correspondents of the foreign Press who knew Hungarian, I learned what had taken place at the meeting shortly after the discussion ended.

The conference yielded no result, and Clemenceau gave the Rumanian government permission to march against Soviet Hungary.

On May 1st, just when Budapest was all decked out with huge pictures and plaster busts of Lenin, Marx and Engels, celebrating May Day, the Rumanian army reached the River Theiss, a few hours away from the town. I entered into conversation with various Soviet officials who were taking part in the celebrations. Sensing the tension in government circles, I went round to Béla Kun's headquarters in the Hungaria Hotel, where one of my informants told me the disquieting news from the front.

Rumours were rife, and then that same evening the Rumanians crossed the Theiss. When it looked as though Budapest was about to be occupied by the enemy, Béla Kun decided to summon the 'Soviet of the Five Hundred', which enjoyed the exclusive right of taking the most important decisions, to attend a secret meeting on Friday afternoon, May 2nd, in the so-called 'New Town Hall'. They were to decide whether the country should defend itself to the bitter end by every means within its power, or whether the Hungarian Soviet Republic should throw up the sponge.

A special adventure was reserved for me in connection with this secret meeting of the Budapest Soviet.

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Having made up my mind to be present at the meeting, I borrowed the hammer and sickle badge of the Soviet

officials from a minor commissary I knew and fixed it in my button-hole. When I reached the 'New Town Hall', I mingled freely with the members of 'The Soviet of the Five Hundred' who were standing around in the entrance hall.

I had hoped to slip unnoticed into the conference-room before the meeting opened; but in this I had been over-optimistic, for two officials were already standing on guard at the only door, checking everybody who entered.

I decided to try bluff. Hurrying up to one of them, with a great show of impatience, I asked, 'Is Comrade Sárosi here yet? Or Comrade Hellei? (Both these names were fictitious.) Not yet? All right, I'll be back in a few minutes, comrades.'

I went in apparent haste to the main entrance, pretended to be looking for somebody, then hurried back to the two men on guard at the door. Endeavouring to wear an expression indicative both of cordiality and of impatience, I exclaimed, 'It really is too bad! Whenever one's in a hurry, they're nowhere to be found!' Then I turned to a man who was already standing inside the conference-room, 'I say, comrade, do you know Comrade Sárosi? You don't? What's that? You think he may be inside already? Let's hope so!' And with that, I slipped in myself, and mingled with all the people who were standing around in groups, engaged in eager discussion.

My somewhat primitive bluff had come off, chiefly owing to the crowd and confusion and the general excitement caused by the secret meeting, and probably also to a certain extent because I contrived to give the impression that I was one of the officials.

The man who discovered the great truth that discretion is the better part of valour was, however, an old sage; I was twenty-five. The consequences of this difference in age soon became painfully apparent. I had not reconnoitred the conference hall beforehand, and when the bell rang and the five hundred members of the Soviet, who had turned up in full force, took their seats, and the members of the government,

with Béla Kun at their head, filed in and took their places on the front bench of the amphitheatre, I realized that I was trapped. I had put my head into the lion's mouth. I could not sit among the members of the Soviet, because my neighbours would not have known me; and to sit apart would have been to make myself still more conspicuous.

Behind the last raised, semicircular bench stood two pillars, supporting the public galleries, which were empty on this occasion because the meeting was secret. These pillars were slightly less broad than a man. If I stood behind one of them, I should be hidden from the platform and the benches. But should it occur to anybody to enter or leave the hall during the meeting, or should any of the officials take a look round or open the doors before the end, my little game would have been over, and I should have had plenty of time to reflect upon my foolhardy stunt, which I already regretted, in the Cheka's torture-chamber, housed in the cellars of the Parliament buildings in Budapest. But it was too late for such reflections. I hid behind a pillar as well as I could, and awaited developments.

There was great excitement in the place and a nervous tension which was almost unbearable. All eyes were fixed on Béla Kun. The fate of the country depended on the words which he was about to utter.

The assembly was strangely assorted. Of the five hundred present, at least four hundred were trade-unionists of the old school, of similar political complexion to, let us say, Ramsay MacDonald in England or Léon Blum in France. Of the hundred or so remaining members, about half must have been left-wing Social-Democrats. Only the remainder, and about a third of the commissars, were die-hard Communists.

Four-fifths of these men were in favour of laying down weapons and replacing the Soviet system by a Social-Democratic republican form of government. But just as in dictatorially governed countries which claim, or used to claim, to be opposed to the Soviet system, fear kept men's mouths

shut. Fear of external things, for capitalist Rumania's army was but a few hours outside the city gates; and fear of internal things, for 'defeatism' meant death.

The Soviet dictator rose to his feet, mounted the platform, and began to speak. To everyone's surprise, he gave a ruthlessly candid and faithful picture of the military position, spoke openly of the lack of discipline and the disaffection in the army, and requested the meeting to speak without reserve and decide for or against continuing the fight. He himself, and the Council of the People's Commissars, would submit to the meeting's decision.

The journalist in me rejoiced, even drowning the voice of self-preservation for the moment. 'What a news-story! Let's hope I get out of here without being spotted. Then I'll send the dispatch to Vienna and have it put on the wire there!' My mind's eye already saw the front-page 'streamers' in the newspapers which would carry the story.

But I did not know what was about to happen.

An unknown young man, with a thin, pale face, stood up and mounted the platform. He spoke of the courage of despair and talked of manuring the seed of a better world with one's own life-blood, or words to that effect. Another man began to speak in the same strain. And still nobody had the courage to protest, while four hundred family men trembled like a seismograph recording a distant earthquake.

Then a man got up in the sixth row. 'Comrade Surek, speak up!' ordered the president.

Comrade Surek spoke from his place. I remember thinking that I had never seen such a cave-man in all my life. To-day I should compare him with America's late 'Public Enemy No. 1', John Dillinger, only that his chinless, atavistically primitive face with its Neanderthal jawbone was broader than that of the Chicago killer.

Comrade Surek spoke. 'I have a definite proposal to make,' he said. 'The enemy is at Miskolcz. They will probably reach Budapest to-morrow morning. I move that we should

encircle the districts inhabited by the bourgeoisie to-night, go from house to house, kill men, women and children, so that the enemy will have to enter the town over mounds of bourgeois corpses! I should like a vote to be taken!’

Deathly silence. Hundreds of hearts seemed to stop beating, while horror gripped and strangled men’s throats. Yet not one of them dared to raise a protest. Many of them no doubt recalled how the author, Zoltán Szász, who had dared to criticize the curtailment of freedom of speech at a general meeting of the Journalists’ Society, ‘Otthon’, had been taken out of the room by members of a detachment of terrorists.

Five hundred pairs of eyes were fixed on the plump, medium-sized man in the first row. One word of approval from him, and the fate of the bourgeoisie was sealed and the Hungarian capital would be the scene of a blood-bath the like of which had perhaps not been seen since the days of Tamerlane.

Béla Kun rose to his feet and mounted the platform. Looking slowly around him, he began,

‘Comrades! I have listened with great interest to the suggestion made by our Comrade Surek. His suggestion shows unmistakably what a determined and courageous man Comrade Surek is. In times such as these, the place of such courageous and determined men is at the front. I therefore suggest that Comrade Surek should demonstrate his qualities by betaking himself to the front this very night.’

A moment of surprised silence. Then a great guffaw of relieved laughter from those cramped throats. The situation was saved.

The meeting decided to resist the advance of the Rumanian army; then the members poured out towards the exit.

By mingling with the crowd, I got out more by luck than good management. After due consideration, I decided not to use the story, not even through a middleman in Vienna, for, as long as I remained in Budapest, I might have to pay dearly for my adventure, should an investigation be held to

ascertain my identity. Scoop or no scoop, I felt I was too young to start manuring the soil.

And as a matter of fact the motion carried at that meeting was rendered superfluous by the course of events, for the Rumanians decided of their own accord to stop at the River Theiss, thus prolonging Soviet Hungary's lease of life by three months.

I was anxious to demonstrate my disassociation from any political movement just as much to Béla Kun, whom I never addressed as 'Comrade' but always as 'Mr. Commissar', as to all my other friends, whether their sympathies were Bolshevik or anti-Bolshevik. A sound instinct prompted me at the time, and my subsequent experience has proved that the correct guiding principle of every newspaper-correspondent, just as of every lawyer, should be to win the confidence of all parties and then to keep this confidence by honest dealing. Never on any account should he take sides, not even in his secret mind, for he must keep his soul free from infection in the whirlpool of hatred, venom, anger, self-seeking and thirst for glory in which we live; and above all things he must steer clear of the temptation to approve of cruelty, for in the last analysis cruelty springs from a thwarted urge for self-assertion and assumes varying degrees of bestiality according to the cultural level of the individual.

Coupled with a certain dignity of manner, tempered by a critical and self-critical sense of humour, this outlook, in my opinion, results in the attitude which gradually acquires for the newspaperman the respect and trust of even the wildest fanatics of all camps and all creeds, and finally opens all doors to him, those of the meek as those of the mighty. Behind those doors he will soon discover the real meaning of catchwords, such as that almighty, magic word of our times, 'patriotism'.

For it is a ticklish problem of patriotic technique to keep up to date with the fluctuating attitude towards neighbouring

nations forced upon peoples by the constantly changing policy of their governments. Patriots living in out-of-the-way places are particularly likely to stumble upon difficulties. It might for instance well happen that a man in such a district, who was just obeying the government's dictates with enthusiasm by loving a neighbouring nation, should be brained by his better-informed fellow-patriots who happened to have heard that since eleven o'clock on the previous Thursday morning that particular nation must be hated as an hereditary enemy.

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For weeks I had been going around with the idea of a scoop in my head which I felt would have a sensational success throughout the world Press. I planned to interview Lenin.

The 'Father of Soviet Russia' had admittedly received journalists from time to time and issued short statements; but he had never given the public, through the medium of the Press, a consecutive programme of his political aims, nor announced under what conditions he would be prepared to make peace with the 'Allied and Associated Powers'. On all fronts the Soviet State was engaged in resisting its enemies. The Americans, and, with them, the English under Sir Edmund Ironside, now Chief of the Imperial General Staff, were attacking Russia from Archangel. Yudenich was hammering at the gates of Leningrad. In the East were the Japanese and the White terrorist, Ataman Semenoff; in the heart of Russia Koltchak and the Czechoslovak legions; in the Crimea and in the Don basin Denikin—on all sides capitalism was launching its attack on Lenin's creation. And Lenin remained silent.

Was it possible to interview him? It was almost impossible to get at him in Moscow—so how to do it from Budapest? I had an idea. By wireless. There was as yet no radio-telephony, but there was a fairly good connection by wireless telegraphy between the radio-station in Moscow and the one on the Danube island of Csepel, near Budapest. There

had never yet been such a thing as a newspaper interview by wireless—but all the better! It would be a double-barrelled scoop—Lenin's first programmatic statement of his policy and peace terms, and by wireless at that!

I should have to go to work systematically, first obtaining interviews with other Soviet leaders before I could hope to run the prize quarry to earth.

My first move was to send a long radiogram to Grigori Chicherin, then People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs of Soviet Russia. It was in German, a language which was as familiar to Chicherin as it was to Lenin and Trotsky. I requested him to obtain Trotsky's consent to grant me an interview by wireless. After repeating my request three times, Trotsky's reply at last arrived. I then went to Csepel and handed the wireless-operator a sheet of paper containing my questions in German, and also the suggestion that I should be at Csepel at three o'clock, Central European time, in the afternoon of the following day, in order to receive the answers.

The next day at the appointed hour I was sitting beside the operator. He got into touch with Moscow and immediately the reply came through that Trotsky's answers were waiting. The operator could not understand German, so, sitting beside me, he jotted down the letters one after the other as they came to him in morse code signals, and letter by letter I saw Trotsky's statements take shape.

They were published in over six hundred papers in the U.S.A., and also in South America, England, France and the Far East. In England the *Daily News*, which has since merged with the *Daily Chronicle* and is now known as the *News Chronicle*, published it in its issue of Saturday, July 5th.

I had put a number of questions to Trotsky, regarding the military position on the various fronts of the civil war, the munition and food supplies of the Russian Red army, and the attitude of the Soviet government towards the Allies, i.e., whether they would be prepared to make peace with them, and whether they intended to form an alliance with Germany.

Leon Trotsky replied, among other things:

'The sane-thinking Russian citizen does not believe that Soviet Russia is making war against Koltchak, Denikin, and the Finnish and Polish bourgeoisies. These groups are quite insignificant if unsupported from the outside. Russia is waging a defensive war against imperialistic England, France and America, which countries are literally copying Hohenzollern methods by screening fictitious governments.

'Whether the Soviet Government would be prepared to conclude peace with the Entente? Exact information is obtainable from Mr. William Bullitt (to-day U.S. Ambassador to France), representing State Secretary Lansing, and Mr. Lincoln Steffens, who have been visiting Russia on a peace mission.

'Mr. Bullitt is more than competent in this respect, having participated in direct negotiations of which I was informed only as a member of the Soviet government. The Russian Press has published the text of a draft peace-treaty which Soviet diplomacy and the representatives of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lansing approved. Mr. Wilson, however, was apparently overruled, as in all other problems. Clemenceau has the upper hand.

'An alliance with Germany? It is possible and desirable, the same as an alliance with any other country, provided that our presumptive allies abandon completely the policy of imperialism—open or masked—and the seizure of foreign territories.'

My last question had been: 'What is the Bolsheviks' ultimate military aim?'

The reply was brief.

'We shall fight on until we are left alone.'

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I now prepared for my supreme effort, to probe the secret of the Sphinx of the Kremlin, to get at Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov, to obtain a statement from the son of His Excellency the late Russian Imperial State Councillor Ilya Ulyanov, and the leader of the greatest revolution of all times. I set about

organizing the wireless interview with Lenin, to which my old friend and colleague, Webb Miller of the United Press, refers in his book, *I Found No Peace*.

First I sent a radiogram to Chicherin and one to Trotsky, asking them both for their intervention with Lenin. There was no reply. I repeated my appeal to the two commissars, and when there was still no reply, I sent Chicherin a radio message addressed to Lenin, in which I undertook to publish his replies in at least two hundred American papers. I was confident that the United Press would back me up.

Two days later, the following radiogram in German reached Budapest:

'doctor edward bing united press correspondent budapest
send me your questions stop if you are at csepel wireless
station thursday after tomorrow three afternoon central
european time you will receive answers.
'lenin.'

The interview appeared in over 1,000 papers throughout the world. In the U.S.A. alone it was published in about 800 newspapers. The French daily Press carried it in a big make-up. Three or four Parisian papers dedicated their leader to it, one of them bearing the heading, 'Lenin speaks at last.' In England the *Daily Herald* obtained the exclusive publication rights and brought it out with the headlines and editorial note:

INTERVIEW WITH LENIN

SOVIET LEADER EXPLAINS PROGRESS, POLICY AND
PLACE OF RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

TERMS OF PEACE STATED

'By arrangement with the United Press of America the *Daily Herald* has secured the exclusive rights of publication in the United Kingdom of the following important interview with Lenin, obtained by wireless by their Budapest correspondent.'

Then followed Lenin's statements. Some of them, as is often the case with fundamentally important questions, were independent of time and circumstances and are still of topical importance. These I should like to quote here.

'Your question was: "What are the principal reforms we advocate?" I answer: the Soviet Government has no reformist governmental programme, but a revolutionary one. Reforms mean concessions got from a dominating class, while the latter's domination continues. Consequently reformist programmes consist generally of many points of detail. Our revolutionary programme consisted, properly speaking, of one general point: overthrow of the landowners' and capitalists' yoke, wresting the power from them, liberating the working masses from their exploiters.

'And here is my reply to your question as to the main reason for our hostility to Capitalism:

'When compared with feudalism, Capitalism is an historical advance on the lines of liberty, democracy, civilization. But, nevertheless, Capitalism is and remains the system of wage-slavery, of enslavement of millions of toilers, of workers and peasants, to a little minority of modern slave-drivers: the landowners and capitalists.

'Capitalism has become mature and over-mature. It has outlived itself.

'The Soviet Republic abolishes private property of land, factories and means of production, because this private property is the source of the exploitation of the many by the few, the source of the misery of the masses, the source of the predatory wars among peoples, and enriches only the capitalists.

'The victory of the International Soviet Republic is sure.'

The voice of Lenin is no longer heard. Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov now reposes beneath the huge marble slabs of his mausoleum in the Red Square in Moscow. History will show whether his prophecy will be fulfilled that the future structure of the world will be an International Soviet Republic.

Chapter Fifteen

FLIGHT

IN THE MIDDLE OF JULY, 1919, MY BROTHER AND I MADE UP our minds to get away from Soviet Hungary.

The position in Budapest and throughout the country was desperate. Famine-stricken Austria was already receiving food-supplies from Herbert Hoover's relief organization, but Hungary was not, as the Allies were pursuing the blockade in the hope of overthrowing the proletarian dictatorship. The Soviet government, fearing a repetition of a counter-revolutionary *putsch* which was attempted on June 24th and had failed, had intensified the rigour of the regime. Terrorist troops appeared everywhere, arrests by night held the bourgeoisie in suspense.

The principal reason for our decision was a government decree calling up all former officers for active service with the Red army to fight the Rumanian troops. The penalty for disobedience was death, for at this moment of dire distress, the dictatorship had need of anyone who knew how to lead soldiers. It was for the 'political commissars' and military tribunals attached to the army to see that there was no sabotage by the officer of the interests of the regime.

The Hungarian Red army was, however, war-weary. Without the hope of military help from Soviet Russia, the Bolshevik regime would never have come into existence, but that help had failed to appear, as Moscow had its hands too full with Denikin, Koltchak, the English and Americans in Archangel, the Japanese in Eastern and the Czechoslovak legionaries in Western Siberia. Further, the Hungarian Red army consisted almost entirely of Social-Democratic workmen belonging to the trade unions, and utterly anti-Communist in feeling. This campaign was unpopular with the men, the enemy vastly superior to them in numbers, equipment, ammunition and commissariat, and the struggle hopeless from the outset, as every soldier knew. Mass-desertion and even looting in the towns evacuated in face of the

Rumanian advance were the order of the day in spite of all efforts on the part of the Supreme Command.

As for us two, after four years of war and two revolutions—the bourgeois and the Bolshevik—at this eleventh hour, when the existence of the dictatorship was in all probability a matter of a few weeks, we had not the least intention of figuring in a list of casualties. Were we going to land up, five years after the outbreak of war, in a Rumanian concentration-camp or military hospital? Not if we could help it!

We managed to get the visa necessary for leaving the country. But even the value of this visa was an illusion, for detachments of the 'Red Guard'—that is, the special troops of the Hungarian Cheka—had been quartered in all the railway-stations between Budapest and the Austrian frontier station at Bruck on the Leitha. Moreover, so-called 'Red scouts' were travelling on all the trains to supervise the travellers. Again and again passengers were asked to show their passports and other papers, for the escape of civilians and of men who had disobeyed the order to join up had to be prevented at all costs. Anyone unable to give a satisfactory answer to all questions, or whose papers were not absolutely in order, was simply taken out of the train at the next station and marched to the 'Red Guard'. It was a matter of complete indifference whether he had a visa or not. Human life had been dirt-cheap for five years, for four months it had been worthless. It happened daily that suspects were simply taken 'round the corner'. Everyone knew the technique of this manoeuvre. The victim was generally told that his passport would have to be shown to the main office of the Cheka in whatever town it happened to be, as the Red station detachment was not competent to deal with the matter. The way from the station to the town was generally chosen so as to lead through a lonely spot, by preference a wood, and there the victim was sent to *gajdesz*.

Gajdesz, pronounced 'gawdydess', was a perfectly meaningless cant word which came up with the dictatorship and

vanished with it. It meant something like 'going west'. To send anyone to *gajdesz* meant to do away with him.

We agreed to tell no deliberate lies, but on the other hand, in order to avoid getting into conversation with our fellow-travellers, we would bury ourselves in American magazines and speak English. If anyone took us for foreigners, that was his look-out. If we were questioned, we should, of course, tell the truth—after all we had Hungarian passports in our pockets! Once at the frontier, we should have to stake on luck and our own presence of mind. We had our exit visas, the time the officials had to deal with the passengers was not unlimited, and unless we had the bad luck to arouse suspicion, we could probably manage to slip through.

Our luggage consisted of a suit-case and an overcoat each. Refugees hardly travel with wardrobe-trunks. We took the window seats facing each other in an empty second-class compartment, and without losing a minute, buried ourselves in some American magazines that we had got hold of somewhere.

But we had managed things *too* well, for in the hurry of taking our seats, we had quite overlooked the fact that the compartment was reserved for Soviet officials. We only noticed this when the other seats were already taken. The first to come in was a big, dark man of about fifty, broad-shouldered and clean-shaven. On his coat he wore the badge of the government official—the hammer and sickle in red enamel. He was followed by a stout man, also middle-aged, with a thick brown moustache in a good-natured face. His button-hole was empty. Just before we started, two young men came into the compartment, both wearing the ominous badge on the lapels of their coats.

This was a promising beginning! We buried our noses in our magazines.

At first nobody took any notice of us. Foreigners—for that is what we looked like—were not molested in Soviet Hungary; Béla Kun, on Lenin's advice, had provided for that as soon

as he came into power. We were not even asked what we were doing in the reserved 'Soviet' compartment. There could be no question now of changing our carriage—that might have led to talk and unexpected complications.

One of the younger men was addressed by his companion as 'Comrade Schön', the other as 'Comrade Kalmár'. Schön might have been twenty-two or twenty-three. He was of medium height, slim, with handsome, clean-shaven features and light, cold, instantly repellent eyes. His hands were well-kept, his blue suit admirably tailored. Kalmár, whom I judged to be about twenty-eight or thirty, had a little brown moustache and not at all unpleasant features; he also looked clean and well-groomed. The other two passengers were more roughly dressed; they looked like respectable citizens and fathers. Next to my brother, facing the engine between the door and the window sat the big dark man who had got in first; the stout man sat beside him next the door. My neighbour was Schön, with Kalmár beyond him.

The four soon got into conversation. It turned out that the big, dark man was actually a former bourgeois, and now the 'commissar for production' of some factory where he used to be manager. The stout man clearly belonged to the right wing of the Social-Democratic party, and was at the moment filling the post of 'managing commissar' at a big brewery. Schön and Kalmár, however, belonged to the Cheka. They were 'Red scouts'.

The conversation among the four grew steadily livelier. Schön led the talk, speaking about politics and the situation at the front, which he described in glowing colours, though everybody knew the truth which could no longer be concealed. Then they related their past histories with perfect frankness.

'I was doing law at the university,' said Schön, 'when the war broke out. I got my commission and was taken prisoner. After the Russian revolution broke out I joined the Bolsheviks

and served as an officer in one of the terrorist battalions made up of Chinese troops. I came back to Hungary in the late autumn of 1918, about the same time as Béla Kun.'

Kalmár was equally frank. He had been an actor on the provincial stage. Things had gone badly with him, there were no engagements to be had. As far as feeling went, he had been a Communist for years; that was why he had entered the 'scout detachment' of the Red Guard.

Then the talk turned on the counter-revolutionary *putsch* of June 24th. Schön was now thoroughly in his element. At the same time he revealed himself for what he was—a boaster and a braggart. Although all he said was obviously accurate, he took good care to emphasize at all points the important part he had played in drawing the teeth of the counter-revolutionaries.

'We made short work of the gang,' he declared, with a superior smile. 'We got rid of about a dozen of the swine who were leading the riot in the Military Academy. They were sent to take a cold bath.' He meant that those who were taken prisoner were thrown into the Danube alive. The terror had its own vocabulary, its special *argot* which stood in no dictionary but was perfectly familiar to everybody.

'As to the cadets, some got English and some half-English,' he went on, 'and some, though far too few, were sent to *gajdesz*.'

The continental European calls a steak English when it is very lightly grilled, half-English when it is grilled half through. In terrorist slang, the definition of half-English was: 'He can just get home on his own feet'; of English: 'After he's been finished with in the Chekist torture-cellar, he can't get home on his own feet.' But if the victim was sent to *gajdesz*, his body was generally floating in the Danube that same night.

The others in the compartment began to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Kalmár tried to carry it off with a high hand, declaring that there had been too much leniency—far more counter-revolutionaries ought to have been sent to *gajdesz* as

a warning example, but the speaker's zeal sounded hollow, and he did not look very happy.

The two pseudo-Bolshevists were loud in their support of reprisals, but their skill in dissimulation was not equal to the situation. Through their voices there ran an undertone of disgust and horror.

Charles and I read stolidly on, but the letters danced before our eyes and we found it hard to keep up our 'parts.' What Schön had told about the Chekist atrocities was, of course, intended only for the ears of the others. Betrayed by vanity and self-importance, the fellow had been guilty of a grave breach of confidence even towards them in revealing extremely important 'official secrets'. Such details must at all costs be prevented from getting out of the country, and if it should come out that we had understood them, that we were not even foreigners, we should arrive neither in Vienna nor Budapest alive, for *gajdesz* would be our destination.

The topic of conversation changed again. The big man and the stout man were doing their best to keep any doubt from being cast on their loyalty to the dictatorship. The ex-bourgeois entertained the company with an incident at his factory. 'You can't think, comrades how everybody down there works against the interests of the regime. Only yesterday when I got to the office the whole clerical staff was sitting about doing nothing. "Aha! sabotage, is it?" I shouted at them, and I had to give the whole lot a good talking-to before they would get to work.'

But when Schön and Kalmár left the train for a few minutes at a station to speak to the station guard, his heart cowed by terror as it was, overflowed, and turning to the stout Social-Democrat, in whom he had long sensed feelings akin to his own, this bourgeois in wolf's clothing said with an audible sigh: 'After all, comrade, what's a man to do? We've got our wives and families at home. How is one to act? What's going to come of it all?'

The stout man nodded—he thought so too. But he was too wary to give himself away, so he merely replied: 'I know all about that, comrade.'

It was a tragic scene.

The train went on. Our fellow-travellers' stock of talk began to run low. Then Comrade Schön turned his attention to us.

'Those two,' he said, 'are certainly Americans. I wonder what a foreign bourgeois really thinks of it all? I'm sure those people haven't the least idea of the aims of Communism.'

'You may be sure of that,' Kalmár agreed. 'For that matter, they look all right. They're obviously quiet, well-meaning fellows. You know, comrade,' he said, 'a man has his flair. Trust me when it comes to judging people. I can see right through them.'

We had no inclination to enjoy the unconscious humour of what we heard.

'I wonder what kind of an impression of the country and the people a man like that takes home with him,' said Schön. 'It must be really interesting. I'm going to speak to them.'

'Excuse me,' he went on, turning to me. 'Do you speak German?'

'I do,' I replied, raising my head from my magazine.

'I'm sorry to disturb you,' he continued politely, in excellent German. 'You're leaving the country, aren't you?'

He was obviously genuinely interested and not in the least suspicious. For us there was now no retreat. I was careful of one thing only—not to expose myself to anything by lying.

'Yes, we're on our way to Vienna.'

'If it isn't an indiscreet question, what is your profession? I mean what have you been doing in Soviet Hungary?'

'I represent the American Press and was reporting events in Hungary.'

'A Press representative—that's interesting. But do tell us

what impression you got of our government system—as an outsider, so to speak.’

The time had come to pay tribute. What kind of attitude was I going to take up? I hated pretence, hostility would have been suicidal. My instinct told me that moderately critical views had the best chance of sounding sincere.

The others leaned forward. It would be really interesting to hear what the foreign observer thought of the proletarian dictatorship. No interpreter was needed. Nearly every Hungarian with a secondary-school education, or any real education for that matter, can understand German, even if he speaks it badly.

‘Well,’ I said, ‘that isn’t an easy question. Looked at objectively, it’s a gigantic social experiment, hampered by the distress prevalent in Hungary after four years of war. On the other hand, the dictatorial form of the experiment is condemned abroad.’

Now Schön was bitten with the zeal of the missionary. He set about converting me.

‘Yes, I can understand that. But how are you going to bring about a radical change in all existing conditions and replace inveterate opinions by new ideas, if you don’t break down resistance? Besides, you’ll have seen for yourself that, however severe the government may be, it’s strictly just. Do you know of the existence of the popular courts?’

‘Certainly. I have even been present at several trials in those courts.’

‘Can you remember the verdicts?’

‘I think I can. If I’m not mistaken, a bourgeois got three months for sabotage in industry and an officer in the Red army, under trial for anti-Communist feeling, was acquitted.’

‘There you are,’ said Schön, triumphantly. ‘Can the opponents of a regime get fairer treatment?’

What he omitted to mention, and imagined he was concealing from us, was the well-known fact that the authorities sent only unimportant cases to the popular courts, which

at in public. Serious offences were handed over to the Cheka, to be dealt with 'internally'—'half-English', 'English', or 'gajdesz.'

'We know very well,' said Schön, continuing his missionary discourse, 'that all kinds of lies are being circulated abroad about our alleged atrocities. But you've seen for yourself that no opponent of the proletarian dictatorship is sentenced without a regular trial.' But once again the raw youth was sized with the sense of his own importance. Overcome by his own cleverness, he turned to his companions and added in Hungarian: 'Apart from the cases we deal with "by simplified procedure", like the cadets who are feeding the shes!'

Luckily the conversation took another turn. Kalmár remarked to Schön that it would be amusing to see how the foreigners reacted to being addressed as 'comrade'. Then he asked me some trifling question in German, beginning with *Genosse*, the German word for comrade. But I made as if I had not heard the word.

Schön was well under way and began to tell about his life as a prisoner of war and as an officer in the Russian Red Army. Then he asked us to tell them about England and America. We had skated over the thin ice, and now could breathe more freely.

The train stopped at Magyaróvár, the last station before the frontier. The two pseudo-Bolsheviks had got out at the station before. Schön and Kalmár now politely took leave of us. I had gone into the corridor with them and was standing beside Schön in front of the door of the compartment, where my brother had remained behind alone. Suddenly Schön, seeing somebody he knew through the open window, shouted '*Servus!*' the Latin word used both in Austria and Hungary on meeting an old friend.

I followed his eyes. What?—No! Impossible! That was F.! With a hammer and sickle in his button-hole! An intimate of Schön's—and a Chekist! F. a Chekist!

It was the end.

F., like my brother and myself, was one of the sportsmen who had helped to make boxing popular in Hungary in 1910-11. He was a prominent member of the boxing section of the so-called 'Hungarian Athletic Club'—I was in charge of the boxing section in the 'Budapest University Athletics Club'. My brother, F. and I had sparred with each other a dozen times as good friends and as opponents in the ring. F., who belonged to an old diplomatic family, was the son of an Austro-Hungarian consul. Like so many other friends, I had not seen him since 1914. And now there he stood—the friend and 'colleague' of Schön.

I was paralysed. Not a muscle of my face moved. If I were to recognize him—in front of Schön—a word in Hungarian and we were lost. I looked him straight in the face without a sign of recognition.

F. looked straight back. He knew me at once, of course. He seemed to be on the point of smiling—then he looked me full in the eyes again. The corners of his mouth straightened and his face turned as expressionless as mine. He too made no sign of greeting.

Of course, he had guessed we were escaping. Pity to die ten minutes from the frontier.

F. had got into the train and was exchanging a few words with Schön. Meanwhile, Kalmár had got out for good. I went back into the compartment and sat down next to my brother. 'Do you know who's out there in the corridor talking to Schön?' I whispered. 'F.!'

'F.!! In God's name, what's *he* doing here?'

'Chekist too—saw me—pretended not to recognize me. He's standing in front of the door with Schön.'

My brother, with a melancholy smile, held out his hand to me. Then he whispered: 'Not without a fight! At the critical moment we'll each tackle a terrorist and grab his revolver, bayonet or hand-grenade out of his belt. We'll take some of them to *gajdesz* with us. Agreed?'

'Agreed.'

I went back to my window seat and began to read my magazine again. We waited for something to happen. And we were only ten minutes from the frontier!

Királyhida station. The train stopped. So far nothing had happened.

'Let everybody else get out first,' whispered Charles.

The train emptied. Schön and F. had vanished. So that was it. They were fetching the Red station guard. Well, all the same there was no good sitting about here. We had to get out.

Since the upheaval in October 1918, the trains no longer ran into Austrian territory. In the weeks immediately following the autumn revolution, each of Austria-Hungary's successor states was afraid of entrusting rolling-stock to the other, since it would most likely never be seen again. This arrangement had remained in force ever since. At the Hungarian frontier station the passengers got out, went through the customs and passport offices, crossed the frontier bridge on foot, and then got into the Vienna train which was waiting on the Austrian side.

We each took our suit-case and overcoat. A patrol of the Red guard was standing at the entrance to the station hall, with a Soviet official in mufti. We came along.

Now Providence took a hand.

'Ah! Comrade Bing,' cried the young Soviet official cheerily. What are *you* doing here? You won't remember me. You were my scoutmaster!'

'Of course I remember. I'm glad to see you again.'

'Here—I know these two comrades. You needn't look at their luggage—let them go. Pass, comrade. Good-bye.'

Then a quick walk through the station hall. There was the barrier—fifty yards—and then . . .

F. was standing in front of us. There was not a sign of Schön, nor of any Red guard, for that matter. F. was swinging a light cane in his hand with an expression of utter

unconcern. We looked straight at each other. Not a muscle of our faces twitched. Well—the terrorists would be here any moment. But he hadn't told us to stop. What were we standing about for?

We had reached the barrier and entered the wooden hut in front of it. Passport examination.

F. had followed us. Not a sign of a terrorist so far. Now he came up to us in the hut. While the passport officer was looking through our papers, F. watched over his shoulder. He seemed to be deeply interested in those documents. Of us he took not the slightest notice.

Visa in order. Stamped. We could go.

We put our passports in our pockets, took up our suitcases. The barrier rose. Ten steps. Then the Austrian barrier. Free!

F. had approached the barrier on the Hungarian side. He stood looking after us. Then he turned round and went slowly back. Were the terrorists busy somewhere else? But he could have called other Red troops along! A riddle!

The chief thing was that we were free. A huge American soldier of the Hoover Food Relief Administration was standing there chewing gum. The Vienna train was just starting. We jumped aboard, and Vienna, splendid for all its famine and misery, received us.

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At the end of July the proletarian dictatorship was at the last gasp. The Red army was in a state of dissolution. On the 29th the Rumanian troops crossed the River Theiss and took Czegléd, which lay not far from the capital. The fall of Budapest was imminent.

On August 1st at three in the afternoon the Budapest Workmen's and Soldiers' Council met and accepted the resignation of the Soviet government. Hungary was declared a 'People's', no longer a Soviet Republic, with a Cabinet at its head which took over from the 'Council of Commissars', and consisted of Social-Democrats from the right

wing. Julius Peidl, the trade-union leader, became Premier. In the night of August 1st-2nd, Béla Kun and the commissars who had made themselves most conspicuous fled with their families into Austria, where they were interned.

The same day, August 1st, about five in the afternoon, the news of the fall of the Soviets reached Vienna. I was standing with some of my colleagues of the foreign Press in the lounge of the Grand Hotel when the sensational message arrived. A few of us jumped into a car and drove at once to Budapest, which we reached the same evening. That night I interviewed the new Premier and the Minister of War, Joseph Haubrich, who had already proclaimed martial law and placed the disturbance of public order under penalty of death. The new Social-Democratic government granted asylum to the Bolsheviks who had not taken flight. They remained unmolested.

On August 5th the Rumanians entered the capital. On the morning of the 7th, Stephen Friedrich, a former under-secretary of State, overthrew the Peidl government with the knowledge and passive assistance of the Rumanian troops of occupation, and appointed himself Premier. Archduke Joseph, the member of the Habsburg family still resident in Budapest, was proclaimed Regent. The police-stations of the town and the Central Police Office were occupied by the constables, inspectors and detectives dismissed by the Bolsheviks. At once they began to track down and arrest the communists who had remained in the city, most of whom did not even know that a new government was already in power. Day by day, hour by hour, former commissars, Chekists and terrorists were brought into the Central Police office.

The Whites meant as little to me as the Bolsheviks, but just because of that I was not drawn into the whirlpool of hate and passion which had possessed the country since March and had split it into two camps. I was identified with no party and my activity as a correspondent of the

English and American Press made it easier for me to remain neutral.

I called at the Central Police Office every day to collect news. The former head of the Criminal Investigation Department, Chief-Detective Charles Kormos, who was now reinstated in office, knew me well and had often seen me in the ring. I could go in and out of his office as I pleased. I was kept in touch with the more important arrests, took my meals with the detectives in the police mess-room and was allowed to be present at the examination of prisoners.

On the third or fourth day Kormos said to me: 'We've made a fine haul to-day. Just think—we've got Schön. He's being examined now. Do you want to see him?'

'Schön? Schön? Why is he such a fine haul?'

'Don't you know? He was one of the worst of the bloodhounds. "Political Commissar of the Red Guard." His office was in this building. The fellow was one of the heads of the Cheka!'

'Isn't he a good-looking young fellow, fair, with blue eyes?'

'Yes, that's the man. Do you know him?'

'Yes, I know him. Three weeks ago I travelled with him. Has he done anything special?'

'Yes, my friend. It was Schön who had Ensign Dobsa murdered!'

So that was Comrade Schön! Not a mere Chekist, who only denounced his victim. This lad of twenty-three was one of the Chekist chiefs.

On November 24th of the same year, the trial of Schön and other leading figures of the Red terror began. The speech of the Public Prosecutor, Albert Váry, gives a more striking picture of Schön the man and his deeds than the most colourful description could conjure up:

'Mr President,

'Gentlemen of the Criminal Court,

'The murder you now have to pronounce judgement on

s a convincing proof that the hand of the criminal before you was guided not by an idea, but by evil passion.

'There arises before us the picture of the nineteen-year old Ensign Dobsa of the Hussars, taking a walk with his father on the afternoon of Easter Sunday, happy, his two silver medals for gallantry on his breast. Two hours later he was dead. What was his crime? The day before he had mislaid his military papers and could not prove his identity. He was torn from his father's side and brought before Gabriel Schön, Political Commissar of the Red Guard. Conscious of his innocence he dared to smile. On account of that smile Schön sent him to Cserny, the commandant of the terrorists, to the Batthány Palace, the barracks of the terrorist troops. There, by order of Schön and Cserny he was tortured, mangled and murdered by the terrorists Géza Groó and Johann Nyakas-Nagy. This all happened on the afternoon of Easter Sunday, in broad daylight, in the very middle of the capital. In the evening the mutilated body of poor Nicholas Dobsa, riddled with bullets, was already floating in the Danube.

'And now we see before us the poor mother anxiously waiting the return of her dearly-loved son. Evening comes—he has not come home. Perhaps he is spending the night with a friend. In the morning he is not yet back. The mother becomes alarmed, goes to Schön and asks for her son. "We handed him over to the terrorists," he replies brutally. She hurries to Cserny—he is not to be found there either. One terrorist makes a significant gesture with his hand. The mother does not know—cannot imagine—what the gesture means. Troubled but still hopeful she returns home.

'The next day her son's papers are found in the tobacco-shop where he had left them lying. The mother rushes to Schön again with the papers—he sends her rudely to Cserny. Again she hurries to Cserny. She nearly terrifies even these wild beasts as, with the courage of despair, she pushes them out of her way, crying: "I am a mother—where is my son?"

By now everybody—except his mother—knows what has happened to the poor lad. She is told that he has been sent to the front; on her repeated protests, she is allowed to go through the prisons, one after the other. Then, at the end of May, she learns the dreadful truth; her son's mangled body has been drawn out of the Danube at the village of Erd.

'And now there stands before us Gabriel Schön, twenty-three years old, student of law, and one of the political commissars of the dictatorship. Gabriel Schön and power! Did this creature, when he took power into his hands, understand for one moment what it means to wield public power? And this was the evil rabbit in tiger's clothing to whom fate led Nicholas Dobsa! He shouted at the proud young man, who, because he was not afraid, but even dared to smile, was handed over to Cserny.

'Half an hour later Schön received with satisfaction the news of the Ensign's death. And what can I say of the fourth protagonist of the drama, Joseph Cserny? "Take him off!" he shouted, and with a turn of his hand sent Dobsa to his doom.

'What of his executioners? Géza Groó and Johann Nyakas-Nagy did their work well. They took the Ensign to the cellar and set on him. He resisted. They broke his arm and his jaw, then ordered him to dig his own grave, there in the coal-heap. And the tortured, broken young man, with the revolvers of the two beasts aimed at him, dug his own grave in the coal. He was shot down with four revolver-bullets. They took his cigarette-case, his watch and chain. In the night he was thrown into the Danube. An innocent young life gone—eternal mourning sinks upon the mother, and Gabriel Schön wallows in the delight of his terrible power.

'But, Mr President, after the event, we are told by witnesses that Schön expressed himself thus:

'Witness Malcsiner: "Did you see our gallant young friend? He's finished! He was taken to the cellar. He's got a bullet in his stomach already! *I* taught him manners!"

On the same afternoon, he said in the presence of the witness Robert Aussin: "Well, *that* lad won't smile again!" According to the deposition of witnesses who were present at his telephone-conversation with Cserny, he said to the latter: "I'm sending you a lad who thinks a good deal of himself. Give him 'English' or send him to *gajdesz*." The witness Görgey reports: "I've sent you somebody. You needn't put him out entirely—very well then, do what you like with him." Witness Malcsiner heard the end of the conversation: "Yes, entirely."

'According to the co-defendant, Cserny, Schön said: The fellow has got to be sent to *gajdesz*.' Co-defendant Proó states that the message was: "Send him to *gajdesz*."

'We can judge how far all this was part of Schön's plan by a similar incident on the following day. The medical student Horváth was brought up before him for having used insulting language about a Bolshevik speaker. He blustered at the young man, calling him a scoundrel, and was again faced with the smile he cannot bear. He was clearly afraid that his swagger would not be taken seriously.

'He ordered Horváth to be taken to Cserny, too. "I'll teach you to laugh, you swine!" "You can have him. Finish with him—entirely!" "All right then, only half English!" Not quite English, so that he doesn't go off too soon!"

'He had got completely into the habit of such things. The obsa case spurred him on to fresh deeds. "He made a terrific row," said the witness Aussin, "when he heard in the evening that Horváth had not been taken to Cserny." Luckily for Horváth someone else had been taken there by mistake. That saved his life.

'Further, at the beginning of May, Gabriel Schön forced Marie K., aged fifteen, into illicit intercourse with him in his office, declaring that he would save the lives of her father and mother, who were under arrest for having taken part in a counter-revolutionary riot, if she consented, but that if she refused he would have them killed.

'That, Gentlemen of the Criminal Court, is Gabriel Schön!'

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Acting upon Kormos' suggestion I went into the room at police headquarters where the late commissar was being examined. At one end of the big room I saw a group of four or five detectives, one of whom was sitting at a desk. Schön was standing in front of him. He had already been given convict's garb.

I asked the detective if anyone would mind my speaking to Schön. The request was granted at once. The detective with me whispered a few words to his colleague—probably who I was and the special favours I was receiving from Chief-Detective Kormos. One of the men turned to Schön: 'Go over to that gentleman. He would like to speak to you.'

The prisoner left the group; I went up to him. We were left completely to ourselves.

'Do you remember me?' I asked in Hungarian.

He looked at me, thought a moment, then recognized me immediately. 'We saw each other only a few weeks ago?' he said.

'That's so. We travelled in the same compartment to Bruck.'

'Yes, I remember distinctly now. The managing commissar of the brewery was there.'

At this, for the first time, he seemed to notice that we were speaking Hungarian.

'Yes, but . . .'

I guessed what he was thinking. 'Yes, as you see. I can speak Hungarian. But now I want to say something to you.' I lowered my voice. 'I merely came to see if you were really the Schön I travelled with. But I'm not here to jeer at you. And something else—of course I understood every word you said to the others in the compartment, even what you said about the cadets you fed the fishes with. But I am a journalist, not a stool-pigeon. What was not intended for me to hear is none of my business.'

Schön looked at me in astonishment. He was used to taking advantage of any situation without further thought. Now *he* was the quarry, the others the hunters. Well, that was fate. But this interpretation of the rules of the hunt was new to him.

He looked at me with a faint flash of gratitude. 'Farewell,' he said.

I left the room. I never saw Schön again. He was hanged in the January of the following year.

Two days after this conversation I paid my usual daily call on the Chief-Detective and was going down the stairs from the first storey of the building. Suddenly I saw F. in front of me. He was not in convict's garb, even had his Spanish cane in his hand and was swinging it with the same nonchalance as three weeks before in Bruck. The only thing lacking was the button-hole badge with the hammer and sickle. Perfectly calm, he came upstairs, whistling a tune out of the 'Merry Widow' with more gusto than sense of ear.

I thought I was dreaming.

'*Servus*, F.!'

'*Servus*, Bing.' He laughed. 'Well, how are *you* to-day?'

'I don't matter at the moment. In Heaven's name, what are you doing here? Why haven't you got away?'

'Got away? Whatever for?' He came up to me and put his hand on my shoulder.

'I was a White spy in the Cheka. Now do you understand? I expect you couldn't make head or tail of my behaviour of you and Charles in July, could you? When I saw you with Schön and you didn't let on you knew me, I realized at once that you were escaping. It looked funny, didn't it? How I followed you to the barrier and looked at you as though you weren't there. Well, you and your brother were exactly the eighth and ninth of my friends who escaped abroad under my supervision.'

He laughed out loud.

I SABOTAGE AN ARMISTICE

DURING THE OCCUPATION OF RUMANIA BY THE ARMIES OF THE Central Powers in the Great War, the Germans had carried off almost the entire rolling-stock of the conquered country, as well as the greater part of its food-supplies and cattle. In Bucharest the factories were stripped of their machines, and almost all the cars and bicycles, and even metal articles in private houses, were requisitioned for use in Germany, whose armament industry suffered even in those days from a lack of raw material.

So when the Rumanian army under General Mardarescu had pushed forward to within easy distance of Budapest and met with no serious resistance, the government in Bucharest decided to occupy the Hungarian capital for the time being and accord it the same treatment which the Germans had given Bucharest. In this way the Rumanians would be repaid for the damage which they had suffered, for the Hungarian capital was at that time the only hostile city of importance within the range of the Rumanian army.

The Supreme Council of the Allies in Paris knew the plan of the Rumanian Supreme Command and was anxious to prevent it from being carried out, in order that Hungary, weakened by four years of blockade and two revolutions, should not be deprived of her last means of existence.

The bitter resentment of the Rumanians that their country should have been stripped of a great part of its wealth was understandable, on the other hand it would be regrettable if a country which had been in no way responsible should be made to act as scapegoat. Then again, Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Wilson were afraid that once the Rumanians were in possession of the Hungarian capital, they would stay there until they obtained further territorial concessions in exchange.

On August 3rd the Rumanian vanguard reached the village of Monor, an hour from Budapest, where a clever and

extremely likeable American officer, Captain Weiss of the U.S. Army Medical Corps, had been staying for the past few days. Since at the time he was the only representative of the 'Allied and Associated Powers' in Budapest, a note from the Supreme Council of the Allies, signed by Clemenceau, was sent to him from Paris via Vienna, addressed to the Supreme Command of the Rumanian army, formally forbidding them to occupy Budapest. Captain Weiss told me about the arrival of the telegram and asked me to assist at his conversation with the commander of the Rumanian division nearest to Budapest, and to act as Anglo-French interpreter. Next day, on my way to Monor, I passed a Rumanian soldier riding along the road on his horse, leading a young man beside him on a string like a dog. The rider held one end of the rope in his hand, the other end being fastened round the young man's wrists, tied behind his back. He trotted alongside the horse, bareheaded, wearing civilian trousers and no coat, his torn shirt flapping against his bare chest.

That dirty piece of rope had perhaps once reposed on the cart laden with military goods and had probably been used to secure a case of munitions, or had perhaps dangled full of all the filth and horse-dirt of the streets as the cart drove along. Now this very ordinary piece of rope was called upon to play a symbolic rôle, by joining for the space of an hour the fate of a man who happened by chance to be Rumanian to that of another who happened to be Hungarian. Their fates differed, however, in so far as one of the men held the symbolic rope *in* his hand, while the other wore it *round* his hand; and this small difference, it fell to the lot of one victim of man's social structure to play the part of slave and the other the part of a slave-driver.

It is very unlikely that the two men were conscious of the symbolic rôle played by that rope. A thousand years of slavery had drugged their free will, and their subconscious had bluntly concurred in their temporary, enforced symbiosis.

I stopped and signalled to the Rumanian soldier to rein in. He understood German. They had given him the prisoner, he said, to take behind the lines to the division. The prisoner explained that he had been a member of one of the disrupted workmen's battalions. There then followed a hasty consultation.

'Have you a family at home?' I asked the Rumanian.

'Yes.'

'And you?'

'Yes, I too.'

'Aren't you sorry for this man?'

'Very. I gave him a cigarette. Didn't I?'

The other nodded gratefully.

'Couldn't you let the poor devil go? Nobody would notice, would they?'

'Don't suppose so. The division don't know I'm bringing him.'

'Look here—let him go, and I'll give you five Kronen!'

'I wouldn't do it for money.'

'You are an honest, right-thinking man. Do it for pity. Do it for the sake of your wife—your wife who is worrying about you at this moment.'

The man remained silent for a while. Then he got down slowly from his horse and untied the other's hands. The prisoner looked at him in speechless gratitude. They shook hands. 'May God reward you!' said the town workman, and cut straight across the fields in the direction of home.

The Rumanian got quietly on to his horse again. There was nothing heroic about him. He had the bearing neither of Napoleon at Austerlitz nor of Julius Caesar at the Rubicon. His bronzed, weather-beaten, peasant face registered no emotion. He saluted and would have ridden on.

I called to him to stop.

'God will reward you for what you've just done. He will surely let you see your wife again soon. Here is something for her.'

I offered a ten-Kronen note, but he hesitated to take it. Topping the money into his tunic pocket, I said, 'For your wife! This is for your wife!' And then he accepted.

I raised my hat, and we shook hands before going our separate ways.

My job had brought me into contact this time not with a commanding general, nor with a People's Commissar, nor yet with a bourgeois dictator, and still less with a diplomat; but with something infinitely rarer and more noble—a man.

When I reached the house in which the Rumanian divisional command was quartered, Captain Weiss asked me to go in with him. The colonel in command of the division received us politely and introduced us to the officers on his staff, after which Captain Weiss handed him Clemenceau's telegram and I interpreted the captain's own comments.

The Rumanian colonel remarked that he was of course not entitled to take any action without first consulting his superior officers, but promised to send the Allied instructions to his Supreme Command.

Shaking hands, clicking heels, we departed.

At six o'clock the following afternoon, the Rumanians occupied Budapest.

When, a few days after the occupation of the town, the Hungarian government was overthrown by a *coup d'état*, and Field-Marshal Archduke Joseph of Habsburg became regent of Hungary, I decided to interview him immediately and get a statement as to his plans; for it was generally rumoured that he intended to restore the ex-Emperor Karl of Habsburg to the throne, which would have caused bitter opposition in Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia.

The representatives of Herbert Hoover's food-relief administration had just reached Budapest, in order to speed up the distribution of food among the starving population. The mission consisted of a number of officers of the U.S. army,

headed by Captain Gregory and Colonel Causey. Another U.S. mission, of a purely military character, included General Bandholtz, Colonel Loree, Colonel Yates, and other officers.

The food-relief commission occupied a suite of rooms in the Ritz Hotel, where they were in direct contact by means of a teletype apparatus with the Hoover organization in Vienna—the only link with the outside world which was not subject to Rumanian military censorship.

The biggest problem with which Archduke Joseph's government had to contend was the demand of the Rumanian Supreme Command that they should enter into a new armistice. The Rumanians demanded, as far as I can remember, several thousand locomotives, about 60,000 passenger-coaches, goods-vans and open railway trucks, several hundred thousand heads of cattle, huge quantities of poultry, etc.—in short, almost the entire rolling-stock and live-stock of the country. While by these terms they wished to compensate their own country for what the Germans had carried away, acceptance would have meant complete ruin and starvation for Hungary.

The Allies, who were attempting by the introduction of foodstuffs to facilitate Hungary's return to normal, were not only strictly opposed to the Rumanian plan but also held the opinion that the armistice drawn up with Hungary in November 1918 was perfectly binding. But the Rumanian army of occupation controlled the telephone and telegraph and all other forms of communication, and took good care that the Supreme Council of the Allies should be unable to get into direct touch with the Hungarian government. At the same time the Rumanians threatened, if the armistice were not unconditionally accepted, to march into the unoccupied territory between the Danube and the Austrian frontier. They were naturally anxious to settle everything before the 'Big Four' in Paris had a chance to intervene.

Archduke Joseph had no choice but to capitulate.

My interview with him was due to take place in the early evening. At about three o'clock I paid a visit to the American food-relief mission in the Ritz Hotel, to see whether any news-story had 'broken' there that afternoon.

An American major took me aside.

'You bet there has. A few minutes ago we got a note from Clemenceau on our direct wire, saying that the Allied and Associated Powers see no need for a separate armistice between Rumania and Hungary, since they look upon Rumania as being bound, like every other country, by the armistice of November 1918.'

I was thunderstruck.

'Major, may I use this story?'

'Not for publication in the Press,' he replied. 'We are not forwarding the note to the Hungarian government until to-morrow.'

'I don't mean publication in the Press.'

'Oh, as long as you don't print the story,' the major concluded, 'you may use it in any way you like.'

At seven o'clock the Archduke received me in his private palace in the old quarter of Buda, on the right bank of the Danube. I found myself confronting a pleasant, intelligent man with a moustache, of medium height, strongly proportioned, and wearing civilian clothes.

We sat down and I explained that the interview would appear in a large number of American papers, and also in the British and French Press. I then put a number of questions to the Archduke.

As a rule, an experienced newspaperman will as far as possible avoid taking notes at an interview, as this is likely to introduce an atmosphere of reticence, and instead of a warm, spontaneous contact, the whole thing becomes cold and businesslike. The correspondent who is on top of his job will make a mental note of all that is said and transfer it to paper immediately the interview is at an end. Where important matters are concerned, he will then send the

article as a matter of courtesy for the interviewed person to run through before it is dispatched.

But this time the Field-Marshal mentioned several figures which I wanted to jot down, and I found that for the first and certainly the last time in my career I had neither pencil nor fountain-pen on me. With considerable courtesy, Archduke Joseph went into another room and fetched a pencil for me.

After I had thanked him at the conclusion of the interview, I said, 'Your Royal Highness, now *I* should like to give *you* a piece of information of the greatest importance. But first of all I must ask you something which may at present strike you as odd. I must ask for your word of honour that you will regard what I am about to say as strictly confidential, and that you will not disclose the source of your information.'

Archduke Joseph regarded me with some surprise; but since it was obvious to him that his visitor had something of real importance to say, he replied, 'Very well. You have my word of honour.'

'Would Your Royal Highness first of all permit me to ask you a question? Are negotiations going ahead with the Rumanians, with regard to signing an armistice?'

'They are.'

'And do you intend to accept the terms offered by the Rumanians?'

My host raised his hands. 'We shall unfortunately have no choice,' he said.

I then informed him of the note which had just arrived from the Allies, adding that it would reach his government officially the following day.

'Every hour gained is important. If it is possible to prolong negotiations, then Your Royal Highness will see the truth of my statement to-morrow, and the situation will be saved.'

The Archduke looked at me, then spoke slowly.

'I feel that I can trust you, and that your story is true. I may pass it on to my War Minister?'

'Certainly. That was my reason for telling you.'

The following day my information was proved to be authentic. The armistice was not signed.

THE SPHINX SPEAKS UP

IN SEPTEMBER 1919 I WENT TO BERLIN, AND A FEW MONTHS later, in April 1920, I was in London to meet for the first time my chief, Roy W. Howard, at that time President of the United Press, who was touring Europe. The 'U.P.', like a number of U.S. newspapers, belonged to E. W. Scripps, a kind of Northcliffe of the U.S.A.

Scripps, who was still alive at that time, was considered eccentric because he did not like society life and preferred to spend his last years on his private yacht, with a few thousand sea-miles between himself and cocktail-parties and all the petty problems of the daily round. But nothing is more relative than the expression 'eccentric', which is applied to almost every man whose tastes differ from those of his environment. It is a dead certainty that every self-respecting inhabitant of a negro kraal considers anyone who refrains from wearing a ring in his nose as an eccentric.

E. W. Scripps was a less spectacular man than Northcliffe and was accordingly a less familiar figure in the public eye. He had no ambition to play any part in public life, but he built up a chain of newspapers which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific and represents the best type of ethical journalism.

Scripps had an excellent knowledge of human nature—which is doubtless why he elected to separate himself from it by a couple of oceans in his latter days—and the gift of being able to pick out the best associates. He was quick to realise the particular gifts and capabilities of Howard, who soon became head of the United Press, and later chairman of the board of the Scripps newspaper chain. These papers are known, since the death of their founder, as the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, and the *New York World Telegram* is one of them. In my opinion there is no doubt that Howard is one of the eight or ten most interesting Americans of our generation.

At that time Germany was already in an extremely precarious and fluctuating economic situation, which made it particularly important to have a friend in high financial circles, who could, if called upon, give one an interpretation of economic happenings. This made it easier to present an impartial picture of events in one's news dispatches.

I was accordingly delighted upon my return to Berlin to be able to make such a friend in the person of Carl Fürstenberg, one of Germany's leading bankers and without doubt the most amusing man in the German capital. Thousands of anecdotes and witticisms, both true and imaginary, connected with his name went the round in Germany. The old gentleman was the founder of the huge concern, the Allgemeine Elektrizitätsgesellschaft, the German counterpart of the American General Electric. When I knew him, he had really retired from active directorship of the big bank known as the Berliner Handelsgesellschaft; but true to the principle that a good horse dies in harness, he still spent the day at his office desk. He was a universally popular figure, and after having done great service to the economic interests of his country, his life came to a close at the age of eighty-three in 1933.

I called on him frequently in order to inquire his opinion of events in the sphere of world economics, and each time I would recount the latest 'Fürstenberg anecdotes' which were circulating in Berlin, and ask him whether they were authentic. It was once reported, for instance, that, after a business meeting, he had suggested a date on which the conference might be continued, but another banker, G., an equally well-known Berlin figure, had behaved somewhat pompously and met each suggestion with the words, 'I shall not be free on that day,' finally suggesting, 'How about three weeks from to-day, at four in the afternoon?' to which Fürstenberg replied, 'I regret infinitely, but *I* shall not be free on that day. I shall have to attend a funeral.'

Once, when I visited him, he greeted me with the words,

'Listen to the latest thing I am supposed to have said! But let me tell you now that it is not true; I am sure I am not so bad as this makes me out to be.' Then he told me the story, which I had actually heard from another source.

'The story is that I was travelling from Cologne to Berlin, and as all the first-class sleepers were booked, I took both beds in a second-class compartment. Shortly before the train was due to leave, a banker friend of mine came rushing in and said, "Look here, Fürstenberg, all the beds are taken; you have two—let me have one of them for the night!"—to which I am alleged to have replied, "Well, that is a rather difficult decision to make. Let me sleep on it!"'

The Kaiser held a very high opinion of Fürstenberg, and told him one day that he was the cleverest banker he knew.

'Your Majesty,' answered Fürstenberg, 'what a devastating criticism of the other bankers!'

About this time, Poland was the scene of the attack of the Russian Red Army on Warsaw. True to the sacred traditions of European diplomacy, it was through a member of the fair sex that I obtained an important piece of secret information in this connection, which furnished a striking analogy to the recently re-established co-operation between Russia and Germany.

I enjoyed the friendship at the time of a very beautiful woman, *Frau von K.*, who in her turn enjoyed the assiduous attentions of General Hoffmann, of Brest-Litovsk fame. It will be remembered that it was Hoffmann who, on the occasion of that peace conference with the Soviet delegation headed by Trotsky, thumped on the table and reminded the Russians that they were the vanquished. But at the time of the Russo-Polish war of 1920, the General Staff of the *Reichswehr* worked in close co-operation with the Soviet army. Led by General, now Marshal, Budyenny, the Red cavalry swept through Poland and was on the point of taking Warsaw, when they

were foiled by the brilliant strategy of the French General Weygand, who rushed to the spot and forced them to stop at the very gates of the city, and then to retreat.

I am inclined to think that that campaign was not only a fight between the Poles and the Russians, but also a sort of personal duel between the French General Weygand and the German General Hoffmann. For in the early days of July 1920, when the Soviet army was pushing forward, forcing the Poles to retreat all along the line, and was on the point of invading Poland itself, General Hoffmann, so *Frau von K.* told me, confided to her that he himself had worked out the Russian plan of attack.

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'Yes,' said Major Fuad Bey, then in charge of the so-called Baghdad railway-station in Aleppo, handing me a cup of coffee, 'he acted contrary to the express instructions of Marshal Liman von Sanders.'

The hot sun of Syria, blazing outside the open window on that May day of 1917, flooded the dazzling white panorama of that picturesque Syrian town.

'Marshal Liman had ordered him to keep the three regiments and the only battery of field-guns which was at his disposal in reserve near the village of Maidos on Gallipoli, and on no account to allow them to go into action without the Marshal's command.

'Early in the morning of April 25th, 1915, the Australians landed at Chonuk Bair. It was the main attack of the Allied Armies on Gallipoli. The hills of Chonuk Bair commanded the entrance to Constantinople. The conquest of Constantinople, however, was tantamount to cutting Turkey off from the Central Powers, and bringing about her separate peace with the Allies, the decision of Bulgaria not to enter the War, the supply of Russia with munitions, and the early victory of the Allies. Chonuk Bair, in other words, was the pivot on which world peace and world war were precariously balanced.

'By the purest fluke, the colonel heard of the Australian landing when they had already got two-thirds of the way up the slope of Chonuk Bair. He immediately took his decision. Contrary to the instructions which he had received from the Marshal, he flung all his three regiments and his single battery of three-inch guns into the attack on the far superior numbers of the Anzacs, who were also backed by the tremendous artillery strength of the British fleet. In the bitter hand-to-hand fighting which ensued, he repeatedly drove back the onrushing Australians down the slope. The whole day was spent in these sanguinary struggles. During the night, the colonel had his guns carried from spot to spot, firing a shot now from this position and now from that, by which method he succeeded in giving the enemy the impression that his artillery was much more powerful than it in fact was. The British command thought the Turks must have received considerable reinforcements, and accordingly refrained from making the exhausted Australian troops attack any more that night. It was this misconception which saved the Turks. The next morning, try as fiercely as they would, the Australians could not take the ridge. The colonel—he is now Pasha—had literally saved Turkey by going against his superior officer's orders.'

'And where is he now?' I asked.

'He is in command of the Second Army in the Caucasus. If he should be transferred to the Palestine front, you will meet him.'

Sixteen months after this conversation, the Ottoman Empire collapsed and buried Major Fuad Bey among its ruins—he blew his brains out rather than witness the eclipse of his beloved country.

Had he lived four more years, that revolver would have reposed in its case for ever, for Fuad Bey would have seen with his own eyes the rebirth of his people and would have seen how the one-time colonel and later Pasha once more saved Turkey, and again expressly against instructions—

the instructions this time coming from none other than the Sultan himself.

Three months after my talk with Fuad Bey, the Pasha of whom he had spoken was transferred from the Caucasus to the Palestine front.

In September 1917 a special mission from Vienna reached Aleppo, bent on a most secret purpose and headed by the Archduke Hubert Salvator of Habsburg. The purpose was indeed so secret that the Turkish government knew it from the very first day, and the sparrows of Aleppo chirped it from the olive trees by the second. This very secret purpose was to transfer to the Habsburgs the protectorate over the Catholics of Syria, which had been held by France until 1914. The Archduke, a pleasant, modest young man, reached Aleppo on September 21st, and since we had only one car, I had to borrow another from the Turks in order to meet him and his retinue at the station. It was this banal purpose which brought me face to face for the first time with the hero of Gallipoli; for the Pasha was at that moment in direct command over us, G.O.C. of the Seventh Ottoman Army, with headquarters in the Women Teachers' Training College, which had been requisitioned for the purpose.

I found myself facing a young man with a rather long, bony face, grey-blue eyes and a fairish moustache. He was of medium height, slim and muscular, dressed in the uniform of a Turkish brigadier-general, the big gold *Imtiaz* medal, the Turkish Victoria Cross, hanging on his chest.

'*Nasyıl synys ?* How do you do?' said my G.O.C., shaking hands. The purpose of my visit was promptly settled by the Pasha most graciously offering his own private car. There then followed a short, polite conversation, then another handshake. After that, I stepped back, my sheathed sword in my left hand, my sun-helmet in my right, clicked my heels and departed.

For hundreds of years, Turks who held high positions had

been schooled by tradition to behave in public in a polite, dignified, unsmiling, almost majestic manner, not unlike the bearing of the Roman Proconsul when appearing before the barbarians in his province, or that of the British 'District Commissioner' among the 'natives'.

In the case of this particular Turkish officer, however, the bearing was almost entirely a natural one and not acquired. He had no need to make an effort to show dignity, for, apart from the extraordinary intelligence of his eyes, the whole effect of that bony face and slim body was one of tremendous, bridled energy. In his presence, one was involuntarily reminded of a boiler with the valve closed, the confined steam molecules waiting under high pressure for a suitable moment at which to explode. Or alternatively he might put one in mind of a huge craggy cliff the moment before a landslide.

However one looked at him, one could not avoid seeing written all over him in capital letters the one word, **STRENGTH.**

The Ottoman Empire lay humiliated and trampled to the ground. Allenby's armies and Lawrence's Bedouins had overrun Palestine and Syria. The British fleet lay at anchor in the Golden Horn. The triumvirate of the 'three Pashas', which had led Turkey during the Great War—the almighty Grand Vizier Talaat Pasha, the War Minister Enver Pasha and the Minister of the Navy Djemal Pasha—had fled to Berlin. General Sir Charles Harington was in command of Constantinople, which had been occupied by Allied troops. The French were besieging the town of Aintab, to the north of Syria, and had already forced their way into Cilicia, in the south of Asia Minor. The Italians were endeavouring to secure a 'zone of influence' in the district of Adalia on the southern shores of Anatolia. Lloyd George and Venizelos had set the Greeks against the Turks, and the Hellenic army had swept into the European part of Turkey and into western Asia Minor, including Smyrna. The armistice of Mudros had handed

Turkey over to destruction; the peace-treaty of Sèvres had sounded her death-knell and officially sanctioned her dismemberment. The weak Sultan Mehmed Vahideddin could see no other way of saving his position as Caliph of Islam than blind obedience to the will of the victors. Turkey in fact was dead and buried, and her worldly goods had been divided up amongst the delighted heirs.

Then a name began to be whispered in the chancelleries of Europe. A former Turkish officer appeared to have got together a few deserters from the disbanded Turkish army who had been running wild in the mountains as brigands, and had formed them into bands with which he was harassing the Allied troops in guerrilla warfare. These undisciplined hordes had of course no military importance, nor was there any need for disquietude.

Later it appeared that these bands of brigands were an organized army, sprung from nowhere. They were not entirely without military importance after all; but there could of course be no question of a serious threat to the Greek, Italian, British and French interests.

Then suddenly the French found themselves forced to retreat from Asia Minor; and the Italians were obliged to refrain from any hostility against the Turks. Without warning, the leader of the Turkish insurgents arrested a number of Allied officers, who had gone to Turkey for the purpose of supervising the country's disarmament, and declared that he would hand them over only in exchange for the Turkish statesmen who were interned in Malta; he soon got his way over that little detail. The Greek troops began to suffer a succession of reverses at the hands of the Turkish insurgents. As these insurgents turned out to be a proper, organized, if small army, they commanded increasing respect from their adversaries and were referred to as 'nationalists' instead of 'insurgents', the name of their leader being mentioned with daily increasing concern in the chancelleries of Europe. They were now aware too of the part the man had played in the

Great War, first at Gallipoli, then at the retreat from Palestine. But the nationalist leader's name still meant nothing to the world Press or to world opinion. The General Staff publications of the various armies and the war memoirs of most of the leaders on both sides had not yet appeared, and so there was scarcely a handful of people in Europe and America who knew the identity of the man who had flung down the gauntlet to the entire Allied powers and the Greek army as well. But the news-columns of the world Press gave increasing prominence to the enigmatic name, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, later to be changed to Kemal Ataturk. His supporters were already referred to as Kemalists; but what conditions they were in, and whether they would be able actually to stand up to the fresh, up-to-date Greek army, re-equipped by the Lloyd George government, that nobody could say.

The reason for this uncertainty was that the 'Kemalists' were cut off from the outside world not only in a military sense but in every sense. No newspaper-correspondent could get at them. They themselves were not in a position to get into contact with world opinion, and particularly not with the world Press. The only news which sifted through from Asia Minor to an increasingly troubled and curious world, came from the Greek General Staff, which meant that it was one-sided. It was passed by way of the *Agence d'Athènes*, the official news-agency of the Greek government, to the British Reuter agency, and the French *Agence Havas*, who in their turn distributed it to the European and American Press. The voice of the rebellious Turks was not to be heard. Their complete isolation made it impossible to learn anything about their aims or their strength. Only the twice repeated metamorphosis of the terminology which the parliaments and chancelleries of Europe applied to them, showed that scorn had given way to respect, and respect to anxious curiosity; for in the news dispatches they had graduated from 'bandits' and 'insurgents' to 'nationalists', and from 'nationalists' to 'Kemalists'.

On the evening of December 4th 1920, I climbed the stairs of an unassuming house known as No. 4 in the Hardenbergstrasse in the Charlottenburg quarter of Berlin. I rang the bell and the door was opened by a rather tall man with a swarthy complexion. I scarcely recognized him. Three years before he had been plump; he must have lost at least three stone since I had last seen him. Worry and sorrow had channelled deep grooves in his face. When I mentioned that we had met before in Constantinople, he recognized me, and we had a confidential conversation about conditions in his home country. He was able to give me news of many mutual friends. Several of them were interned in Malta, others were fighting the Greeks in Asia Minor.

I then unfolded to my host my plan of establishing contact between Mustapha Kemal Pasha and the world public, by getting the newspapers of Europe and America to publish Kemal's own explanation of the aims of 'Kemalist' Turkey. This I should do by submitting a number of questions to him and conveying the answers to the world Press. It would be a first class scoop—the first news dispatched from Ankara, Kemal's G.H.Q., surrounded on all sides, besides being the first interview with the enigmatic personality who was keeping the whole world, including Downing Street, in suspense. Then there was my own unshakeable personal conviction that the Turkish policy of the Lloyd George government was completely misguided and that England would sooner or later have to come all the way back out of the blind-alley into which that policy was leading her. I felt that she would one day inevitably return to Disraeli's policy and realize that although the former Turkish system of administration had decayed, the Turkish people themselves had not, and that a strong, healthy Turkey is an asset for England—a valuable ally and not a danger. I was convinced that the day would come when England and Turkey would find themselves closely allied in the same camp. May 1939, proved me right.

My host listened attentively before remarking,

'*Bey Effendi*, I am heart and soul with you. I have complete confidence in you. I know that you desire to help our cause. And that order,' he added with a smile, 'which I was in a modest way instrumental in obtaining for you, you will now earn all over again by your action.'

'Now listen to what I have to tell you—in the strictest confidence. In Rome Mustapha Kemal has a secret agent, Colonel Edib Servet Bey, one of the Pasha's closest friends. He operates a secret courier service with Kemal in Ankara, via the island of Rhodes and the harbour town of Adalia in southern Asia Minor. Get Edib Servet to send your questions through to Kemal with a covering letter, and give him this card. It will set the machinery in motion.'

He sat down at his desk, took from a drawer a visiting-card bearing the name Ali Saïy Bey, wrote several lines on it in Turkish, and handed it to me.

On December 16th 1920, I sent my list of questions for Kemal Ataturk, together with a covering letter, and the card from Ali Saïy Bey, to a friend in Rome, with the request that he should pass them secretly to Colonel Edib Servet Bey. In my letter, I reminded Mustapha Kemal that he had been my G.O.C. three years previously, and that we had first met in Aleppo. The letter and the questions then departed on their way from Rome via Rhodes and Adalia to Angora. On February 5th 1921 Kemal Pasha's secret courier returned to Rome. Edib Servet Bey handed Kemal's replies, dated Ankara, January 18th, to my friend, who telegraphed them to me from Rome.

On February 12th my friend and colleague Webb Miller, of the United Press, telegraphed me from London, 'received kemal interview congratulations its big story.' On the 16th, William Hawkins, who had succeeded Roy Howard in the presidency of the United Press, cabled, 'accept congratulations thanks excellent kemal.'

But what had Kemal Pasha said?

His statements were like lashes of a whip, as though he were delivering an ultimatum. It was the tone of a victor, or of a man who feels his strength to be infinitely superior to his adversary's. But if a man adopts that tone when he is surrounded on all sides by a powerful enemy and is at the head of a band of half-starved, badly-equipped soldiers some of whom have been under arms without a break for as long as ten years, then he must either be out of his mind or else inspired by a fanatical faith in the survival of his people and in his own strength. Kemal Atatürk, however, was emphatically in his right mind.

The essential part of the statement which this man sent to the world at the moment of his country's greatest need and deepest humiliation was as follows:

'For over a thousand years Smyrna has been a Turkish town. Greece has no rights there whatsoever. Thrace, like Smyrna, is inhabited by a Turkish majority, and is an integral part of our country. As far as we are concerned, the question of Smyrna and Thrace amounts simply to this—our enemies have ruthlessly snatched these provinces from us without the slightest provocation, and we shall drive the invader out!

'The Treaty of Sèvres abolishes our political, jurisdictional, economic and financial independence. It denies our right to existence. We therefore ignore its existence.

'On the explicit understanding that Constantinople shall remain under the unrestricted sovereignty of Turkey, and that its security shall be guaranteed, we agree to grant free navigational rights through the Dardanelles. The regulations relating to such rights shall, however, not be determined by England, but by the states bordering the Black Sea.

'In conclusion, I should like to say this to the people of Europe and America. England believes that the annihilation of the Turks alone can assure her hegemony in the East. The Powers intend to deprive our people of all their rights

and to degrade them to the status of cattle. We leave it to the civilized world to judge, and are convinced that they must recognize the justice of our cause.

'We have complete confidence that we shall shortly be able to turn the Greek bandits out of our country; but we should prefer to see the enemy retire of their own accord. Under these conditions, and under these only, would we be prepared to enter into peace-negotiations.'

Thus speaks a victor—and yet those were the words of a beaten man.

Twenty months later, on August 26th 1922, Kemal shattered the Greek front. A fortnight later, the Turks were threatening the British by the Dardanelles. As an immediate result of Kemal's victory, Lloyd George's government fell. At the end of September Kemal dictated armistice terms to the Allies and the Greeks. In July 1923 he dictated almost point by point the Peace Treaty of Lausanne, exactly along the lines of his answers to the questions I had put to him at his country's moment of darkest despair. And shortly after that, I found myself once more face to face with my former G.O.C., who was now undisputed leader of his country.

But that is another story.

And how was it that a few lines scribbled on the visiting-card of an unknown Ali Saïy Bey, living in a modest house in the Hardenbergstrasse in Berlin, had promptly loosened the tongue of his country's leader in far-away, besieged Ankara in the heart of Asia Minor?

Because that unknown Ali Saïy Bey was not only unknown, but non-existent; for the fictitious name of Ali Saïy Bey protected against persecution by the Allies and assassination at the hand of Armenian secret societies one who, but a few months previously had piloted the huge Ottoman Empire and had been the undisputed master of Turkey during the Great War—the once mighty Grand Vizier Mehmed Talaat Pasha.

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Three months after my clandestine visit to Talaat, we met again in the house of a mutual friend, Dr B., who had invited us for dinner. Talaat's wife, a well-known Arab statesman, the Ameer A., and a few Turks were also present. Ten days later, on March 15th, Talaat was shot in the street by an Armenian called Teilirian. Together with the members of the Turkish colony, I took part in the funeral ceremony in the murdered man's house and expressed my sympathy to his widow. 'If there is a God,' she sobbed, 'why did he allow this crime?'

The burial took place in the presence of numerous Turks, Arabs, Persians, Indian and other Moslems and a number of Turkish ladies, who appeared in the costume of their country, with veiled faces.

The first funeral sermon was spoken by an intimate friend of the dead man, Professor Bahaeddin Shakir Bey, who solemnly swore to follow in Talaat's footsteps. His oath was fulfilled in an unexpected and tragic manner—for thirteen months later he too was shot in a Berlin street by Armenians.

On our return from the cemetery, I had a talk with Dr Nazim Bey, one of the leading personalities of the Young Turk Revolution of 1908, which had deposed Abdul Hamid, the 'Red Sultan'. He too was living in exile in Berlin under the assumed name of 'Rustem Bey', in order to protect himself against the Armenians; for the same reason he exchanged his fez for an ordinary hat as we left the cemetery.

His precautions were unnecessary. He was not to fall at the hand of an Armenian. In July 1926, together with several other members of the Turkish opposition, he was sentenced to death and hanged in his home town, Smyrna, by the order of his former friend, Kemal Ataturk, on the trumped-up charge of having plotted against Kemal's life.

TELEPATHY TAKES A HAND

AT THE BEGINNING OF JULY 1921 I WAS VISITED IN BERLIN BY a childhood friend of mine, Arthur de Kankovsky, who is to-day executive chairman of the Hungarian Amateur Boxing Association and was one of the first ten or twelve men to be wounded in the Great War. On the second day of his visit, we went to the Apollo music hall, where one of the turns was a thought-reader who called herself 'Mademoiselle Asra'. She worked with a male partner, who remained among the audience. The questions which one put to her, and also the correct answers, had to be written on a piece of paper and shown to her partner, without the exchange of a single word. Then the woman, sitting on the stage with her eyes blindfolded, would repeat aloud the questions intended for her and immediately answer them. She gave a wonderful performance, even giving the numbers on passports and complicated names and unknown places in remote parts of the world, all without any difficulty. The questions and answers were obviously conveyed to her by telepathy from her partner, with whom she worked with an astonishing degree of efficiency.

There are, of course, hundreds of 'thought-readers' who are charlatans. Sitting on the stage blindfolded, they learn the required answer from their partner automatically through code words and a pre-arranged order of words in a sentence. The more extensive the 'code', the more answers are possible, but they must almost invariably refer to physical objects. 'Tell us what I have in my hand,' for instance, would mean a watch. 'Do tell us etc.', a wrist-watch, 'Please tell us etc.', a pocket watch, and so forth.

But there is also such a thing as genuine telepathy, which can go as far as the complete reading of other people's thoughts, and does not even require an assistant.

Since the researches made by Dr H. Berger in Jena showed that each cell in the brain, as each cell in the whole body,

possesses the qualities of a closed electric battery, and that the thinking process manifests itself in the form of electro-magnetic waves of varying frequency, it can be taken as proved that the function of the nerves furnishes a complete analogy of wire-telegraphy; telepathy and clairvoyance, on the other hand, of wireless telegraphy. In the Near and Middle East there are many people who have mastered the art of telepathy without the aid of an intermediary. The Egyptian, Dr Tahra Bey, has been demonstrating this in public under medical supervision in England, France and the U.S.A. I saw him myself, surrounded by Harley Street specialists, in the Queen's Hall in London in February 1939, where, without the help of an assistant, and without a word being spoken or written, he spontaneously read the thoughts of all members of the audience who volunteered, and also answered their questions. While these and other para-normal faculties which have been known for over three thousand years in India by the Sanskrit term *siddhi*, manifest themselves spontaneously in some people, they are latent in *everybody*, and in nine persons out of ten they can be developed by special training methods. But they in no way lead to the acquisition of higher wisdom. There is a path which leads to highest wisdom, but it is a very different one.

It is anyway a fortunate thing that telepathy is only latent and not developed in the majority of people; the population of the world would be engaged in a permanent battle royal if we could guess what others—quite rightly—are thinking of us.

After 'Mademoiselle Asra' had given her audience a few surprisingly accurate pieces of information, I suddenly heard her saying to somebody, 'You want me to tell you where you were in the War, don't you? You were in Constantinople, Jerusalem, Damascus, and'—she pronounced the word slowly and it was obviously unfamiliar to her—'Aleppo'.

I leant forward, curious to see the man to whom she referred. Sitting eight or ten rows in front of us with a lady, he was a stockily-built man with grey hair. He turned his

head slightly, and I recognized Major Gravenstein, who in 1917 was in command of the German garrison in Aleppo, and in the following year of the garrison in Constantinople.

The music hall disappeared before my eyes, and I saw myself in an open wooden truck, about seven feet by five, and five feet high. It was preceded and followed by a number of other similar trucks, and all around me was pitch darkness, in which the shaft of light from my electric torch disclosed a huddle of literally half-starved, ragged, rumped human beings. Sitting in the truck behind me was Lieutenant Joseph Schlauch, commander of the Austrian troops in Jerusalem, on his way from Constantinople to the Palestine front, clutching anxiously at the cases of gold coins intended as pay for the Austrian gunners fighting near Gaza.

The smoke from the engine literally threatened to suffocate us. Great swarms of big sparks the size of a finger-nail would sweep down upon us. From time to time the light from our torches would quiver on a dripping piece of rock or on a startled brown face, dwindled almost to a skeleton through hunger and hardship.

Four times the truck in front of us was derailed, and had to be got back on to the rails by those people who lived there in the dark like troglodytes. Each time Schlauch would clutch desperately with hands and feet at his precious cases of gold, and each time the stocky man with the grey hair, who was sharing my truck, would remark, 'Be careful you don't rub against one of those poor devils. Spotted typhus!'

The 'poor devils' themselves did not understand his words, for they were Gurkhas, Rajputs, and Hindus from Bombay. We were herded together with them for three hours in this environment which seemed to have been transferred straight from Dante's Inferno. The darkness was complete; hundreds of huge sparks burned our faces, hands and uniform; and we were in constant danger of being called into the Beyond either immediately through a derailment or ultimately as a result of contracting spotted typhus.

At long last, far, far away in the distance, contracted to the space of a tiny circle, our grateful eyes detected daylight; and after another half-hour, we worked our way out into the open.

We had traversed on the improvised narrow-gauge rail the unfinished tunnel which had been bored a while previously through the Amanus Mountains, separating Asia Minor from Syria. The wretched, pitiful troglodytes, whose days were spent in the tunnel, were a part of the survivors of the prisoners of war taken at Kut-el-Amara.

Thirteen thousand Indians and English under General Townshend had given themselves up to the Turks. Since there was no railway connecting Mesopotamia with Turkey, they were marched on foot into Asia Minor. A fraction of the prisoners and of the Turkish guard arrived alive, and these survivors of the one-time garrison of Kut were now perishing of hunger and typhus in the Amanus Tunnel.

As we came out of the tunnel, Gravenstein, whom I had met for the first time a few hours previously, indicated an emaciated, dark-faced man huddled in a few rags, stretching out his hand towards us.

‘Ask him where his home is.’

‘Where do you come from?’ I asked in English.

‘From Kut-el-Amara, sir. It took us two months to get here.’

‘I mean, what is your home town?’

‘Bombay, sir.’

‘Are you a gunner?’

‘I’m a signaller.’

‘How do they treat you here?’

‘The treatment is not bad. But we are half-starved. We get four paper *medjidiehs* (about five shillings) a month from the Baghdad Railway Company and have to pay for our food, which consists of eight ounces of bread and eight ounces of lentils daily, and four ounces of meat every other day.’

'And are there many of you on the sick-list?'

'When we arrived six months ago, there were a thousand of us. Six hundred have died.' He paused; then, with an eager light in his face, 'Will the War last much longer, sir?'

'No, I'm sure it won't. Three or four months, maybe.' We were lying to him and to ourselves, and the warmth of illusion flooded three tired souls.

We gave him some money and cigarettes, then the normal-gauge train into which we had transferred began to move away. 'God bless you,' cried the sepoy, 'I will . . .' the engine whistled ' . . . pray for you!' his words pursued us.

In six months, six hundred of the thousand men in the tunnel had perished. Four hundred were still left in it. The War lasted another twenty-two months.

And now Gravenstein was sitting ten rows ahead of me. I had not seen him from that day to this, and I suddenly wondered whether the thought-reader might be able to bring us together. So I beckoned to her partner and wrote down my questions and the appropriate answers. The man read them, remained standing behind me at the back of the audience, without saying one word. Up on the stage, about fifty yards away, the blindfolded woman began to speak.

'The gentleman in the sixteenth row wants me to tell him where he was in 1917, isn't that so? You were also in Aleppo.'

Gravenstein whipped round, but I ducked in time to avoid being seen by him.

'Now you want me to say,' continued Mademoiselle Asra, 'where the gentleman is of whom you are thinking, and who was in Aleppo at the same time as you? He is now . . . in Berlin . . . he is . . . here in the theatre . . . just there.' She pointed, while the audience began to clap. We stood up and waved and smiled to each other.

'You still want something,' said the woman on the stage. 'You want me to tell you his name. He is called'—she spoke

slowly but precisely—'Gravenstein'. There was a moment of surprise in the audience, then frantic applause, while the beaming face of Mademoiselle Asra's partner reflected his delight that they had been given such a splendid opportunity of proving that they were genuine. But I had written something else on the piece of paper, and she said: 'You have another wish. You wish me to greet the gentleman in your name.'

So that was how I met Major Gravenstein again, in a much more pleasant setting than the one in which I had first made his acquaintance.

On February 11th 1922, the Berlin office of the *New York Herald*, with which I was associated at the time, received a telegram from New York from the editor, Mr. Lincoln, suggesting that on the occasion of the seventy-fifth birthday of Thomas Alva Edison, we should obtain statements from prominent people and cable them to the *Herald*. 'We' meant the team 'Swing and Bing', as we were known among our American colleagues—and I owe many great advantages of professional training and many very pleasant personal memories to my association with the man who at that time was my immediate chief, Raymond Gram Swing, a highly cultured journalist and at the same time a man of distinguished character, who now holds the attention of millions of British listeners through his surveys of the situation in the U.S.A. which the B.B.C. relays to England from New York.

Swing obtained a tribute from Professor Walter Nernst, winner of the 1920 Nobel Prize and inventor of the Nernst Lamp. I asked my fatherly old friend, the late Professor Theodore Landau, a well-known Berlin gynaecologist, to allow me to use his name as an introduction to his friend Albert Einstein. I then rang up Einstein's home, which was in Berlin at that time; Mrs. Einstein replied, and suggested that I should try again at midday, as her husband would be in then.

When I rang again at midday, Professor Einstein came to the telephone himself, and I explained what I wanted.

People whose imagination and creative ability move in the spheres of highest truths are in the habit of dethroning the 'I', the idol of the average man, in their own souls. A genius accustomed to thinking in terms of millions of 'light-years', finds no place in his giant cosmos for a small human ego.

So Albert Einstein replied modestly to the importunate journalist, 'I should like to give you a statement, but I've no idea what to say.'

I suggested that he might simply convey a personal greeting to Edison via the *Herald*, whereupon he dictated over the telephone a message to the great inventor.

The German language has brought many a promising philologist to an early grave and enveloped many others in the gloom of spiritual night. Inspired by a youthful spirit of enterprise, suffused with rosy hopes, many a one has engaged upon the difficult task of tracking down the phrases of a German sentence, those elusive creations which shimmer and twist and turn far away and dimly in the distance. No sooner would the optimistically inclined youth imagine that he had spotted the end of the sentence and detected that relieving, all-explaining verb on the horizon, than a subordinate clause would poke its grinning face in between him and his goal, until at last the wanderer would arrive at the end of the sentence, exhausted, aged and broken. A glint of joy and triumph in his eye, the old sage would cry, 'I have it! I have got hold of the verb, and now I know what the whole damned sentence means!' Then he would find that he had long ago forgotten the beginning of the sentence, the beginning which he had first known in the days of his youth, when the grass was green and his sweet-heart was still alive.

There are said to have been students of German who in between two lucid intervals would imagine themselves

to be St John the Evangelist and, slightly adapting, would murmur for hours on end, '*In the beginning* was the verb.'

I venture to maintain that a learned German who attains eminence as a philosopher does so, not with the help of the German sentence-formation, but in spite of it; a case of the survival of the fittest. It goes without saying that the spirit of German grammar could not stand in the way of a genius and mathematician like Einstein. And thus he was able without further disadvantage to dictate over the telephone to me a sentence which, translated into English, ran as follows:—

'To the inventor and scientist who applied the accomplishments of science in the field of electricity with greatest success and for the benefit of mankind to the domain of mechanics and whose power of imagination created values the manifestations of which contribute towards bringing the peoples of the Earth more closely together, my heartiest congratulations, Albert Einstein.'

I cabled the message to New York, merely taking the liberty of splitting up the theorem into equations of the first degree—forgive me, I mean dissecting the phrase into a number of short sentences.

LES EXTRÊMES SE TOUCHENT

ONE DAY IN A SMALL SCOTTISH TOWN A BOY WHO WAS TO become a pioneer for the rights of the poor first saw the light of day. He built up the British Labour Party into something powerful and of importance. During the Great War he willingly suffered all the consequences of his pacifist convictions. Then came the day when, to the dismay and surprise of the City of London and the Tory Clubs, the Labour Party of which he was leader was promoted from 'a confounded nuisance' to 'His Majesty's Government', and James Ramsay MacDonald became His Majesty's Prime Minister. But although the integrity and honesty of this man were beyond doubt, he was a Labour leader and not a revolutionary. Not a barricade, but the House of Commons was his natural environment. The breeches and sword at the King's levee became him better than the cloth cap and muffler of the British workman. Spiritually this man, who was ethically on such a high level, was first and foremost His Britannic Majesty's faithful commoner, then an M.P., and finally a Labour leader. When Fate handed the penniless Scots boy his sealed orders for life, the document was inadvertently placed in the wrong envelope—namely in one which bore in block letters the device, 'On His Majesty's Service'.

Only a few years later in the Ghetto of a small Russian town another equally poor boy took his first glimpse of a world which even in those parts was ruled by financiers and big landowners, who divided their time between the Nevski Prospekt, their estates and the Riviera, and saw in the Tsar's Court the rallying-point of their social and personal ambitions.

This boy became a revolutionary, went through the inevitable banishment to Siberia and became as adept at handling the weapons of rhetoric as revolvers and bombs, the habitual arguments used in his surroundings in any exchange of opinion with the Okhrana and the Cossacks.

His integrity, and the honesty of his Bolshevik convictions, were equally beyond doubt; but Fate provided him with an environment of revolutionaries' hide-outs, thick with cigarette-smoke, improvised platforms in factory yards, and barricades made with paving-stones. This untidy, unkempt man played an important part in bringing about the fall of the Tsarist regime, and on the occasion of the Communist 'Spartacus' rising in Berlin in 1919, he hurried from Moscow to direct operations from a secret hiding-place in the Prussian capital.

And now Carl Radek, Tsar-destroyer and Bolshevik, and James Ramsay MacDonald, His Britannic Majesty's Prime Minister-to-be, faced each other personally for the first time. They had become the two outstanding characters of a drama, and attention was focused on the gripping spectacle of an intellectual duel between their bitterly-opposed conceptions of life.

On April 2nd 1922 there began in a conference-room of the Reichstag in Berlin a congress of the Second or Amsterdam International, the 'Two-and-a-halfth' or Vienna International, and the Third or Moscow International. It was an attempt to unite these three labour movements, and to strengthen international Socialism by working out a programme acceptable to all three Internationals, which would then act in co-operation. The chair was taken by 'the mother of German Communism', Clara Zetkin. The Second International was represented, among others, by Ramsay MacDonald and Wallhead of the British Labour Party, by the Belgians Vandervelde and Camille Huysmans, the Frenchman Jean Longuet, who was a grandson of Karl Marx, and also by the Menshevik, Chernov, formerly President of the Constituent Assembly under Kerensky. The Vienna International had sent Dr Friedrich Adler, who had shot the Austrian Prime Minister, Count Stürgkh, and had been released from prison on the outbreak of the revolution in Austria in the autumn of 1918. As delegates of the Third International there were, among others, Carl Radek,

and Nicolai Bukharin, the leading theoretician of Communism, a small, neat man, dressed, unlike Radek, with great care, with a trim, fair moustache and small pointed beard, whose life was to be ended by the bullets of a Russian firing-squad during a 'purge' in March 1938.

Even at the opening meeting there was a sharp conflict between the ideologies of Social Democracy and Communism, and the prospects did not look hopeful. Then in the morning session of Tuesday, April 4th, Ramsay MacDonald addressed a formal ultimatum to the Third International, in which he named three conditions for co-operating with them. Firstly, Moscow must immediately cease the practice of *noyautage*, that is, the disruption of the Western Social Democratic parties by the founding of Communist 'cells' in their midst. Secondly, a committee consisting of members of the three Internationals should proceed to Georgia, which had been occupied by the Russians and made into a Soviet republic, and should ask the inhabitants whether they wished to have a Social Democratic or a Soviet regime. Thirdly, the Scotsman demanded that the mass trial of forty-seven members of the former Russian Revolutionary Party, which was taking place at the time, should proceed 'under the control of international Socialism', and that Vandervelde should be admitted for the defence. Ramsay MacDonald accompanied these demands by a scathing criticism of the Moscow point of view.

Radek, who knew English fairly well but could command no eloquence in that language, replied in German. His remarks were bitter and sarcastic in the extreme, and occasionally became personal. He referred to Ramsay MacDonald with biting scorn as '*Bürger*'—'citizen'—and not as 'Comrade' MacDonald. The atmosphere was tense. The general opinion was that the various parties would now simply manœuvre in an effort to shift the responsibility for the failure of the conference on to somebody else. When I asked Radek and Bukharin for their opinions, they both said

emphatically that they could not accept MacDonald's conditions. Longuet and Wallhead told me that the conference was doomed to failure.

While the Italian Socialist Serrati was endeavouring to bridge the difference between MacDonald and Radek, I was having a chat in a corner with F. A. Voigt, at that time Berlin correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* and now their diplomatic correspondent with his headquarters in London. Among their colleagues, most British journalists enjoy respect for their high professional ethics and their wide education; but over and above this, Voigt was and still is regarded by his international colleagues as an example of the finest type of British journalist. He is a worthy representative of that distinguished newspaper, the *Manchester Guardian*.

'Listen,' said Voigt, 'I don't believe Ramsay MacDonald and Radek have ever met personally. How about you and me bringing them together?'

'First-rate!' I answered enthusiastically. 'What a scoop!'

'Then let's see what we can do,' said my colleague. We held a short council of war.

Before the end of the morning session, we separated, each approaching a number of delegates and inviting them to lunch in the Wiener Schloss Restaurant in the Dorotheenstrasse, not far from the Reichstag building. We told each one that we had invited a few other delegates, but we were rather vague as to their identity, for we feared that otherwise we should never manage to get the Scotsman to meet Radek and Bukharin socially. Our invitations were accepted by Ramsay MacDonald, Philips Price, who at that time was the *Daily Herald* correspondent in Berlin, Radek, Bukharin, another representative of the Third International whose name I forget, Jean Longuet, the close collaborator of Léon Blum and at that time editor of *Le Populaire*, the official organ of French Social Democracy; by another French journalist, and by Dr Rudolph Breitscheid, leader of what was then known as the Independent Socialist Party of Germany.

We had arranged the table so that Ramsay MacDonald and Radek should face each other in the centre, Voigt and myself sitting on either side of the Scotsman. Bukharin was to sit on my right, and Philips Price on Voigt's left, on the narrow side of the table. To the right of Radek was the third Russian, and on his left were the French journalist and Breitscheid. Longuet was to sit between Breitscheid and Bukharin, on the other narrow side of the table.

The Russians were the first to arrive, and Radek explained politely that as a matter of principle they could not allow representatives of the bourgeois Press to pay for their lunch. We had just begun to talk, when a group of men entered the restaurant and made for the isolated corner in which we had reserved our table. The group was headed by Ramsay MacDonald.

He and Radek stiffened for a moment. Then politeness took the upper hand, and they both smiled and decided to make the best of a bad job; Voigt and myself rejoicing the while much as Mephistopheles must have done when he brought Faust and Gretchen together.

They shook hands and sat down obediently opposite each other. The other guests also greeted each other and took their seats.

The conversation began haltingly and the atmosphere was strained. Voigt and I tried to liven things up, and after a while we were rewarded by an animated buzz of general conversation.

I asked Ramsay MacDonald his opinion as to what the near future would bring in home affairs in Britain. He prophesied—prophesies are always risky—that Lloyd George would resign after the economic conference which was just beginning at Genoa (and which brought about the surprising Rapallo Treaty between Germany and Russia) and that he would be followed by a Tory Cabinet, probably under Lord Derby. This Cabinet, he added, would stand for co-operation with France.

This latter prophecy turned out to be true. Since then, John Bull and Marianne have realized that it is expedient not only for their own well-being but for the peace of mind of the entire neighbourhood that, like all good married couples, they should separate from their temporary correspondents and fulfil their matrimonial duties in an atmosphere of lasting harmony.

I managed to introduce into the conversation my own deep-rooted personal opinion that England's anti-Turkish policy was a cardinal mistake, and that Downing Street would one day have to return to Disraeli's conviction that Britain and Turkey must be in the same camp in order to restore world peace. I was delighted when Ramsay MacDonald, Radek and Longuet agreed with me, and I was still more delighted when I was lucky with my prophecy; for as my various 'columnist' colleagues know, there are several kinds of political prophets—for instance, the wise ones, who seldom prophesy, and the infallible ones, who were lucky once and have refrained ever since.

After a while, we saw our secret hopes realized, the conversation got round to the difference of opinion which separated those two men sitting facing each other. The white table-cloth which had replaced the green, and the physical proximity had their effect. The general conversation gave way to a dialogue between these two, and the tone of this dialogue grew less strained and more friendly as it proceeded. MacDonald was relatively more open in the expression of his views, Radek wittier; but irony and sarcasm had vanished, and there was no more mention of 'Citizen' MacDonald. Both were earnestly endeavouring to see the other's point of view. It was a striking example of what personal contact can do, and how spiritual distance can be reduced by physical rapprochement.

'Now, look here, Radek,' the Englishman would say as he leaned across the table, to bring home an important point, and Radek would listen attentively. Over the coffee,

the Russian made a good-natured gibe in his rather faulty English, 'You will get a surprise this afternoon. I will speak as if I would speak in the House of Commons!'

When we returned to the Reichstag, the former implacable enemies walked in ahead of us, engaged in an animated and friendly discussion. Longuet came up to Voigt and myself.

'That was the real conference of the Internationals,' he said with a laugh.

The afternoon began with a short secret meeting of the Communists, then the general afternoon session started.

Carl Radek was the first to speak, and it was in a changed tone. 'Citizen MacDonald' had become 'Comrade MacDonald'. He explained that he had found it necessary to revise his opinion of MacDonald's motives. He was now convinced, he said, that MacDonald 'spoke with absolute honesty and conviction, as a Socialist'.

General consternation.

He had weighed up MacDonald's demands very thoroughly since the morning session, he continued. The delegates of the Third International had just been discussing them, and were prepared to accept them in principle.

Baffled silence in the room. Had they heard aright? A miracle seemed to have happened—quite incomprehensible.

Voigt and myself again wore Mephistophelean smiles. Seldom had an item on the expense-account of a newspaper secured a more interesting news story than the cost of that luncheon-party at the Wiener Schloss Restaurant.

Ramsay MacDonald died, as a British Prime Minister should die, peacefully. Bukharin met with the revolutionary's classical end—sentenced to death—by a Soviet and not a Tsarist court. The same court banished Radek for a long period to Siberia, to which Tsarist tribunals had first introduced him. Jean Longuet was the victim of an accident in Paris in September 1938.

Both MacDonald and Radek were at heart honest and sincere; and yet it would have been hard to imagine two

more complete opposites, in figure, in manner, in dress, in thought, in deed, and in their way of dealing with problems. It would have been hard to picture the Scotsman in an ill-fitting, shabby, spotty suit, at the head of an angry mob, storming the Romanov's Winter Palace, in his left hand a red flag, in his right a hand-grenade. It would be still more difficult to picture Radek standing on a barricade, pointing to the Tsar's Cossacks, who were preparing to attack, and calling to his followers, 'Comrades, let us venture to prove conclusively that we beg to disagree with the gallant gentlemen opposite.'

But the first, and, I believe, the last meeting, of these diametrically opposed characters provided an impressive illustration of the magic of personal contact, which should be heartening to all statesmen who are prepared to regard the agreements resulting from personal contact as sacred.

THE SPHINX STRIKES

AT THE TIME OF THE CONFERENCE OF THE THREE INTERNATIONALS in Berlin, the then Commissar for Foreign Affairs of the Soviet Union, Grigori Chicherin, was stopping in Berlin with Litvinov, who at the time was his first assistant and was later to succeed him. They were on their way to the International Economic Conference in Genoa, where a few days later the Germans and Russians were to startle the world by the Treaty of Rapallo, just as they did by their non-aggression pact in August 1939. I had met Litvinov several times in Copenhagen in 1920, and I now had several opportunities of meeting Chicherin. One of these occasions was a tea-party which he gave to the representatives of the foreign Press in the rooms of the Soviet Embassy, which had formerly been the Imperial Russian Embassy, in Unter den Linden. The tea and other refreshments were served on china which still bore the double eagle and the monogram of Nicholas II. Chicherin, descended from an old aristocratic family which had held important posts under Catherine the Great, had the bearing of a professional diplomat, and was far in advance of most of his European colleagues where intelligence and cunning were required. He spoke English, French and German with equal fluency.

I also met the German parties to the Rapallo *coup*. Dr Walter Rathenau, so far the first and last Jewish Minister of the German Reich, whose policy of co-operation with Russia Hitler emulated seventeen years later, in the late summer of 1939, invited the Press representatives to tea in the Chancellery. The following day he was due to leave for Genoa.

Rathenau had graduated into politics from the business world. Like his father before him, he had run the Allgemeine Elektrizitätsgesellschaft, one of Germany's biggest concerns, for some time. He was tall and strongly built, with a large bald head and a tiny pointed beard, and he delivered us a lecture on the economic position of Europe and of Germany

as he saw it. An exceptionally cultured and intellectually developed man, Rathenau was both modest and dignified in his manner. His mentality was more that of a theoretician than of a tactician. But he was shortly to prove by the sensational diplomatic success of the unexpected Rapallo Treaty that there are no rules in psychology. His statements gave an impression of absolute integrity to all present, among whom was Oswald Garrison Willard, then editor of the *New York Nation*, who was touring Europe.

At the suggestion of a Wilhelmstrasse official who was present, I delivered a short vote of thanks to Rathenau on behalf of my colleagues and myself. He replied politely that he had been very pleased to meet us and hoped that he would have the pleasure again many times in the future.

At about that time, the German government learnt that members of reactionary circles were planning to murder Rathenau. They offered to give him an escort of detectives, but he refused.

A few weeks later, he returned from Genoa. Shortly after that, at 11 a.m. on June 24th, one of my informants rang me up at the office. I could hear by his voice that he was excited.

'Have you heard about Rathenau?'

'What about him?'

'He was murdered ten minutes ago. The murderers drove past his open car and threw in a hand-grenade. He died on the way to hospital.'

Fortunately, a newspaperman's job is not confined to politics. At about the time of Rathenau's death, I made the acquaintance of A. Miethe, professor of photo-chemistry and astrophysics at the well-known Charlottenburg University of Engineering. He was one of the leading European scientists in his particular line, and was the inventor of the three-colour printing process. We became good friends, and a while later he procured for me a

'twenty-four-hour beat' in the Press on his discovery of the production of gold from mercury. For thousands of years, alchemists had occupied themselves with that problem; about fourteen years later I had the opportunity in London of looking through hundreds of pages of manuscript written by the great Sir Isaac Newton personally, in which he describes his experiments in an attempt to discover the philosopher's stone, with the help of which mercury would be turned into gold. But apparently it was left to Professor Miethe to bring this secret to the light of day. With the help of his assistant, Dr H. Stammreich, he had evolved a method of smashing the mercury atom, whereupon it split into helium and gold. The importance of the discovery was scientific rather than practical, since the 'noble metal' was produced in such small quantities that the spiritual equilibrium of humanity would scarcely have been upset nor the number of despicable actions arising out of greed increased above normal. The only exception was a banker by the name of Nicholas R., to whom I disclosed the discovery, and who was transported into a sort of ecstatic convulsion at the thought that he might be able to earn still more gold with still less effort. He urged me to introduce him to the scientist; but I was not keen, particularly as I had no very high opinion of Mr R. He had a glass eye, which was distinguishable from his own eye by reason of the fact that from time to time it seemed to give forth a glimmer of pity and humanity. I never heard whether (or not) he managed to establish contact with Professor Miethe.

The latter was soon attacked by his colleagues, who maintained that they had been unable to repeat the experiment, and that probably the gold had been obtained through the use of inadvertently soiled instruments in the laboratory. Miethe died a while later and I never heard how the dispute ended. One thing is certain, and that is that his good faith was never for one moment doubted, not even by his rivals.

I was also in contact in Berlin with another interesting

man, who had attained eminence in another branch of science, Dr Magnus Hirschfeld, one of the most famous sexual pathologists of our time, head of the Institute for Sexual Research in Berlin. I was collecting material at the time for a series of articles on the 'sexual underworld' of Europe, and on the occasion of my visits I received much valuable information from Dr Hirschfeld. Among other things, he had a complete statistical record of the distribution of homosexuality throughout the world, and I remember his categoric declaration that every thirtieth man and every thirtieth woman was from birth, that is, constitutionally, homosexual or bi-sexual, and this throughout the world without any geographical limits. He stressed the fact that this applied to the genuine, lifelong homosexuals and did not take into account the large numbers of people in prison-camps, prisons, boarding-schools, etc., who are encouraged or forced by their environment into temporary abnormal sexual activity. Dr Hirschfeld emphasized in this connection that of course there are infinitely more sexual intermediate and mixed types in the psychic sense than in the physical.

At the end of June 1922, my friend Carl D. Groat, at that time Berlin correspondent of the United Press, and now publisher of a prosperous newspaper in Columbus, Ohio, brought me an offer from the 'U.P.' which was a pure gamble on their part, but which was based on the confidence which Roy W. Howard, chairman of their board of directors at the time, placed in my business and executive abilities, 'if any'. I had done only journalistic work till then. The offer now suggested that I should return to the U.P., from which I had resigned some time previously, that I should work for some time in their New York and Washington offices, in order to receive a thorough training in American methods of news-gathering and dissemination, after which I was to become general European

business manager of the U.P., organizing and supervising their news-service for the Continent of Europe and the Near East and creating a market for it in those territories. I accepted gratefully, and I was pleased that neither party had cause to regret the decision.

I had booked my passage in the *George Washington* and was packing when something unforeseen occurred.

On August 26th, just about twenty months after my interview with him, my one-time G.O.C., Kemal Ataturk, routed the Greeks in Asia Minor. The leader of the Turkish Western Army, which was at the scene of the victory, was Ismet Pasha, who is to-day known as Ismet Ineunu and has succeeded Kemal as President of the Turkish republic; and at the decisive position in the front line where the Turks broke through was my old friend, Nadji Bey, of whom I had taken leave in 1918 in the fairy-tale palace of Yildiz-Kyeushk, when he was A.D.C. to the Sultan Mehmed Vahideddin. Nadji Bey, who was in the habit of reading Goethe's *Werther* in the lulls of battle, had since become Nadji Pasha.

The Turks had worked out a strategy similar to the one by which they themselves had been routed by Allenby in September 1918. Detachments of cavalry were kept in readiness to charge through the gaps in the Greek front. They pushed straight ahead, irrespective of obstacles, closing in on both sides on the Greeks, who fled panic-stricken before them. Completely cut off from their communications with the rear, the Greeks fled to the west, to the sea.

Kemal Ataturk on the day of attack had given his troops the caustic command, 'Objective—the Mediterranean!'

Within ten days the Turks had covered 190 miles, driving the Greeks before them. And when the commander of a Greek battalion at last managed to get through on the telephone to his base at Smyrna, he was answered by a Turkish officer, who spoke in French so that he would understand.

A small percentage of the Greeks managed to get away

on Allied ships. Relatively few were taken prisoner. The rest were wiped out. It was one of the most terrible defeats of history. And the Turks marched onwards, to drive the Greeks on the European mainland from Thrace.

But the way to Thrace led through Constantinople, which was occupied by the Allies. So the entry of the Turks into Constantinople would mean the renewed flaring up of the World War.

Lloyd George fell. The Turks approached Constantinople. There was nobody to resist them. Paralysed with fear, Europe saw the danger of another conflagration drawing closer.

I was just busy packing my cabin-trunk and wondering about buying a new Gillette in New York, when the Berlin office of the United Press rang me up and read out a cable from K. A. Bickel, General Manager and later President of the telegraph agency:

'bickel cables quote new developments suggest obvious importance having direct service constantinople event occupation by kemal stop rush bing constantinople quickest possible stop view bings experience hopefulest he might join kemal unquote'

I closed my cabin-trunk and put it on one side, adjourning consideration on the matter of a new Gillette. I then interviewed the ex-Khedive of Egypt, Abbas Hilmy Pasha, whom the British had dethroned in 1914 in favour of his cousin, King Fuad, father of the present young King Farouk, about his reaction to Kemal Pasha's victory. I promised on my word of honour that I would keep his residence in Berlin strictly secret and would not publish the interview until he had left the city. Then I 'rushed constantinople quickest possible' and shortly afterwards found myself once more standing on the shores of the fairy-like Bosphorus, this time as a civilian, bearing not a sword, but a much more useful if less impressive instrument, a Remington portable.

TURKISH TRIUMPH

AS USUAL, THE FIRST QUESTIONS ONE PUT TO ONE'S FRIENDS as a newspaperman on the scene of the assignment were for the purpose of sketching in the necessary background for the interpretation of the events. And as always on arrival in a strange country, my very first question was: 'Who hates whom here to-day, and why?'

The answer this time was particularly meaty, even for Constantinople, Europe's traditional 'whispering gallery'. In addition to the 'daily dozen' hates which every European experiences each morning before breakfast, just to keep him fit, the French, the English, the Greeks, the Turks and the Russians were all busy hating on the day of my arrival; the English were hating the Turks, the French and the Russians; the Russians the English and the French; the Turks the English, for the French and the Italians had sided with the Turks, and the Greeks no longer counted, since one hates only those whom one fears; and they all still hated the Germans. So everybody was well satisfied, having ample opportunity to hate away to their hearts' content, which resulted in a state of general moral equilibrium.

The Greeks were the only ones whose demand exceeded the supply. They hated the English, who had driven them into the disastrous adventure in Asia Minor, and also the Turks and the Russians, who were their official enemies, and the French and the Italians, who occupied a similar rôle unofficially; but that seemed to them still insufficient, so they elected to hate themselves. In putting this decision into practice, they had another revolution, the supporters of Venizelos executing the Prime Minister, Gounaris, and a number of Greek Ministers and generals in Athens. With that off their mind, they all felt better.

Constantinople, with its hybrid population and its hybrid mentality, has always been a hotbed of intrigue and espionage. But this time it had excelled itself. By the sweat of their

brow the secret agents of a dozen European governments were busy poking their noses into every bit of dirty linen in order to earn their salary. Young men, worthy of a better future, who through good honest work had won an academic degree or a commission in some European army, spent their days endeavouring along painfully amateur lines to cross-question chambermaids as to the erotic and other secret habits of diplomats residing in the place, for the sake of the good old flag of their respective countries. Their false moustaches slipping out of place in their enthusiasm, they prowled like Cherokees on the warpath, tracking Turkish and other delegates even unto the scene of the most hush-hush performances, in the secret hope that the gentlemen might drop something. These young people prided themselves on a patriotism for which no sacrifice was too great, no lavatory too malodorous. In their spare time many of them were probably in the habit of going through their own dirty linen, just to keep their hand in.

Many European gentlemen hardly knew in the general confusion for which country they were spying; while the Greek, Levantine and Armenian hotel-porters, footmen and servants hardly knew for which country they were not spying.

And as always in this heroic kind of atmosphere, the old saying applied, 'A knave sees nothing but knaves.' Every living soul came under suspicion. Not being a particularly conspicuous figure myself, I was taken only for a British, Turkish and Russian spy, and that only during the first few days; for since I failed to mislay a code either in the strawberry jam or in the lavatory, Messrs. The Secret Agents soon turned their attention to more interesting cases.

One of my colleagues told me how he had locked his clothes in his suit-case, and placed a note on top:

'You silly idiot, if I were a spy like you, do you think I should be foolish enough to leave anything compromising in this hotel room?'

But the secret agent had a sense of humour too. When my friend returned three days later, he found his note still there, and underneath it, the words:

'Now don't be rude!'

Each morning we correspondents—there were about two dozen of us in all—would drive to the British G.H.Q., where Major Johnson of the British General Staff would read out the official statement, giving a short résumé of the events of the past twenty-four hours, including the Turkish troop movements.

Admiral Mark Bristol, U.S. High Commissioner at Constantinople, was most helpful and obliging towards the representatives of the American Press. The admirable relationship of open, friendly, informal contact between Press representatives and high functionaries of the U.S., from the President downwards, a thing almost unknown in the chancelleries of Europe, was here in evidence. Out of business hours, the Admiral was also a charming host, on his flagship the *Scorpion* and in the rooms of the Embassy.

A completely new element in the life of the city was provided by the tens of thousands of Russian refugees, who had fled on Allied ships to Constantinople after the Soviet victory over General Wrangel's White army in the Crimea, prior to spreading into the capitals of Western Europe. They were followed shortly by hundreds of thousands of Asia Minor Greeks, anti-Fascist Italians, Liberal and Social-Democratic Germans and Austrians, German Jews, and Republican Spaniards, who compose the 'migration of tribes' which has been in progress in Europe for the past twenty years and which comprises as many if not more souls than the 'great migration' after the collapse of the Roman Empire.

The large number of lovely Russian women plunged the bachelors of the town, and those who would have wished themselves such, into great mental and spiritual conflict,

especially as the Turkish women, who could easily have vied with the Russians for beauty and charm, were as a rule inaccessible to the Europeans. Many of the Allied officers and diplomats fell head over heels in love, allowing the completely misguided notion to become fixed in their heads that being in love was pleasanter than an armed enemy attack on the city. Later on, however, many of them were to make the discovery that in a man's life love is not an incident but an accident. But by the time they found that out, it was too late, for whereas in the Great War, if one got too deeply entangled in a love-affair, one could always escape by choosing the lesser evil, and offering one's services at the front, here there was no chance of anything of the sort, since the front was coming to town—the Turks were converging upon Constantinople.

About fifteen ladies who had formerly been members of the Russian aristocracy opened an exclusive restaurant called the 'Grand Cercle Moscovite', in which, assisted by waiters, they served the guests, and also danced with them. It was not a night-club in the ordinary sense of the word, and the atmosphere was invariably one of good taste. Each one of the hostesses was lovelier than the other, and not till that day had I really had any conception of what the tortures of Tantalus must have been.

In the Pera Palace Hotel one evening, I met the famous Norwegian Arctic explorer, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, whose name is still mentioned with gratitude to-day by hundreds of thousands of refugees from a half-score of countries; for it was through his intervention that they were able to obtain a 'Nansen Pass', which entitled them to shelter and nourishment after all the deprivations to which the intolerance of their own fellow-citizens had subjected them. He was an imposing old man, standing over six feet, with grey hair and moustache, and a powerful face eloquent of both strength and humanity. He was one of the most distinguished and impressive people I have ever met.

When the armistice conference between the Allies and the Greeks on the one side and the Turks on the other, began in the little harbour-town of Mudania on the Asiatic shore of the Sea of Marmora, I left a journalist in Constantinople as a temporary 'spot protection man' for the United Press, and decided to go over to Mudania myself.

Four of us hired a motor-boat with a Moslem crew—John Clayton of the *Chicago Tribune*, Clare Sheridan, who represented the *New York World* at the time, and who mentions this trip in her book, *Nuda Veritas*, James Bradstreet, an Australian who was travelling for the *New York Times*, and myself. After seven hours beneath the light of a glorious full moon, we reached Mudania and spent the night on board. The following morning, we met the Turkish delegation, led by Ismet Ineunu. Kemal Ataturk, the saviour of his country, remained in near-by Brussa during the conference, from where he daily determined the attitude of the Turkish delegation.

The Allied generals, of whom Sir Charles Harington, later Governor of Gibraltar, represented Britain, General Charpy, France, and General Mombelli, Italy, and the British and French correspondents, and also Clare Sheridan, were put up on the Allied warships, which lay off Mudania. Clayton, Bradstreet and myself managed to get rooms in the town, where the Turks received us most graciously. Unlike the Allies, they had no censorship, and we could report just what we wished. After each sitting of the conference Ismet Pasha would show us the notes and other memoirs which General Harington had sent him, together with a copy of his replies.

I met several old friends among the Turkish officers, and took all my meals with the Turkish delegation in their mess. In this way I got the 'lowdown' twice daily on the inner workings of the conference. The day after our arrival, I suggested to Ismet Pasha that, like the Allies, he should issue an official statement to the Press representatives each day, so that we might give the world Press both the Allied and the Turkish point of view. Ismet fell in with the idea.

With regard to our own reports, he continued to leave us complete freedom, and we sent our dispatches daily by motor-boat to Constantinople, without even showing them to the Turkish officials, and from there they were sent out over the cables of the Eastern Telegraph Company, which were under British military control. We worked for eighteen to twenty hours daily, and hardly got any sleep, keeping ourselves going by sheer enthusiasm and a lot of black coffee.

On the day after my arrival in Mudania, there occurred an incident which passed unnoticed by many people, and which can be told without harm now that Britain and Turkey have buried the hatchet. It was a classic example of the greatly underrated sense of humour of the Turks, by means of which they contrive in harmless but none the less obvious manner to let the other fellow know exactly what they think of him.

The Kemalists had seized huge supplies of arms, munitions and uniforms, with which the Lloyd George government had provided the Greeks. Now that the fighting was over, the Allied generals were received with full military honours on the quayside of Mudania, and as Sir Charles Harington stepped ashore, accompanied by his French and Italian colleagues, he found himself faced with a Turkish guard of honour of picked men, complete with military band.

The intelligent man will usually notice everything that is going on about him, the wise man sometimes will not. Whether Sir Charles, whose wisdom kept his country out of a major war, observed everything of importance on that hot autumn day, I am not in a position to say. It is quite possible that he did not. But I did. As he was passing along the ranks of the Turkish guard of honour, I saw that the entire company was clad in brand-new British uniforms, from which not even the original buttons had been removed.

So it came about that on 250 Turkish chests 1,250 unicorns looked forth upon the world in acute embarrassment, endeavouring to appear unconcerned, and 1,250 lions glared

in impotent rage, while beneath their paws the glaring sun of Asia glittered mockingly on the 1,250-fold admonishment, *Honî soit qui mal y pense*.

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Ismet Pasha granted my request that he should allow the newspaper-representatives to witness the solemn act of signing the armistice agreement. The delegations and the correspondents spent the night from the 10th to the 11th October smoking and chatting in the conference building, while the agreement was being typed. It was signed at 6.30 a.m. Then Harington held out his hand across the table to Ismet, and the Turk shook it; the first handshake exchanged between them, and the first exchanged between their two nations since 1914.

After that, the Allied generals returned to their warships, and I took my leave of the Turks and returned to Constantinople on board a French destroyer. Before leaving, however, I entrusted one of the Turkish delegates with a letter to Kemal Ataturk, requesting him to hand it to the addressee in Brussa. It contained a request for an interview, a list of questions to which I wished Kemal to reply, and twenty-five Turkish pounds to cover telegraphic expenses, since I requested him to send the replies to me in this manner.

Two days after my return to Constantinople, I was rung up by the 'Red Crescent', the Turkish equivalent of the 'Red Cross', which had become a sort of unofficial Kemalist embassy. They had a letter for me.

It contained Kemal's answers to my questions, and the twenty-five pounds were returned, since the statements from the head of victorious Turkey had not come by wire. The reason why they had not was that the Kemal who was being interviewed at the moment of his greatest triumph, when he had just dictated his armistice terms to the great powers, had remembered the Kemal attacked by the Greeks, surrounded by the powers, cut off from the outside world,

sentenced to death as a traitor by his own ruler, Sultan Mehmed Vahideddin, the Kemal who had been forced to send his answers to my questions through a secret, round-about channel, in order that his voice might reach the Western world and proclaim his programme.

And so, as an emphatic gesture of friendship, he repeated what he had once been constrained to do; he sent his answers to me by courier, a colonel of the Turkish general staff.

The contents of Kemal's statements on his peace programme were identical point for point with what he had said at the time of his country's greatest humiliation; but how completely had the outward conditions changed! One and a half years before his claims had been merely an act of defiance. Now they had developed into a programme, which the leader of a nation only a few millions strong and bleeding from countless wounds was able to dictate to the spokesmen of six hundred million people.

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After four years I visited the Crown Prince Abdul Medjid once again in his fairy-like private palace on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus. He gave me an interview for the Press, and when I told him that I intended to write a serial about Turkey, he took a piece of his notepaper, headed with the Imperial turban, and wrote a preface to the serial. A month later, this preface acquired an unexpected importance, for the Turkish National Assembly elected the Prince to be Caliph of the Faithful, spiritual head of the four hundred million Moslems in the world.

My travelling-companions for part of the return journey from Constantinople to Vienna were two very pleasant and courteous young British officers, a second-lieutenant who spoke excellent Turkish and who was, I believe, a member of the British Intelligence Service, and a lieutenant. The Greek troops were just evacuating Eastern Thrace, in accordance with the terms of the armistice. Looking out of the

carriage-window we could see flames as high as a house on the horizon. It was the Thracian village of Katrankeuy, which was in process of being 'evacuated' by the Greeks. We fell to talking of the massacres of Turkish civilians perpetrated by the Greeks in Asia Minor in 1919, and again on the occasion of their retreat; and the lieutenant told how in Smyrna he had seen with his own eyes a local Greek woman straddle-legged over the torn and bleeding corpse of a Turkish civilian murdered by the Greek soldiers and urinating on it in front of everybody, cackling with laughter as she did so. The young second-lieutenant eyed the other reproachfully. He obviously feared that I should report the incident to a newspaper, whereby the world might learn that not every Greek woman has the charm of Helen nor every Greek soldier the manners of an Old Etonian; but I did not report it to a newspaper, because it had been told me 'off the record'. Still, although the Greeks did behave with exceptional brutality in Turkey, I could have told the young Englishman, if it would have been any comfort to him, of cases in which, when Smyrna was retaken by the Kemalists, and the Greek civilian population were huddled together fearfully along the quayside, Turkish civilians went among them, picking out here and there the men who had ill-treated them under the Hellenic occupation and felling them with a single blow from a club, as though they were mad dogs.

Only brains clouded and poisoned by nationalism, the chief programmatic form of hatred and fanaticism in our time, would imagine that that Greek woman was defiling the Turkish corpse or that that Turk was rendering a living Greek into a Greek corpse simply because that fury happened to be Greek, and that murderer happened to be a Turk. Only he who has caught not only other people but also himself in moments when the lid of discipline or 'culture' has blown off the vessel which contains our emotions, only he knows how much brutality is latent in the majority of men of every

degree of education, of every social rank, of every class, every climate, and every country, merely awaiting the moment when it can be given vent with impunity. The spiritually primitive human being, who is at least equally frequent in the so-called upper classes, has an urge for self-expression which, instead of developing along creative lines, satisfies itself by destruction and cruelty.

Creation and destruction, life and death—they are after all one and the same uniform process. For often not only the life but the very procreation of a creature is possible only through the death of another. In the very act of procreation the male gnat automatically commits suicide. Many a female insect eats up the male immediately after fertilization has taken place. And those dark moments in the life of a human soul when in the emotions of the atavistically underdeveloped individual the urge for procreation and the urge for destruction, in its active or passive aspect, meet, and when cohabitation is replaced or accompanied by delight in inflicting or receiving pain, are known as sadism and masochism. And when the urge for destruction meets the urge for procreation with no inhibition at all to check it, the case is referred to as 'rape and murder'.

For death and destruction are the fuel of life, greed and hatred the dynamics of history, and love, pity and resignation the anaesthetics of the human soul.

SHEIKH RASHID MAKES A CALL

MY ADVENTURE WITH RASHID, THE SHEIKH OF THE 'HOWLING dervishes', began before I left Constantinople.

After an interval of many years, I had again paid a visit to a *tekke*, a meeting-room of a group of so-called howling dervishes, one Friday evening. Many tourists have seen these dervishes, who, unlike the members of other dervish orders, are without exception lay brothers. Incidentally, a law was passed in Turkey a few years ago, dissolving all dervish orders and forbidding all meetings of their members.

Like the 'dancing dervishes', the howling dervishes were always willing to admit strangers, even non-Moslems, as visitors at their ritual exercises. One paid ten piastres, which went towards the funds for the upkeep of the *tekke*, and as a gesture of friendship one received a little packet of raisins free. The members of the order were recruited from the lowest social classes, luggage-porters, dock workmen and the like.

Through the rhythmic swaying of the upper part of the body and the rhythmic cry of *la illaha il al ah*—there is no God but Allah—both of which were gradually accelerated until the movements became a kind of ecstatic convulsion and the words unintelligible, these people attained an advanced degree of temporary mono-ideaism, that is, concentration which gradually developed into ecstasy and finally into complete transportation. It was one of the many methods of achieving temporary banishment of consciousness, which can also be obtained through hypnotism, self-hypnotism, opium, morphia, ether, chloroform and the rest of them, and through alcohol. A higher way of obtaining it is the meditation of the *yogi*. Some of these howling dervishes, who were particularly well versed in their technique of concentration and the accompanying 'drawing in of the senses', actually inflicted severe wounds on themselves in our presence and prevented them from bleeding, kissed red-

hot bars of iron without any discomfort, and cooked an egg in their mouths by the insertion of a red-hot iron bar. These practices, similar to the 'mortification of the flesh' practised by Indian ascetics and to the Christian flagellations, were almost invariably, though not invariably, genuine. In certain stages of concentration, which, by special methods of training, can be brought to almost incredible degrees of intensity, not only is no pain felt, but stabs, blows, cuts, and even fire leave no mark on the epidermis. In such states, it is even possible for serious and open wounds to be healed instantaneously by will-power, which at those moments can accomplish deeds that to the lay mind appear as miracles.

It is an established fact, which certain observations and experiences of my own have borne out, that the will, when once special training has rendered it capable of taking over command of the so-called sympathetic or autonomous nervous system normally directed by the subconscious mind, that is, independently of the conscious will, can influence the vasomotoric nerves and the cells of the skin to an astonishing degree. This can take the form of slowing up or accelerating or temporarily stopping the heart's function, or of immediate healing of the subject's own wounds, or, through the laying on of hands, of the healing of other people.

The healings performed by the *kahunas*, the native healers of Hawaii and other South Sea islands, are looked upon as miracles, just as the 'bewitching' of warts and the healings in Lourdes. In reality, however, it is not the old hag who bewitches away our wart, but the will of our own subconscious personality, which has been activated by our belief in the woman's ability to perform miracles—in other words, by auto-suggestion. It is not the Virgin Mary who heals pilgrims in Lourdes, nor is it the *kahuna* in Hawaii, but the patients' faith in their miraculous powers, that is, again auto-suggestion. The 'cultured' man is not healed by the psycho-analyst, but by the faith of the Western sceptic in the doctor's ability to cure him. Each of the three patients

has healed himself through the force of imagination, which has set the subconscious will in motion, and the latter in its turn is the source of pain and of the absence of pain, of sickness and of healing.

Until a few years ago, it was left almost exclusively to people who had travelled in India to report to an incredulous audience just how far invulnerability and lack of pain can go. Not until the visit of the *kashmiri* Kuda Bux to London in 1935 and to New York in August 1938 were Occidental physicians and laymen able to witness exhibitions of genuine fire-walking; and not until January 1938 did the Hindu girl, Koringa, demonstrate in Bertram Mills's Circus in London the perfectly genuine process of being buried alive, never previously seen in the West. I shall write another time about that secret since this is not the place for it.

Later I personally saw the highly-educated Egyptian, Dr Tahra Bey, in the Queen's Hall in London in February 1939, where, under the supervision of Harley Street specialists, he did things which placed the howling dervishes in the shade. In addition to faultless telepathy, he also demonstrated the art of being buried alive, remaining for about twenty minutes in a catalepsy brought about by self-hypnosis, lying in a coffin after having plugged his mouth, ears and nostrils with cotton-wool, while his assistants shovelled a mound of sand on top of him.

Walking among the audience, he inflicted terrible wounds upon himself, made them stop bleeding and instantly caused the scars to disappear through will-power. There was no question of a suggestive influence being exerted on those present, that is, of a suggestion of events which actually did not take place, as is the case in the famous rope trick.

In times like these, when, just as in the eighteenth century, enlightenment walks hand in hand with darkest superstition, one must of course be particularly careful not to be taken in by fraud. But the existence of so-called para-normal faculties, which, incidentally, are *latent in every human being*,

is now admitted even by many of those learned men whose numerous academic diplomas had hitherto obstructed their view of anything outside a certain radius surrounding the human nose.

But beware! Far from giving us cognition of higher wisdom, the 'exploration' of para-normal functions by the inquisitive can lead in the opposite direction, along a road from which for many a mind there is no returning. There is a path which leads to higher cognitions; but not that one. One day, as a humble disciple among other disciples, I shall write about it in detail. Along that path the seductive, poisonous flowers of para-normal phenomena do not blossom.

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The exercises of the howling dervishes were led by their sheikh, a middle-aged man, whose hardened, ascetic body seemed to consist only of muscles. He could allow a dagger to be hammered into his stomach without being hurt; and he could heal the wounds which the other dervishes inflicted upon themselves simply by rubbing his own spittle into them. He had a thin, bony face, with deep-set but friendly eyes. Since it was always late at night before the exercises culminated in most of the participants lying around on the floor in a state of ecstatic exhaustion, I decided to wait until the next day to have a talk with the sheikh.

The *tekke* servant showed me into a small, spotlessly clean house devoid of every comfort, and said that Sheikh Rashid would come at once.

A few minutes later, he entered, wearing the long robes of a Moslem priest, and a green scarf wound round his turban. He greeted me cordially and offered me the coffee and cigarette of which every visitor partakes in Turkey. He himself neither drank nor smoked. We sat upon cushions which, apart from a low round table and a carpet, formed the sole furnishing of the room.

I explained to my host that I was a newspaper-reporter,

but that I had come to visit him for purely personal reasons, since I was convinced that the procedure at the religious exercises of the howling dervishes, which struck the European as so peculiar and pointless, must have some higher meaning for the dervishes themselves; and I should like to know what that was.

'I am pleased by your visit and by your curiosity, Bey Effendi,' said the sheikh. 'You are the first European who has ever asked me about these things. Do not forget what a hard existence my dervishes lead every day of their lives, and how many privations they must undergo. Happiness and unhappiness do not depend on what one possesses, but on what one imagines one ought to possess. The secret of happiness is the absence of desire. The man who has no wishes can possess earthly goods, since their loss will not affect him.

'We dervishes know the strength which comes of having no desires. But even the simplest and most modest of men, going through life at peace with the world and with his own soul, longs occasionally for spiritual union with his Maker; not just merely to approach Him, but to be *united* with Him. Bey Effendi, you are young—you will not understand this till later.

'There are various ways of uniting oneself with the Spirit which imbues all life, and Whom we call Allah. These vary according to the temperament of the individual and the degree of development which his soul has attained. Each way leads to the goal.

'My pupils are human beings to whom God has given a hard life and a simple soul. But those who come to the *tekke* every Friday have understood that *raki* (an alcoholic drink popular with the Moslems, since the Prophet forbade only wine) degrades the human being into an animal, and that it is not sufficient merely to forget, when, through uniting with the great Spirit, one can elevate and improve one's soul.'

I was deeply impressed. I had seldom heard such a subtle matter explained so lucidly and wisely. I could not help thinking how useful it would be if some of our leading psychologists and theologians would attend a course of instruction from the howling dervishes, in order that they might at least learn how to set forth their hypotheses clearly for their own use and benefit, and for that of their audiences.

'As I was saying,' continued Sheikh Rashid, 'there are other and higher ways of uniting with God, but they do not happen to be the right ways for my pupils.

'And then just one more thing,' added my host, looking at me with a smile in his eyes. 'You will imagine that you understand what I am going to say to you now. And you will understand it—but only in twelve years' time, when you are forty. May Allāh grant you a long life!' He smiled at my surprise that he should know my age.

'One has no need to unite oneself with God, for one is constantly united with Him, one is completely *identical* with Him, only one does not know it. But once one has realized this fact, then the Universal Mind, which we call God, does not merely begin to manifest itself in our consciousness, but it operates with increasing effect both within us and through us.'

As I took my leave, the sheikh remarked that we should meet the following year. 'I shall be delighted,' he said, 'if you will visit me when you return from America.'

Once again, he smiled at my surprise.

'Effendim, may I bring back some little souvenir for you?' I asked.

'*Aman*, mercy, no,' exclaimed Sheikh Rashid, then added, after a moment's reflection, 'Yes, do, please—you wish to give me pleasure, and I shall accept with gratitude. But I shall not tell you what to bring me until I visit you.'

'But when and where do you propose to do me that honour?'

'You will see all in good time. It will be before you return.'

'???'

'Ask no more, Bey Effendi,' he remarked with a smile. 'You will understand later.'

I refrained from probing any further into the matter, and took my leave. It was my turn to surprise the sheikh, for I behaved according to old Turkish etiquette, guiding his hand to my mouth and forehead. He promptly performed his part of the old ceremony, now abolished in Turkey, by leading my own hand to his lips and brow.

Almost a year later, on July 17th 1923, I reached Lausanne on my way back from New York to Constantinople.

Being tired, I went to bed early. I had hardly dozed off into a half-slumber when I had the feeling that somebody was in the room. Feeling immediately wide awake, I opened my eyes and saw Sheikh Rashid standing before me. Strange to say, I experienced no sensation of fear, although I was of course speechless with amazement. Never for one moment did I believe it to be a dream. I knew that I was fully awake, although just for a second I did tell myself that it was a hallucination. It is possible in the case of both visual and acoustic hallucinations, which are invariably fabricated by the subconscious mind itself, to remain absolutely lucid and fully conscious, in a state of momentary schizophrenia, consciousness being split into two personalities for the duration of the apparition, one personality thinking clearly and consecutively, the other entangled in a delusion. Then, according to the beliefs of the individual, the subconscious mind creates an apparition of Jesus, the Virgin Mary, the Buddha, an Angel, or the Devil, or whatever it may be. There are also collective hallucinations, some based upon auto-suggestion, such as the well-known case of the 'Angels of Mons', while others, like the famous 'rope trick',

are due to direct suggestion. Optical hallucinations accompanied by an absolutely clear thinking-process can also be brought about at will by a certain secret and dangerous psychic technique which I will not describe, as also by the use of certain alkaloidal substances; for instance, by chewing the berries of the *mescal* plant (*anhalonium levinii*), known as *peyotl* berries in Mexico. These berries usually afford visions of arabesques and geometrical forms, which gradually fade away again without any harmful after-effect. A few years ago, Dr Behringer, of the Institute of Psychiatry attached to Heidelberg University, made a series of experiments with the *mescal* plant. It was significant that the beauty and dignity of the visions fabricated by the subconscious mind were in direct ratio to the cultural level of the people on whom the experiments were made, that is, to the degree of development of their imagination. Moreover, in the more intellectual types, the hallucinations were accompanied by a feeling of elation, though each 'patient' remained completely normal and dictated a running commentary on the visions to the doctor who was making the experiment.

In the case of persons without any specific religious beliefs, who find themselves more drawn to philosophy than to any religious community, the sudden appearance of illuminating higher truths is sometimes accompanied by visions which do not take on any particular shape, but give the effect of whitish light or flaming beams of rays.

In my case it was not a question of a hallucination at all. Of this I was convinced.

Raising his right hand in greeting, the sheikh smiled in a friendly way and said, 'Bey Effendi, stay where you are. I know that you are not afraid, nor have you any need to be. We shall soon meet again in my house. I only wish to greet you now and to tell you what I should like you to bring back for me. In Europe there are some beautiful amber *tespis* (the Mohammedan rosary, usually consisting

of thirty-three beads, while higher members of the religious hierarchy often use ninety-nine). If you would like to give me pleasure, then bring me one. I should like it to have thirty-three beads. But you must promise not to spend a lot of money on it.'

I nodded—since I could not find my voice.

'*Allahah ysmarladyk!* Allah be with you!' said Sheikh Rashid, and disappeared.

The strangest thing and the one which surprised me most was that I was neither afraid nor excited. Half an hour later, I fell asleep. I told nobody of my experience, knowing full well that they would either disbelieve it or think that I was mentally unbalanced.

In Vienna I bought the *tespi*, for I never for one moment considered that the visitation had been a dream or a hallucination.

On July 29th I returned to Constantinople. When I entered the modest, spotless room, I found the sheikh standing there with a smile of welcome on his face, and we greeted each other in the old Turkish manner, after which we sat down and began to chat about politics and all manner of things, including America; but not one word did I say about my experience in Lausanne.

After I had finished my coffee, Rashid observed me with a smile, and remarked, 'I must thank you for the beautiful amber *tespi* which you have in your pocket and which you bought in *Betsh* (ancient Turkish name for Vienna). But you know you promised me that you would not spend a lot of money on it, didn't you?'

I have gained experience since then, and I now think I can explain the visit of Sheikh Rashid in Lausanne. Such cases are indeed fairly common not only in India but in Europe too. In France the process is referred to as *dédoublement*, and in India as *hamta*—'the shadow'. Being the

dispatch of the astral body to a given place, it has nothing whatsoever to do with dreams or hallucinations, which, as I have said before, are fabricated by the subconscious mind itself. The words which are sometimes 'spoken' by the vision are not spoken at all, since of course the astral body has no vocal chords; one imagines that one hears them, but they are actually transmitted by telepathy.

I am of course only one of many Occidentals to whom the *hamta* of an adept has appeared. About ten years ago, a Swedish friend told me of a similar experience which he had had in Persia; my friend Dr Raj, physician to a well-known Indian prince, told me of several such cases; and Paul Brunton, in one of his books, describes a similar experience which he himself had in India.

Anyway, one thing is certain—the human being provides an inexhaustible fund of partly known and partly unknown phenomena, a living illustration of Shakespeare's words:

'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'

ZIGZAGGING BETWEEN CONTINENTS

AS THE S.S. 'GEORGE WASHINGTON' APPROACHED LOWER Manhattan on a November evening of the same year, she commanded a view of that peculiarly fascinating spectacle formed by closely grouped skyscrapers towering one above the other with lights twinkling from their countless windows. It reminds me each time of the slopes of Galata, seen from a ship slipping into the Golden Horn at night.

The next morning we landed. There were no mosques to be seen, only minarets with windows, tall and slim and straight, towering heavenwards. There was no voice of a *muezzin* to be heard, summoning the faithful to prayer, but only a frightful, all-pervading din. People who had obviously never heard the Prophet's wise admonishment that Haste comes from Satan, were dashing about like ants, all bent on reaching the goal before their rivals. They were propelled at such speed by the sheer momentum of their pace that, when they reached prosperity, they could not apply the brakes quickly enough, and skidded into the depression.

In the space of five minutes I saw more pretty girls than I should have seen in five hours in Europe, and this brought home to me at last why the discovery of America in 1492 was long overdue.

At the customs, I was met by a gentleman to whom I had an introduction, and whom I had never seen before. He was positively beaming with friendliness, and I acquired a feeling of affection for him in the first two minutes. Three minutes later, we were calling each other by our surnames only, after another three minutes by our first names, and five minutes later it was 'Joe' and 'Ed', and immediately after that my friend began to look visibly grieved that my first name would permit of no further shortening. Then he showed me a photo of his wife, declaring that she was the most wonderful woman in the world, which later turned out to be only very slightly exaggerated; he called me 'the

swellest guy I've ever met', which I am afraid later turned out to be grossly exaggerated.

On our left, a customs officer bent down to examine a trunk and see whether perhaps—get thee behind me, Satan!—it contained whisky; and as he bent down, the contours of his own hip-flask became visible.

A little further away to the right, a very good-looking wife was bossing a very meek-looking husband.

In other words, I was in America.

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I soon acquired a pleasant circle of friends and became convinced that the U.S.A. and Vienna are two striking examples of the fallacy of the racial theory and of the physical and mental stimulus which a mixture of races can give to society.

In February I was transferred to the Washington office of the U.P., in order to make the acquaintance of as many people as possible who might prove a source of news for the European continental service which I was later to organize. I took a room in a small hotel, and on the day after my arrival, a Sunday, I decided to take a walk through the outskirts of that pleasant city; but this proved exceedingly difficult, for every few minutes a car would draw up beside me and the occupants would inquire with a smile, 'Can we give you a lift?'

Young women are the only people for whom a car might stop in Europe, and then the driver, utterly ignorant of the custom on the other side of the Atlantic, would not ask, 'How far?' but 'How much?'

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During the weeks that followed I met a large number of men who played and still play an important part in the political and diplomatic life of the U.S.A. I had long talks about European politics with the famous isolationist Senators Hiram Johnson and William E. Borah. During the first bi-weekly Press conference at the White House in which I

took part I was introduced by my friend A. L. Bradford, later Paris manager and now general South American manager of the U.P., to President Harding, who gave me the impression of a good-natured, successful country solicitor, trying to make the best of a difficult job, the size and importance of which appeared somewhat bewildering to his subconscious mind.

I also met the Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover, who was later to become President himself, and we had a long and frank discussion in his office about the position in Germany and Turkey. Hoover was engaged at the time in organizing the distribution of food to the Christian population of the Near East, and asked me what I thought of his idea of extending this charity to the Moslem population. I warmly advocated such a course, saying that it was not merely a humanitarian duty in view of the suffering and need left behind after the Greeks had evacuated Asia Minor and Thrace, but that it would be a useful moral investment for the U.S.A.; the Turks were obviously about to experience a national rebirth, and at future times, when it might be advantageous to American interests, they would be sure to remember with gratitude this gesture on the part of America. Charity and wisdom were in this case, as so often, twins.

Before I met Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the great opponent of President Wilson, who torpedoed the U.S.A.'s entry into the Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations, I had heard the ditty—

‘And this is good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lodges talk only to Cabots,
And the Cabots talk only to God.’

I therefore had to reckon with the possibility that a man who was both a Lodge and Cabot would probably not even talk to God, but only to himself in his sleep; but Senator Henry Cabot Lodge turned out to be a very affable old gentleman.

With the then Secretary of State, Charles Evans Hughes, who is now Chief Justice of the United States, I had an 'off the record' conversation about European politics, in which he quite openly mentioned the motives of the U.S. policy with regard to the outstanding problems of the Old World, whilst I was able to give him various pieces of information regarding the situation in the Near East.

Then I had an interesting chat with Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador in Washington, about the all-important and topical question of the Mesopotamian oil-fields, about which I published articles in the Scripps-Howard dailies and in other client papers of the United Press, and in the *New Republic* and the *International Interpreter*.

There was an analogy, and a striking one, too, between two men whose outward appearance was completely unlike and whose social and economic views were diametrically opposed. The Pittsburgh multi-millionaire, Andrew Mellon, then Secretary of the Treasury and one of the three or four richest men in the world, and the Labour leader, Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labour, were both examples of the murderous pace at which important executives in America have to work. I was astonished at the prematurely aged appearance of these two men, one of whom had used up his nerve-power before its time in his fight on behalf of big business, and the other in his fight against it.

From Washington I proceeded to Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit and Buffalo, before returning to New York. In Chicago I saw the first experiment in floodlighting, a delightful idea for which Europe has to thank American ingenuity. The equestrian statue of General Sherman was illuminated from its pedestal, which gave a most pleasing effect and was a complete novelty at the time.

At Niagara Falls I had my first glimpse of a group of Red Indians, and was struck by the resemblance both in face and figure which they bear to the so-called *gorals*, the peasants on the Polish side of the Carpathian Mountains, near the popular

Polish winter resort of Zakopanich. If one were to put a feathered 'war bonnet' on an old *goral*, there would only be the colour of his skin to show that he was not a chief of the Cherokees or the Chippewahs. Our anthropologists accord relatively too much importance to heredity and climate in comparison to the part played by food and other local influences in the formation of body and face, which seem, if they are analogous, to produce such astonishing resemblances between certain human types. In this particular case there could be no question of migration.

Back in New York, I left at the end of May on board the s.s. *Stockholm* of the Swedish American Line for Gothenburg, to represent the United Press at an international Press conference which was to take place in connection with an exhibition in that city.

My first visit to the U.S.A. had shown me a world whose atmosphere of sincerity, hospitality and helpfulness was like a refreshing spiritual bath. When the average American has fully recognized the importance not only of civilization but also of cultural values, then his fearless originality and unbounded energy will soon show the world the way to further development in this sphere too. In the past, America has pointed the way in industry; and at the present moment it is well on the way to pointing it in science.

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From Gothenburg, I made a trip to Oslo, where an assignment awaited me. I was to organize the 'news coverage' of the North Pole flight which Roald Amundsen was planning at the time. My task was complicated by the possibility, which had to be reckoned with, that the grand old man of polar exploration would land in Spitzbergen.

The Norwegian authorities supported my efforts with the most obliging helpfulness. The Prime Minister, Abraham Berge, put me into touch with Rear-Admiral Berglund, Commander-in-Chief of the Norwegian Navy, and with

the help of the admiral and of other Norwegian friends I was able to arrange for instantaneous reports in the event of Amundsen's landing.

We had 'spot protection' men in five different places in Spitzbergen, all instructed to 'flash' the news of any landing in their particular area direct to our London office, and, as a backstop, to me in Oslo. All five were managers of coal-mines, and each had his own little radio-transmitter, which fell in splendidly with my plans. Then, when all our organization was complete down to the last detail, it was announced that Amundsen's flight had been cancelled.

From Oslo my way took me to Stockholm, where, among other festivities, I attended a tea-party in the Royal Palace. The American Chargé d'Affaires introduced us, as members of the U.S. Press Delegation, to King Gustav V. The king applied himself to the task of shaking hands with three hundred uninteresting people and exchanging a few words with each of them, with the same courage to which his ancestor, Charles John Bernadotte, once owed the rank of Marshal in Napoleon's army. When my turn came, he shook my hand with the question, 'And where have you come from?' The conversation was brought to its close by my reply of sparkling brilliance, 'From New York, Sire', a remark which may go down in history side by side with such expressions as 'You too, Brutus?' or 'England expects every man to do his duty'.

Then the harassed monarch turned to greet the next mediocrity.

When I reached Berlin, I was at last able to keep my promise about the Red Indian doll.

Before I went to America, I had visited my dear friend, the Austrian etcher, E. M. Lilien, with whom I had spent many very pleasant hours in Aleppo in years gone by, and I had promised his little daughter most faithfully that I would bring her back a Red Indian doll. I only remembered it by the skin of my teeth. The 'babies' with whom I had to

deal in America being without exception adult, there was nothing in that country to remind me of dolls; until I visited the Niagara Falls and saw a stall on which an Indian from a near-by reservation was offering various souvenirs. Right in front lay a charming little squaw in a cardboard box, and like a flash I remembered my promise. The box was packed with loving care in my trunk, and accompanied me back to Buffalo, then to New York, Gothenburg, Oslo, Stockholm, back to Gothenburg, and finally to Berlin, where Lilien was living at the time. Having paid duty on the little squaw at no less than three frontiers, I had begun to look upon her almost as my adopted child. In Berlin, I unpacked the cardboard box, and an inner voice advised me to remove the doll from it; when I did so, my eyes fell on a sentence printed on the bottom of the box. It read:

‘Made in Germany.’

I arrived in Ankara early in August. The Peace Treaty between Turkey and her former enemies was ratified by the National Assembly in Ankara on August 23rd. When, after sending a report of the ratification, I returned from the telegraph office to the Assembly Building, two deputies, Rushen Eshref and Hamdullah Soubhi, informed me that Kemal Ataturk was expecting me in the President’s room. A minute later, I stood facing my former G.O.C.

He greeted me with the same words, ‘*Nasyl synys?*’—‘How do you do?’—and the same handshake as six years before. But this time neither of us wore uniform, and Kemal had exchanged the leadership of the Seventh Ottoman Army for that of the Turkish State, and had led his country out of death and destruction towards new life.

We spoke Turkish, and he smiled when I purposely introduced several of the obsolete, flowery expressions of the former ‘court language’, sprinkled with Arabic and Persian words, the so-called ‘Sublime Porte Turkish’ which was no longer

used. We spoke of our first meeting in Aleppo, of the interview made possible by the use of a secret courier in 1921, of the interview of October of the following year, and finally discussed the home and foreign policy of Turkey.

Ataturk did not look much older, but the struggles and the responsibility of the past few years had left their mark. His face was lined, and bleaker than before. His eyes had a graver, more serious expression, and that impression of immense strength was intensified. He now reminded me of a lion resting between two kills.

Half an hour later I took my leave. I had not made the trip to Ankara in vain.

On October 2nd I witnessed the evacuation of Constantinople by the Allied troops. The British military police forbade any photographs or films to be taken of the event. The British Tommy has proved his courage so often that this regulation was quite superfluous, for I am convinced that the existence of the British Empire would not have been threatened by pictorial proof that the English soldier has a back. On the other hand, I do admit that the consistent determination to deny this fact of anatomy has been largely responsible for the building up of the Empire. Throughout their history, the English have avoided retreat; when, however, one wishes to go home without retreating an inch, one has no choice but to go right ahead on the theory that owing to the Earth's curvature one will reach home in the end. In doing this, the traveller unavoidably enters more and more strange countries, and when he happens to be there, he might as well hoist the Union Jack on the spot. That, I suspect, is how the British Empire arose from out the azure main.

When the Allied troops were safely on board, and General Sir Charles Harington, whose tact had been of great service to his country, stepped on to the launch which was to take him on board H.M.S. *Arabia*, a petty-officer of the Turkish navy was standing beside me. He watched the diminishing form of the former commander of the Allied forces, then

spoke with almost religious fervour the phrase, as complicated as it is pregnant of meaning,

'Ayaklarynyz kyrylsynda gelmeyinyz!'

'May you break your legs and never come back!'

The first part of that pious wish has fortunately not been fulfilled; the second part has been, though merely in one sense. For in subsequent years, many Englishmen have visited Turkey, but they have visited her as friends.

In Constantinople I had an experience of clairvoyance.

I was staying in the Pera Palace Hotel, on the same floor as my dear friend, Abdul Hakk Hamid Bey, my room being four doors away from his. Hamid Bey, seventy-five at the time, was Turkey's most famous and celebrated poet, and he had also been a senator and Minister to Belgium. When the defeat of the Central Powers and the Revolution in Hungary had isolated him in Budapest with his lovely and brilliant European wife, I had managed to obtain from the Hungarian government the permission for them to return to Turkey, and certain other facilities.

Later, after her divorce from Hamid Bey, his wife had married a Venetian, a descendant of an old line of Doges, Conte Soranzo; but both she and her new husband continued to take a most touching and sympathetic interest in old Hamid Bey.

Conte and Contessa Soranzo were staying in the same hotel as Hamid Bey and myself, and they spent nearly every evening in his company.

On the evening of January 7th 1924 I was having a cocktail in the lounge, when the Countess hurried up to me in a state of great agitation.

'Just imagine,' she said, 'the Bey (she always referred thus to Hamid Bey) has just had some vision or other. I don't know exactly what—but it has something to do with Mustapha Kemal Pasha. A quarter of an hour ago—my husband and myself were with him—he suddenly put his hands before his face

and cried out in horror, "I see them—the Pasha—and I see her too—how terrible—a man is throwing something at them—he is in an officer's uniform—it is a bomb—they are wounded!"

'The Bey's face was distorted with horror, and it was difficult to calm him. He had obviously had a vision, and thought he saw an attempt on the life of Mustapha Kemal and his wife, Latifeh Hanoum.

'We did manage to calm him down at last, and now he is sleeping. I can't understand it at all.'

Kemal Pasha and his wife, as everybody knew, were scheduled to arrive at the Villa Forbes in Boudja near Smyrna that day. A day or two later, rumours began to circulate in Constantinople to the effect that an attempt had been made on the lives of Kemal and Latifeh. The newspapers were forbidden to mention the matter, but more and more details sifted through, and it was rumoured that one or two French papers had reported the attempt. I heard of it through Nico, the hall-porter at the 'Club de Constantinople'.

In spite of the secrecy with which the authorities surrounded the incident, we managed to ascertain that on the evening of January 7th, at the exact time when Hamid Bey had had his vision, a bomb had been thrown at Kemal and Latifeh in the garden of the Villa Forbes, and Latifeh Hanoum had been injured.

We immediately told Hamid Bey about it, but he could remember nothing, and was not even aware that he had had a vision.

Greece having had yet another revolution, that veteran statesman and veteran revolutionary, Eleretherios Venizelos had returned to Athens from exile, to pacify the land. I received instructions to proceed to Athens and interview him.

I reached Piraeus by the S.S. *Famaka* of the Khedivial Mail Line, and the following day I was received in his office by Venizelos, who had accepted the post of Prime Minister.

A number of men were grouped in the courtyard, and in

front of the door leading to the interior of the house, with their right hands in their overcoat pockets; not because their hands were cold, for Athens in January is never particularly chilly, but just in case somebody should feel inclined to object to the Prime Minister's policy in the manner customary in the Balkans.

In that glorious city one really longed to be able to forget the present, and to live among the wonderful remains of an ancient civilization. Incidentally, the Greeks of our time have displayed admirable taste in emulating the strictly classical style of their ancient monuments in a number of handsome modern buildings.

I have to thank Henry Morgenthau, Senior, the father of the Secretary of the Treasury in Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration and himself Ambassador to Turkey under Woodrow Wilson, for the opportunity of meeting at one fell swoop almost everybody who was 'news' in Athens. Morgenthau was staying in the town, to direct American relief-work in Greece in connection with the exchange of their respective Greek and Turkish population upon which Turkey and Greece had agreed in the Peace Treaty of Lausanne. After having discussed the political situation in Turkey at some length with me, Mr Morgenthau invited me to a reception which he and his wife were giving the following evening. I met a number of interesting people at that reception, including the then Greek Regent, Admiral Condouriotis, the Finance Minister Michaluopoulos, the Minister for Foreign Affairs Roussos, and others. A conversation which I had with Venizelos' secretary, Michalopoulos, disclosed that he had entered Oriel College in 1915, one year after I had left Oxford, whereupon, in the name of academic unity, he invited me to lunch.

From Athens, my way led to Vienna, and from there, with interruptions of a few days or a few weeks at a time, for ten years in zigzag patterns here and there all over Europe, and to North and Central America.

TOSCANINI'S BIRTHDAY CAKE

FOR ME, THE YEAR 1924 AND THE YEARS WHICH FOLLOWED it were devoted to the introduction of an American-made news-service into the European continental Press. This involved convincing continental editors and publishers that such a service would be an asset; signing them up as clients; supervising the service at its principal places of origin and in the most important centres of its distribution; and adapting it to European continental conceptions of news interest, while maintaining its impartial character.

To be objective in life, means to accord to others the right to be just as subjective as oneself.

To be objective in reporting news, means to report what one honestly believes to be the facts and to leave all comments to the editorial-writer and the reader himself. The United States are not usually concerned in the intricacies of European politics, with the result that, from the end of the Great War up to the present day, the news-reporting methods used by the big American telegraph-agencies, or 'Press associations' as they are called in the United States, have usually been as objective as it is possible for a journalist to be.

Since during the years 1914-1918 continental Europe was just as overwhelmed as it is to-day with a flood of official statements, semi-official and unofficial lies, false denials and the suppression of essential facts, all of which, then as now, went by the name of 'propaganda', a news-service which was impartial both from a political and an economic point of view, found a ready market among the leading European papers of the post-War period; and during the course of ten years, I was able to make contracts with a little over two hundred newspapers in fifteen different countries in Europe, which meant of course that I was almost constantly on the move, travelling from one country to another.

After various visits in Central European countries, business took me to Rome and Naples, where I had to negotiate for

the United Press news-service to be supplied to *Il Mattino* of Naples, Southern Italy's leading daily. Since I was also buying feature articles and serials for resale to our European continental client newspapers, I went on Christmas Day 1924 to visit Professor Spinazzola, one of Europe's leading archæologists, at that time Inspector-General of all excavation-work in Pompeii, Herculaneum, and throughout Southern Italy, and curator of the celebrated National Museum at Naples. Professor Spinazzola had evolved the sensational new method of excavating Pompeii, and I arranged for him to write a serial for us, describing the latest discoveries made during his excavation-work in Southern Italy.

In former times, the houses in Pompeii and elsewhere were excavated simply by digging. This usually resulted in the collapse of the storeys, of which almost every house in Pompeii had at least one, some two. Spinazzola's method consisted in giving careful support to the upper storeys right from the very beginning. All the beams and the door and window supports, which had been burned by the lava, were replaced by exact reproductions, made according to plaster impressions taken of the cavities from which the burned sections had been removed. In this manner the storeys were preserved intact. A further break was made with custom in that all statues found in the houses were left in their original places, instead of being removed to the National Museum in Naples. The species of the plants which had adorned the gardens were ascertained, and the same species were planted again in the same spot. The numerous inscriptions and paintings which were found on the front walls of the houses were protected by shutters against the rays of the sun. As the result of all this care and forethought, the *nuovi scavi*, or 'new excavations', as they are called, now conjure up before our eyes a genuine picture of that once flourishing residential city, whereas the 'old excavations', their houses almost all without storeys and stripped of most of their treasures, make a totally different though of course still very deep impression upon the tourist.

The conversation which I had with Professor Spinazzola was a most instructive one for me. We exchanged ideas about the interesting fact that, while the ethical teachings of all major religions are basically the same, they have borrowed many of their beliefs, dogmas and ceremonies from one another. I referred to the fact that the winged cherubs with the human heads and the body of a bull, which adorned the four corners of the Sea of Brass, were a familiar decorative element of Babylonian, Assyrian and ancient Persian architecture, several being preserved in the British Museum and in the Louvre. The Jewish conception of an angel, a winged man, is identical with the winged genii of the Assyrians. As for Christendom, many of its elements are of course derived from other religions of antiquity. The idea of the Trinity existed in Buddhism, as the *trikaya*, the dogma of the three bodies of the Buddha, and also in the cult of the Persian Sun-God, Mithra, who was often depicted with his two other manifestations, with which he formed a Trinity—a boy holding a torch aloft to symbolize day, and a boy pointing a torch downwards to symbolize night. From the cult of the God Mithra, with its seven degrees of initiation, Christianity also derived the *mithra*, the Persian mitre worn by the priests of the Sun-God, and nowadays by Catholic bishops. Small round loaves of sacrificial bread, with a cross scratched into them, formed a part of the Mithraic ritual, and became the prototype of the host. In the Mithraic mass, red wine later came to replace the blood of the sacrificial bull, and, by the pronouncement of magic formulae over it by the priest, was turned into the blood of the God. The Christian conception of an angel, a winged girl, is the winged victory of the Greeks and Romans, while the Devil with his cloven hoof and horns and tail, is either Pan, the god of nature, or more probably a satyr, the pagan symbol of fertility and of carnal pleasures; and so one could continue to enumerate examples. Far from detracting from the value of the teachings of the Christian and Jewish faiths, this fact only goes to prove how closely

related many religions are, and to emphasize the truth of the Hindu saying, 'The goal is the same; the path varies with the pilgrims.'

'There was one thing that baffled us,' put in Professor Spinazzola, 'and that was the origin of the stole or surplice of the Catholic priest.'

'Wasn't the *stola* a woman's garment in Roman times?' I volunteered.

'That's just it,' replied my host. 'It was a long strip of cloth with a hole cut in the middle, to allow the wearer to put her head through. It hung down at the front and back, and was held together by strings sewn to the sides and tied in bows. Over this garment, the patrician women used to wear the *palla*, just as the men wore the *toga* over their tunics.'

'Although we considered the possibility that the stole was derived from some extinct religious cult, the mystery remained unsolved until we dug up that house in the Via dell' Abbondanza and found a wall-painting on its façade which showed the goddess Cybele being carried in a procession. Did you see it?'

'I did.'

'Then you will recall that the statue of the goddess rests on the ground, while the priests who have been carrying her are taking a rest. You know, I suppose, that the priests of Cybele were eunuchs, who had sacrificed their manhood to the goddess? Well, when you go back to Pompeii, have a good look at that picture. The priests of Cybele all wear the stole, precisely because it was a woman's garment.'

Then the Professor showed me photographs of several Greek statues which had been found in the south of Italy and were then still stored away in boxes. I should imagine that they are now displayed in the National Museum in Naples. Professor Spinazzola called one of them the 'Venus of Sinuessa' after the Italian village where it had been found, and I agreed with him that it was more beautiful and more gracefully slender than the Venus of Milo, although some-

what less impressive than the glorious torso in the Termini Museum in Rome known as the Venus of Cyrene.

Another recent find was the marble groups known as the 'Nereides'. This Greek masterpiece of the fifth century B.C. showed two young girls riding dolphins; dressed in the long shirt-like *chlamys*, the bodies were supposed to be immersed in the sea. I hardly remember having seen a piece of Greek or Roman sculpture which could compare with this for sheer beauty; the way the artist has treated the sodden draperies is, in my opinion, unique in the history of art. I had always known that in the hands of a real artist marble can create the impression of folds of material; but I had been unaware until that moment that there can be such a thing as a marble veil, or that stone can conjure up the effect of moisture on a garment to such an extent that one feels one could wring it out; nor did I know that a *capriccio* could be composed in marble.

In Rome I happened by chance to meet one of the many members of the widely distributed Colonna family, which reminded me of a supposedly authentic anecdote I had heard years before about them. The history of Rome in the Middle Ages is to a great extent the story of the rivalry between the Princes Colonna and the Princes Orsini, both tracing their ancestry back to the days of ancient Rome, and both of whose families survive to this day.

The Colonnas are said to look upon themselves as direct linear descendants of Julius Caesar, and the story refers to this family tradition. When King Edward VII paid one of his visits to Rome as Prince of Wales, he met Prince Colonna, the aged head of the family. Having been told of their claim to be descended from Caesar, Edward remarked when the old nobleman was introduced to him, 'I understand, Prince Colonna, that your family traces its descent back to Julius Caesar?'

Perhaps the old Prince imagined that he could detect a note of irony in the royal guest's remark, for he replied, 'I

cannot of course be sure that we are actually descended from Caesar, Your Royal Highness. But I do know that my family has held that belief for two thousand years.'

After my return to Berlin from Rome, I once again enjoyed the hospitality of my dear friend, Professor Theodore Landau, the gynaecologist, in whose home I had made many an interesting acquaintance. This time the dinner-party included the Landaus' friends and neighbours, Fritz Kreisler and his charming and witty American wife. Music, like mathematics or languages, is a gift which does not necessarily go hand in hand with general intelligence or with that culture of the soul whose foremost product is modesty and the absence of affectation; but Kreisler's soul has many facets which reflect the divine spark. Kreisler the man is as distinguished as Kreisler the artist. A remarkably liberal education and a taste for philosophy make his company and his conversation as interesting as his music is unforgettable.

In 1925 I decided to try to induce a certain middle-aged woman who had achieved international fame to write a series of articles for us about the emancipation of women. The subject interested her, but not sufficiently to induce her to sacrifice any of her ordinary work in order to write about it. So in this respect my plan did not materialize; but it was not without profit for me, since it afforded me the opportunity of meeting her. I sat opposite her in Paris in the very room in which she had repeatedly given the lie to the theory that a woman is unable to scale the highest summits of human thought.

The small, modern building in which this room was situated bore the name Institut du Radium, and the elderly woman at the desk the name of Marie Curie.

Her voice was melodious, and her conversation well conceived and well balanced, the conversation of a person who thinks first and speaks afterwards.

She was of medium height and slenderly built, her dark hair touched with grey, and was dressed in a black blouse

and skirt and low-heeled shoes—fashions did not seem to interest her. Above her motherly features, cloaked in the spiritual residue of long years of creative activity and shadowed by a hint of melancholy due, no doubt, to the ever-present memory of a beloved husband, watched the eyes of an explorer. Her broad, high forehead was that of a man; and although she was absolutely feminine, the whole expression of her face struck me as masculine, and when I say masculine, I mean it here in the higher intellectual sense of the word. She was anything but a 'man-woman', and there could be no question of any constitutional masculine psychic element, yet somehow years of repeated thought along a man's way of thinking and reasoning had left their stamp on that face which radiated intelligence. This was my first impression the moment I entered the room, and it has remained.

I talked for about thirty minutes with Marie Skłodowska Curie, but thirty seconds would have sufficed for the unforgettable impression which she made on me.

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In December 1925 I made a business trip to New York, travelling on the *Berengaria*. During that voyage I had the pleasure of meeting the Toscanini family.

The great conductor spent much of his time shut up in his cabin refreshing in his memory the scores of the concerts which he was to conduct in New York, for, being extremely short-sighted, he always conducts without a score. They say that Toscanini is exacting and impatient at rehearsals; but however that may be, in private life he is most friendly, natural and modest to a degree. His wife accompanies him wherever he goes, surrounding him with touching solicitude; and on that particular voyage, they had their daughter Wally with them, a pretty, slender, graceful and very intelligent girl, who must have been about twenty-two. Although she was very gay and danced a lot, she seemed to have left her heart behind in Europe. This turned out to be true, for she

later married the painter, Emanuele de Castelbarco, a choice which I could well understand when I met that charming and gifted man.

The Toscaninis were staying at the Hotel Astor in New York, and Madame Toscanini very graciously invited me on several occasions to share her box in the Carnegie Hall when her husband was conducting. Later I visited this delightful family in their home in Milan, and met the younger daughter, Wanda, who bears a striking resemblance to her father, and who, like her sister, is both pretty and intelligent. A few years ago, Wanda Toscanini married that fine pianist, Vladimir Horowitz. In Milan I also met Toscanini's son, Walter, who is an ardent bibliophile.

A few years after that first visit, I had the pleasure of attending the maestro's seventieth birthday party in March 1937 in his house in the Via Durini in Milan.

Early that morning the famous Busch Quartet had given Toscanini a surprise. They had come specially to Italy for the purpose, without saying a word to the maestro, and had gathered in the porch of his home early in the morning to play a birthday serenade. At the party in the evening they gave exquisite renderings of several Beethoven quartets and other pieces, and Toscanini, sitting among his guests, was so carried away that from time to time he made little movements of the head as though he were conducting.

'Look at that—the maestro's conducting!' whispered one of his friends with a smile.

During the general conversation which took place in the intervals at the buffet, I met, among others, Dr Rehrl, the Governor of Salzburg, who had come to Milan specially for Toscanini's seventieth birthday and had brought him the news that the big square in front of the *Festspielhalle* in Salzburg had been re-christened Toscanini Platz in honour of the occasion. For some reason which I was unable to probe, Dr Rehrl insisted on addressing me as 'Your Excellency'. When this happened for the fifth time and when,

with characteristic Austrian politeness, he expressed the hope that I would 'honour the Salzburg Festival with my presence', I was on the point of according him my gracious permission to proceed with the festival even should I be prevented from honouring it with my presence on the opening day; but before speaking, I took a good look at Dr Rehrl, and, seeing that his shoulders were broader than mine, I decided to leave it at that.

Toscanini's birthday cake was so delicious that I yielded to the temptations of the flesh. While the other guests were deep in intellectual delights, discussing the respective merits of the *andante maestoso* and the *allegro con brio*, there arose in me the primitive instincts of the 'cub reporter at a party', which had long been slumbering beneath a thin varnish of self-control, and, going into a corner, I cut myself a second, and a very large, piece of the delicious birthday cake, adopting the tempo of an *allegretto ma non troppo*, so that my movements should not be too conspicuous. The size of that piece shall remain one of the mysteries of all time. Since the cake had a diameter of about twenty inches, the surface of the segment devoured in secret by me could easily be calculated by means of the simple formula:

$$\frac{r^2 \pi}{x} = \frac{10 \text{ in.}^2 \times 3.14}{x}$$

But the key to the secret lies of course in the numeric value of the unknown denominator x . And this denominator x will for ever remain unknown; otherwise at Madame Toscanini's next party, I should be shown the door—and *molto vivace* too.

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After a few weeks of intensive activity in New York, I paid a visit to Washington, where, on the occasion of one of the bi-weekly Press conferences in the White House, I was introduced by my old friend Ray Clapper, at that time manager of our Washington bureau and to-day one of

America's leading columnists, to President Calvin Coolidge. Coolidge was one of the most silent men who have ever occupied the White House, and malicious people even claimed that his conversation never went beyond, 'Two lumps, please.'

This, however, I know from personal experience to be untrue; for to me he said, 'How do you do?'

When on February 5th 1926, I boarded the *Olympic* to return to Europe, I breathed a sigh of relief at the vista of six restful days ahead of me after the hustle and bustle of New York. With that rosy prospect before me I fell into a peaceful and unsuspecting slumber.

The first morning out of New York, the steward knocked at the door of my cabin and handed me a radiogram from my old friend, Carl D. Groat, then General News Manager of the 'U.P.' in New York, which read, as far as I can remember, something like this:

'understand following secret reconciliation stillman mrs stillman aboard olympic under assumed names smith miss fuller appreciate prompt extensive daily coverage already made collect arrangement for radio dispatches bon voyage.'

'Bon voyage!' indeed!

I could see that the rest of the voyage was going to be more hectic than the doings in New York from which I had hoped to recover; I had jumped right out of the frying-pan into the fire. Moreover, I had come up against one of those cases which most clearly indicate the fundamentally different conceptions of 'news values' in American and European journalism, the former conception being that a famous person's private life is public property. The divorce case of James A. Stillman, President of one of America's biggest banks, had been 'front-page stuff' for months, and the U.S. Press had published column after column about it daily, reproducing details of the mutual accusations of marital infidelity which

Stillman and his wife had flung at each other. Characteristically and ironically enough, under pressure of that same 'public opinion', which delightedly gobbled up the details of the case, James Stillman had to resign from his position at the head of the bank for being involved in a 'front page' divorce case. And now Fate had willed that I should prevent these two harassed people, who longed only to be alone, from getting a moment's respite; I should have to eavesdrop and spy on them for twenty-four hours each day.

Having decided to take the bull by the horns, my first visit was to the purser of the ship. Feigning innocence, I asked him which was Mr Ben Smith's cabin, and having no idea that I was on to Mr Smith's identity, he promptly gave me the number. I knocked on the door, waited till I heard 'Come in!' then walked straight into a Louis-Quinze suite and said, 'Good morning, Mr Stillman. I'm a newspaperman—you know what that means. You'd better lock all your valuables away.'

He laughed and decided to make the best of a bad job.

'May I propose a gentleman's agreement?' I tackled him. 'You give me two stories each day about what you and Mrs Stillman are doing on board, what your plans are, and so forth, and I will leave you alone, and moreover, I promise to show you every dispatch before it leaves the ship by wireless. Is it a deal?'

'It is,' said poor Mr Stillman, and we shook hands.

So I sent off hundreds of words every day, describing facts of such importance to world history as the colour of Mr Stillman's ties, or of Mrs Stillman's frocks, the number of eggs they ate at breakfast, not omitting the important fact, for the guidance of future generations, that they liked them boiled three minutes and not four.

The Stillmans helped me, and, as far as it was in my power, I helped them; and so a sort of camaraderie and co-operation developed between the beast and its quarry.

The 'Stillman story' promptly made the front page, and the U.S. papers, including several New York dailies, played it up with a 'one-inch-eight-column-streamer' across the front page, which is to a story what a ticker-tape-and-confetti reception in Manhattan is to an ocean flier.

The *Ocean Wave*, the miniature newspaper published on board the *Olympic*, which carried the wireless news received from the U.S. daily, published the 'Stillman story' the next day in the form in which it had got it from New York, i.e. as the biggest story of the day. It created a sensation on board, where the presence of the Stillmans had hitherto passed unnoticed, and after that the poor couple had to spend their days in their cabins or in remote corners of the restaurant and take their walks on deck by night. Even so, some amateur photographer tracked Mrs Stillman on deck one dark night, much as an explorer might track the elusive giant panda, and almost frightened her to death by letting off a flashlight right in front of her.

I was told later that one of the competitors of the United Press, in their desperate search for a passenger or member of the crew who might be willing to act as their correspondent on board, had scanned the passenger-list and radioed an offer to none other than one of America's best-known clergymen, the Reverend L.! His reply has not been recorded for posterity, but in both spirit and vocabulary it was no doubt influenced by the fact that its author is a member of the church and not of the army.

AND OF COURSE THE DICTATORS

AFTER THE SERIOUS DEFEAT OF THE SPANIARDS AT THE HANDS of the insurgent tribes of Spanish Morocco in 1925, King Alphonso secretly arranged with the military governor and army-corps commander of Barcelona that the latter should become the dictator of the country. The battle had been the King's idea, and now that it had led to a disastrous defeat, he thought public opinion could be silenced only by an extra-parliamentary regime and by the abolition of the Cortes.

So in 1925 the general left Barcelona for Madrid and became dictator of Spain, while the King kept in the background, and the general's regime set the stone of Spanish domestic politics rolling—and it has not stopped rolling yet.

That general's name was Don Miguel Primo de Rivera, and in the spring of 1926 I paid him a visit in the War Office in Madrid. I was accompanied by J. de Gandt, our manager for Spain and Portugal, who introduced me to the dictator.

Primo de Rivera, dressed in a lounge-suit, was of medium height, stocky, though not exactly stout. The face, with its little moustache, was pleasant and intelligent, though not extremely so. The general impression which one received of this man, the friend and predecessor of General Franco, was relatively speaking more one of intelligence than of driving power. The general was politeness itself, offering us cigarettes, and discussing world politics and Spanish politics at great length with me.

He was not a cruel man, and in his private life he was very human. He was a widower, and was reputed to be fond of a good time. I saw him two days later in a theatre in the Calle de Alcalá at a revue starring the well-known dancer, Isabellita Ruiz. Primo sat in a box close to the stage, and, in accordance with the old Spanish custom, the so-called *piropo*, he repeatedly paid Señorita Isabellita audible compliments, such as '*Que guapa! Que linda!*' as he had done in the days when he was a lieutenant.

On the other hand, in another theatre which I visited the following evening, there was wild and demonstrative applause when an actor sang a song which occurred in the operetta and began with the word *libertad*. The public seemed to differentiate very clearly between the man Primo and his regime.

One of the fundamental teachings of the Buddha is the law of cause and effect, of the inexorable rules of causality. And so, just as in all fields, in the political life of Spain the wheel of cause and effect, when once set in motion, continued to revolve. The Primo de Rivera dictatorship caused the Republic to be proclaimed, and this in its turn brought about the swing to the Right under Gil Robles, the Catholic and agrarian leader, and this, in its turn, brought about the victory of the parties of the Left in the 1936 elections, the effect of which was the rising and the eventual victory of Franco's followers, the effect of which will be . . . but we are thinking a bit too fast. One thing is certain, and that is that in politics the wheel of cause and effect, once set in motion, can be brought to a standstill only by great wisdom. It is a dictate of wisdom to show moderation after a victory, and not to trample on the vanquished.

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In Spain I was lucky enough to be able to sign up a number of newspapers. They belonged both to the Right and the Left, among them being the liberal and later republican *El Sol* and *La Voz* of Madrid, and the Royalist *A.B.C.* with editions in Madrid and Seville. My travel schedule then took me back to Italy, where I signed agreements for the supply of United Press news to various papers.

This trip to Italy was also the occasion of my visit to Mussolini, of which I will write only in broad outline, since so many of my colleagues have met him and given much better descriptions of him than I could.

The purpose of my visit was to 'boost' the United Press

to Mussolini, in order to facilitate our correspondents' access to the news, and to prevent any difficulties from being placed in the way of selling our news-service to the Italian newspapers. In other words, my job on that occasion was that of a public relations expert rather than of an interviewer.

Whether the Duce had more time to spare than usual, or whether my relentless eloquence had a paralysing effect on a host handicapped by the tenets of international courtesy, I cannot say; but one thing is certain, and that is that the hour and a half during which we were together were filled with nothing but my hymn of praise to the United Press. When I at last took my leave, the Duce must have come to the conclusion that there are two things worth striving for in this Universe—to be the founder of an Empire, and to become a client of the United Press.

We spoke in French, which Mussolini speaks as fluently as he does German. When I handed him a number of a Zürich paper, he ran through a German article, reading it out half aloud with ease and with a faultless accent.

The interview took place in his study. Besides Mussolini and myself, there were also present the manager of our Rome office and the Marchese Paolucci di Calboli Barone, at that time the Duce's 'chief of Cabinet', which corresponds roughly to the position of Under-Secretary in Anglo-Saxon government departments. The Marchese Paolucci later became one of the Deputy Secretaries-General of the League of Nations, and, after Italy's withdrawal from the League, chief of the news-reel and news-picture agency *Luce* in Rome.

The fact that Mussolini had for many years been a professional journalist became apparent from his questions of a purely technical nature, about the 'deadline' of the various U.S. newspapers, for instance, and about American methods of news-gathering and dissemination, etc., all of which displayed a complete familiarity with the running of a newspaper.

Like Kemal Atatürk, Mussolini apparently liked to sport a powerful and majestic bearing, but in his case his temperament repeatedly caused him to get up to examine a map or some clippings which I had placed before him. His tone in addressing his entourage resembled a command a little too closely for my taste; this he did, I suppose, for psychological reasons, in order to surround himself with an atmosphere of distance and authority.

He treated me, as his guest, with the most perfect courtesy. When we arrived, he was standing in the middle of the room, in front of his desk, waiting for us, and after a firm handshake, he offered me one of the two arm-chairs which were placed immediately in front of his desk, himself taking the other. That a guest should be treated by a polite host as though he were equal to him in rank, is a simple dictate of courtesy; only I fail to see why, whilst we two sat in arm-chairs for an hour and a half, the other two gentlemen should have had to remain standing. I am sure that it would have been quite compatible with the authority of my host if everyone had been seated.

When I took my leave, the Duce saw me to the door, and his handshake was accompanied by the request that I should convey his greetings to the President of the United Press.

At that time we published in about twenty-four countries monthly articles by Lloyd George, Édouard Herriot, Mussolini and Stresemann on the most important points of world politics, a feature which we called the 'statesmen series', and for which each of the writers received regular author's fees. The best-written articles were Lloyd George's. He is the only prominent statesman in my experience who has the knack of presenting a complicated problem to the average newspaper-reader in clear and concise form and with the attributes of good journalism. Many a continental client-editor used to tell me, 'I often disagree with the policies advocated by Lloyd George, but I play up his articles, because

they are those of a journalist, and the reader can immediately grasp the essence of the problem with which they deal.'

Primo de Rivera died in March 1930, seven weeks after his fall. Kemal Ataturk departed this world in the autumn of 1938. I have often made a mental comparison between the outstanding impression made upon an impartial observer by Primo, Kemal and Mussolini. The Spaniard gave an impression of intelligence more than of strength, while Kemal Ataturk and Mussolini displayed both in fairly equal proportions, strength perhaps preponderating with Kemal, and intelligence with Mussolini. It is interesting that both these men gave a forceful impression of driving power, although Kemal Ataturk's movements were slower and more reserved, whilst Mussolini, being the much more temperamental of the two, talks much more, keeps getting up and sitting down again, leaning over the table, speaking with emphasis when once his interest is roused. One must of course not forget in this connection that Kemal Ataturk's majestic calm was in part the age-old traditional manner which the Turk of high social standing was expected to display.

PLAYING AT HIGH DIPLOMACY

IN JUNE OF THAT SAME YEAR, A WELL-KNOWN SCIENTIFIC chemist, R.K., undertook experiments in Vienna to ascertain whether certain chemical substances, if added to nitroglycerine, would produce an unusually powerful explosive. They did.

After his funeral, his widow sold his effects. These included several unpublished secret documents relating to the policy of the Habsburgs, and I negotiated with her about publication rights; but the price she was asking was prohibitive, and before I could reach an agreement, I received instructions to proceed to Geneva as a member of the American delegation to an international Press conference which was to take place under the auspices of the League of Nations.

Various European governments had previously attempted to bring about agreements with regard to rights of ownership in news and similar matters, but the attempts had always proved abortive because of the fact that everything was to hand to accomplish a gentlemen's agreement except gentlemen.

One of the difficulties which the Press encountered in its dealings with the Press departments of various continental governments which a friend of mine christened 'suppress departments', lay in the fact that these were usually run not by journalists but by civil servants, who often had no conception of the needs of the Press and who indeed not infrequently even prided themselves that the news they handed out was 'inoffensive'—rather like a eunuch trying to pass himself off as an ascetic. It did of course occasionally happen that some member of a governmental Press department would hand out a piece of genuine information to the Press in a fit of absent-mindedness.

And now a world conference was to be held on various professionally interesting topics, and was to be attended by official, semi-official and independent newspapers and telegraph-agencies, and by governmental Press departments.

Evidently the representatives of various continental governments were secretly hoping that they would be able, by some magic, to cast the spell of their influence on the representatives of the independent Press, for more and more journalists were coming to the regrettable conclusion that not every act of perfidy perpetrated by a government was statecraft.

The United Press was represented by Roy Howard, chairman of the board, Ed. L. Keen, Henry Wood and myself. Howard's personality soon dominated the proceedings. This little man with the driving power of a steam-engine, who trampled with youthful vigour on the most iridescent tissues of European official dialectics, brought with him the cleansing atmosphere of a thunderstorm. His remarks formed a refreshing contrast to the many pompous speeches bristling with phrases like: 'it will be considered in due course', 'the matter does not lack interest', 'whereas, on the one hand, the problem will be examined by the competent government department, I wish to point out that, on the other hand, no early settlement can be envisaged'.

The only person who remained unmoved throughout the proceedings and against whose polite smile the waves of Occidental rhetoric broke without effect, was one of our Japanese colleagues. Since he spoke only Japanese, his soul was protected against any danger of becoming ensnared by European intrigue. So there he sat, as impassive as the famous Buddha of Kamakura, dreaming perhaps of the snow-clad slopes of sacred Fujiyama, thirty-six different aspects of which have been bequeathed to posterity by the divine brush of the honourable Master Hokusai. Our Japanese colleague represented a telegraph-agency which entertained business and friendly relations with the United Press. The tenets of the Shinto faith had taught him the wisdom of obedience to higher powers, and each time Roy Howard raised his hand to vote, he raised his too.

Shortly afterwards, on September 10th of the same year, I witnessed an event which to-day is just as remote as the Battle of Hastings—Germany joined the League of Nations.

There was tense excitement in the conference hall as the chairman of the plenary assembly, the Yugoslav Minister for Foreign Affairs, Ninčić, announced: 'I request the German delegation to take their places.'

Hundreds of pairs of eyes were focused on that narrow doorway in which the thick-set figure of Stresemann appeared, followed by the members of the German delegation, and amidst an absolute hurricane of applause, the representatives of the Second Reich took their seats. There then followed speeches by Briand and Stresemann, both passionately sincere.

That was the day on which the foreign Press representatives accredited to the League of Nations gave their traditional annual luncheon-party in honour of the League delegates. The chair was taken by my old friend Ramón de Franch, correspondent of *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, and to the right of him sat Sir Austen Chamberlain, and on his left the Italian delegate Scialoja. Facing me was Sir Eric Drummond, later to become the Earl of Perth, who was then Secretary-General of the League, and later, until the end of 1938, British Ambassador to Italy. We discussed various well-known figures of contemporary politics, and I made a comparison between the personalities of the three dictators, Primo de Rivera, Kemal Ataturk and Mussolini. Lord Perth had not met Kemal, and he put one or two questions to me about him. I then asked him which, among the many statesmen he had met, was in his opinion the strongest personality.

Without hesitation, Lord Perth replied, 'General Botha, who fought us in the Boer War and later became Premier of the Union of South Africa. Strength just oozed from every pore in his body.'

This luncheon-party provided the occasion of a memorable scene. Those two political cartoonists, Kelen and Derso, familiar to all members of the international Press, attended the League of Nations sessions every year in Geneva. They were in the habit of designing menu-cards for each of the

traditional Geneva banquets; these menu-cards were very amusing and also displayed brilliant satire. In honour of this particular occasion, they had evolved an excellent combination of caricatures of the most important delegates. In the middle of the card was Sir Austen Chamberlain, glancing up with an expression of surprise and pleasure on his face, whilst above his head Briand and Stresemann were clinking glasses and smiling at each other in a spirit of friendship.

At the banquet Briand spoke again, welcoming Germany's entry to the League with an eloquence behind which glowed the warmth of feeling. Stresemann then rose to his feet and replied with equal warmth and sincerity, concluding with the words: "And may this menu-card, with its delightful symbolic picture, become reality!"

To the accompaniment of thunderous applause which swept aside all diplomatic traditions, the representative of Germany went over to the spokesman of France, who had risen from his seat, and with the melodious echoes of a higher harmony, their glasses clinked.

What's that, *mes enfants*? You want to know whether that one is by Hans Andersen or by Lewis Carroll? Why—I saw it with my own eyes. But, come, it's time to say your prayers and go to bed.

In the spring of 1927 I undertook a 'sales drive' in Italy, where I was able to sign up newspapers in Genoa, Milan, Venice, Bologna, Florence, Naples and Palermo. The most picturesque newspaper premises I have ever seen were those of my new client, *Il Gazzettino* in Venice, situated in the lovely Palazzo Gritti-Giustiniani. It was a strange anachronism to row past the house in a gondola and to hear the clatter of the rotary presses emerging from the glorious fifteenth-century façade. Giovanni Talamini, the eighty-two-year-old publisher and editor with whom I made the agreement, told me many stories of his young days, when Venice still belonged

to the Habsburgs and the Austrian officers used to stroll down the Piazza San Marco in their white tunics.

In the Grand Hotel in Palermo a pleasant surprise awaited me. When I walked into the lounge, I beheld a man sitting there, surrounded by fifteen girls, each lovelier than the other. A second glance at this optimist revealed his identity to be that of E.F., with whom I had worked on the same paper fifteen years before as a 'raw cub', and whom I had not set eyes on since. Recognition was mutual.

'I don't know whether all white-slavers begin as journalists,' I remarked politely, 'but an inner voice whispered to me fifteen years ago that you would one day make your *début* in this business.'

'How do you mean, *début*?' retorted F. indignantly. 'I have for years been one of the most experienced men in this risky profession.' Then, after reminding me that even in my youth I had been incapable of any noble thought, he pointed out that I had founded my base assumption on purely circumstantial evidence, for he was the director of the Jacques Dalcroze School for Classical Dancing in Laxenburg Castle near Vienna, and the young ladies were his pupils. They were on their way back from Syracuse, where they had been engaged as the chorus in the performances of classical tragedies in the wonderfully well preserved ancient Greek theatre.

Sitting there, surrounded by fifteen delightful Viennese girls, my poor bachelor soul seemed to hear the angels singing Schubert songs, and in my mind's eye I saw the glorious park of the one-time Imperial summer residence in Laxenburg, and myself again picnicking on the lawns with the delightful *Fräulein* Franzl, with her strong Viennese accent and her little Viennese tip-tilted nose. Then I could see those fifteen slender, graceful figures revolving to the strains of a Strauss waltz, with the forest in the background and the façade of the one-time summer residence of the Habsburgs as silent witnesses of the fact that even old Emperors were usually young once, even if only temporarily.

I wonder whether that forest and that old castle still see the graceful, rhythmic movements of youth? Graceful? I don't know. Rhythmic? Perhaps.

Perhaps the goose-step.

At the end of August there was a second international Press conference in Geneva, the United Press this time being represented by its President, K. A. Bickel, and by Ed. L. Keen, Henry Wood and myself. The late Robert P. Scripps, principal owner of the twenty-one Scripps-Howard newspapers and of the 'U.P.', and George B. Parker, Editor-in-Chief of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, had also come specially from New York in order to attend. The Associated Press was represented by its General Manager, Kent Cooper, and William Randolph Hearst's 'International News Service' by its President, Koenigsberg, and there were also about sixty other newspapers, government Press departments, official, semi-official and independent telegraph-agencies represented, and others who thought they were independent but were not quite sure.

It was an all-star cast, and a great number of internationally known newspaper-publishers, directors and editors had come from all corners of the globe in order solemnly to agree to disagree.

The chair was taken by the late Lord Burnham, publisher of the *Daily Telegraph* in the days before it absorbed the *Morning Post*. He was an experienced and excellent chairman, who kept the conference up to scratch and saw that some real work was done. Among the more prominent British delegates was the late Lord Riddell, chairman of the British Newspaper Publishers' Association and publisher-owner of the *News of the World*, *John o' London's Weekly*, and other well-known papers and magazines, and Sir Roderick Jones of Reuter's Telegraph Agency, accompanied by Lady Jones, a beautiful and highly-gifted woman, who, under the name of Enid Bagnold is a successful novelist. I have never been able to understand why the most charming and intelli-

gent women are invariably the wives of one's compe perhaps it is the ruling of a wisdom higher than our c

Bob Scripps, as we called him, wished to make use opportunity for a free-and-easy round-table talk be some leading British and American delegates, wit object of facilitating an exchange of ideas about the important questions of contemporary international p between the men who were largely responsible for mor public opinion on both sides of the Atlantic. The round talk was to be arranged as an informal dinner, with con tion over coffee in a private room in the Hotel des Be He invited Lord Riddell, Sir Campbell Stuart of *The* and another British delegate whose name I forget, and Bickel, Parker, Keen and myself.

Round tables are tricky things. The hosts usually think circumference, which connects those present, while some often seem to think of the diameter, which separates the

The conversation was exceedingly pleasant, and those p soon felt a spontaneous affinity for each other, but the mo politics were touched upon both thoughts and words slit off the supple, slippery chain-armour of reserve and caut made several attempts to give the conversation the de turn, but the odds were too great; I have been in exis only since 1894, and that supple chain-armour since

Incidentally this party provided me with a most agre friendship. The following day, after the morning sessi the Press conference, I found myself leaving the Bât Électoral side by side with Lord Riddell. Walking ba our hotels, we fell into an interesting conversation which nothing to do with the conference, but was, as far as I re ber, about Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus and other outstar philosophers of the stoic school. I knew that Lord R was an extremely successful and astute newspaper magazine publisher, and a man of great charity who had large sums for the care of the sick and other purposes now the old gentleman's lean, clean-shaven face showe

keen pleasure which intellectual discussion gave him, and I realized what a wide range of interests he had and what an unusual education. I particularly remember the interest which he took in medicine.

He invited me to visit him in London, where, until his death, I was repeatedly a guest at his town house in Queen Anne's Gate, and sometimes in Walton Heath and at the Carlton. We never talked 'shop'. When I was away, he would send me books and articles written by himself, in some of which he discussed matters upon which we had touched in our conversations. This was particularly the case on one of the occasions when we discussed religion, when, in illustration of my contention that it was not God who made man in his own image, but vice versa, I quoted Spinoza's saying, 'If a triangle could think, it would picture God as eminently triangular.' Shortly after our conversation, Lord Riddell, who described himself as a Pantheist and inclined to the line of thought of Henri Bergson, sent me a book which he had written a few years previously containing reflections on various philosophical questions; and on the occasion of my next visit to London, the debate was continued. It is to this interesting man too that I owe the idea of writing my life-story, a suggestion which I have not been able to put into practice until now, several years after his death.

But to get back to the Press conference. My chief, Bickel, had from the first intended to force a show-down which would compel the numerous representatives of dictatorial and other governments present to state whether or not they were in favour of freedom of the Press and of unbiased international news-reporting. In other words, whether they had turned up solely to sabotage with a polite smile every serious attempt at facilitating an independent, non-partisan activity of news-correspondents in their respective countries, or whether they meant business.

We were under no delusions, knowing as we did full well that the unreliability of certain European chancelleries was the

only thing upon which one could rely. We were also quite certain that these chancelleries would not fail to wriggle out of whatever uncomfortable undertaking they might be obliged to enter into. Bickel's idea therefore was merely to force the conference to make some gesture which would be tantamount to a public admission of the freedom of the Press. I welcomed this plan with all my heart, firstly because it rendered it a little more difficult for the powers-that-be to impair the independence of newspaper-correspondents, and secondly it was all to the good if our own agency could wear the halo of the moral pioneer in the affair, since we had started the ball rolling. I was thinking of the sales-drive which I planned for the autumn, and I told myself that a moral victory of the freedom of the Press, brought about by the initiative of the U.P., would help me to get many a contract with newspapers which were on a high ethical level. I saw myself as a veritable guardian angel of the freedom of the Press, complete with halo and wings—or perhaps, in view of my weight, with propellers—flitting from one editorial desk to another, getting the editors' names on the dotted line. I did not consider myself cynical for thinking along these lines; for I have never yet heard of even the noblest and most humane doctor failing to send in his bill after he has done his noble deed.

It was Bickel's intention to move a resolution affirming the freedom of the Press and explicitly condemning its curtailment by censorship or other methods. We felt confident that in this stand for honest journalism, we should have a number of delegates, in the first place the British, American, Dutch, Scandinavian and Swiss, on our side, but it was equally clear to us that the numerous representatives of dictatorial and semi-dictatorial governments would nip the motion in the bud if they were given half a chance.

Deep in thought, much as Pythagoras must have been two minutes before he discovered his theorem, Bickel and I paced the Quai des Anglais. It is well-known that the divine spark of creative thought can illuminate even humble souls

for moments, and so there suddenly came to me what I considered the saving idea.

'Throughout history,' I began unctuously, 'there runs the contrast between the ethics of the State and those of the individual as the late Niccolò Machiavelli has so aptly demonstrated. In other words, what would be merely an act of statecraft on the part of a government, which is, by the tenets of Roman law, a juridical person, is often just a dirty trick when done by an individual, that is, a physical person. Well, let us base our strategy upon this contrast,' I concluded, proud of my rhetorical display, the skyline of the Oxford Union building flickering before my eyes in the haze of that hot August day.

'What in all the world are you talking about?' asked Bickel, bringing me down to earth with a bump.

I laid my plan before him. 'If we allow the motion to be submitted to a vote,' I said, 'it will be quashed, because the majority of representatives of the Press departments of the various continental governments and of the government-subsidized telegraph-agencies, led by those of the "authoritarian" states, will vote it down, if only to save their own jobs at home. They will feel themselves protected by the anonymous character of a vote effected by a show of hands.

'But if we should manage to fix up a roll-call, those gentlemen will cease to be representatives of governments, lurking in the shadows of anonymity. They will suddenly emerge as physical persons of flesh and blood, who cannot just raise their hands, but will be called out by name and will have to state their opinion in front of everybody. And that is the salient point. For to stand up in front of all the sixty-three other delegates and say "No", amounts to a solemn declaration that you side with the suppression of the freedom of the Press, that you are on the side of reaction, and of the Middle Ages which some people believe to have ended in 1453.'

The decisive question of a technical nature was of course how to force a roll-call upon the assembly, before the people concerned would have time to smell a rat and sabotage the

scheme. I suggested that Bickel should ask the chairman, Lord Burnham, for a ruling as to how many delegates' signatures were necessary to assure that the vote be taken by roll-call. I would then immediately try to canvas a number of my friends, who represented independent papers and agencies at the conference, to get together the necessary number of signatures as quickly as possible, before the 'counter-action of the Middle Ages' could set in.

Bickel is one of the most creative and imaginative men I have ever known in journalism, and like many men of unusual ability and vision, he is a stranger to any form of vanity or pride of authorship. So he got busy, and by the afternoon he was able to tell me that Lord Burnham had informed him the conference was bound by no parliamentary methods and that he was prepared at the request of a single delegate to decide the motion by roll-call.

The following day, Bickel moved the resolution and asked for a roll-call. Lord Burnham ordered it. And one by one the delegates had to stand up and vote, full in the glare of world publicity. 'Aye,' 'Aye,' 'Aye,' they voted, whilst my ear seemed to hear a peculiar sound strangely like the grinding of teeth.

Sixty-three delegates voted for the resolution, and one against—our Turkish colleague.

You see, Kemal Ataturk, President of the Turkish Republic, had a few months previously rounded up all the prominent members of the parliamentary opposition on whom he could lay his hands and had them hanged, since when it was considered detrimental to one's health in Turkey to hold a different opinion from Kemal Ataturk's. Our Turkish friend had to choose between saving his face and saving his head. Can you blame him?

And the consequences of the resolution? In the long run, everybody was satisfied, both we moral heroes and the dictatorial governments, since we all felt that our respective interests had not suffered. We maintained that we had won a victory, and they maintained the censorship.

A SECRET ABOUT COLUMBUS

DURING THE YEARS 1928-29 I TRIED FOR THE FIRST TIME to combine with the sale of our news-service in Europe and the Near East the creation of a regular market in these territories for important features, articles and serials about political, scientific and other subjects of general human interest, as well as for the publication in serial form of a number of important novels and memoirs of famous people. This first systematic attempt to introduce 'syndication' throughout the Continent of Europe would make it possible to buy and sell the products of people who expected to be paid much more than the average individual newspaper could afford or would be willing to pay. An incidental advantage from a personal point of view was the contact which it brought me with a number of interesting people, statesmen, scientists, authors and others.

I soon found that some people who wrote for us had highly original ideas but were unable to present them in an interesting manner, while others were what I should like to call 'literary pearl-divers', men who dive down into the ocean of thought and come up with shining pearls which glitter in all the colours of the rainbow. Unfortunately, however, pearl-oyster-beds are confined to the shallowest parts of the ocean.

I have already mentioned the 'statesmen series', which consisted of monthly articles by Lloyd George, Herriot, Stresemann and Mussolini. Among the most interesting of the other articles and serials was one by Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzmaurice of the Eire army, who had been a passenger in the *Bremen* when that plane accomplished the first transatlantic flight in a westerly direction. The *Bremen* landed on Labrador and I managed to get into touch with Fitzmaurice there and get him to describe the crossing in a series of articles which were taken from Labrador to New York and then transmitted direct by cable to Europe.

When the excavations at Herculaneum led to sensational discoveries, Professor Amdeo Maiuri, who had succeeded Dr Spinazzola as the director of all excavations in Southern Italy, wrote several interesting signed articles about them specially for us. Paul Painlevé followed Édouard Herriot's lead and wrote a series of articles about political subjects, while in April 1929, our Paris manager, Ralph Heinzen, one of the most efficient men on the foreign staff of any American newspaper or telegraph-agency, was negotiating with Clemenceau about the world publication rights of his memoirs. I do not recollect why the negotiations were broken off, but I believe it was due to the impossibility of agreeing about a price.

At about the same time I signed up for a series of articles about Parisian life, art and kindred subjects of general human appeal by a woman who is a living proof that the highly educated and cultured *grandes dames* who were the life and soul of the *salons littéraires* of former times and whose own intellect attracted to them the great intellects of their time have not died out in France. I can scarcely remember ever having read articles which were so sparkling with charm and wit as those of Princess Lucien Murat—they frothed and bubbled like champagne. Princess Lucien Murat was a Rohan before her marriage, so she bore two names which have made French history. She later married Count Charles de Chambrun, who is a direct linear descendant of La Fayette and, as such, as the result of a decision taken by the U.S. Congress in the eighteenth century, is entitled to American citizenship. At the time of the Franco-Italian pact of 1935, which Pierre Laval reached with Mussolini in Rome and which Italy denounced in 1938, Count de Chambrun was the French Ambassador to Italy. When I was in Rome in the Spring of 1935 shortly after the signing of the pact, Madame de Chambrun invited me to lunch at the embassy, which is, I believe, unique among the embassies of the world for the beauty and fame of its

domicile. It is situated in the stupendous Palazzo Farnese, which was partly built by Michelangelo out of the stones of the Coliseum for Paolo Farnese, later to become Pope Paul III. As my hostess showed me round the palazzo and pointed out its chief beauties, I saw with amazement the scale on which the 'upper ten' of Rome lived in the Renaissance. The palace staircase is built in such a way that it is possible to ride up on horseback to the first floor, the arcades of which used to be open and contained treasures of antiquity, some of which still excite admiration in the Museum in Naples. Amongst these is the Farnese Hercules and the group known as that of the Farnese bull. Several of the indescribably lovely ceilings are carved in cedar-wood, while frescoes from the hand of Renaissance masters cover the walls. One of the marble mantelpieces, with a recumbent figure on each side, is the work of Michelangelo and resembles another of his works, the tomb of the Medici in Florence. The imposing 'Hall of Hercules' is 100 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 46 feet high. The monumental fireplace of the great dining-hall is also the outlet of the secret passage which leads to a secret apartment in which Pope Paul Farnese on more than one occasion kept prisoners.

The apartments occupied by the ambassador and Countess de Chambrun were as cosy as they were tasteful, no easy thing to achieve in a building in which some of the rooms were as long as a whole block of buildings in most streets. On the piano and on a pedestal stood two busts by Auguste Rodin, depicting Countess de Chambrun's father. This palace built by Michelangelo was a worthy setting for the work of an artist of our generation whom posterity will probably rank with that giant of the Renaissance, if they do not even go so far as to place him higher. For Rodin is the only one who can approach Michelangelo for the richness of his ideas and the power of his execution; while in profundity of thought and of symbolism some might claim that he excels the genius who built the Farnese Palace.

One of the most unusual serials which I was able to furnish to the European Continental Press in 1928 was connected with two interesting people, one ranking among the greatest novelists of our time and the other now the foremost columnist in the U.S.A.—Sinclair Lewis, and his wife, Dorothy Thompson.

In 1924, when this extremely gifted woman was in Berlin, starting her job as Central European correspondent of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* and when at Saturday evening dances in the famous Hotel Adlon, I was endeavouring to partner her without treading on her toes, we, her male colleagues, already looked upon Dorothy Thompson as the only woman journalist in our experience who had a really mature, unbiased political judgement, uninfluenced by emotions. She was married at that time to a Hungarian by the name of Bárd, who represented the Associated Press in Budapest; which is but another harsh example of the truth that the most attractive women are invariably the wives of one's competitors.

In the late spring of 1927, Sinclair Lewis arrived in Berlin, and, like her male colleagues, Miss Thompson went along to interview him. But, unlike the rest of his interviewers, our colleague of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* returned to her office in a state which, to put it mildly, was one of bewilderment. Dropping into an easy-chair, she told her assistant, Dr K., from whom I have the story, what had happened to her.

She had been discussing various matters with Sinclair Lewis, among other things his desire to be present at one of the periodical Press conferences in the Wilhelmstrasse. At the end of this conversation, Lewis said, 'Miss Thompson—now may I put a question to you for a change?'

Feeling mildly surprised, she told him to fire away. Her surprise, however, assumed unforeseen proportions when the question with which he chose to turn the tables on her, was, 'Will you be my wife?'

And, by an odd trick of Fate, on that very same day, Dorothy Thompson received the official confirmation of her divorce from her first husband.

I scarcely imagine that she said, 'This is so sudden!' when Lewis 'interviewed' her. First of all, Dorothy Thompson is not the woman to use platitudes, and secondly, women say, 'This is so sudden,' only when the proposal is long overdue. This particular proposal, however, really was sudden.

Dorothy Thompson thought it over for a few days, and then said Yes. When they married shortly afterwards, our London office proposed that Sinclair Lewis should write a series of articles for us, and the idea sprang up—I cannot remember whether it originated with Lewis or with his wife—that the couple should spend their honeymoon travelling through rural England in a caravan, and that Sinclair Lewis should record his impressions of 'unknown England' in serial form for us in a number of articles bearing the caption 'I discover England' or some such title.

The serial had a big international success, and I was able to arrange for its publication in about nine different languages.

At the end of December 1930, Sinclair Lewis came to Berlin again, this time on his way back from Stockholm, where he had just received the Nobel Prize for literature. Visiting him in the Hotel Adlon, I was very impressed by this tall, thin, red-haired man, whose unaffected, unassuming manner immediately wins one over. We talked of his plan to visit Naples, and I particularly urged him to visit the *nuovi scavi*, the so-called new excavations, in Pompeii. Then we talked about Vienna, which we both loved; and when, a year later, I asked him to send me a signed photograph of himself from New York, he autographed it with the typical Viennese greeting, 'To Edward J. Bing, *Grüss* Gott! Sinclair Lewis.'

On August 3rd 1929 I was in Nürnberg on business, and on the road leading from the station I saw a man standing

in an open car, addressing a group of people. Most of the passers-by glanced in his direction and then went on their way, apparently unimpressed. Out of professional curiosity, I joined the group of about eighty or a hundred men, mostly youths from eighteen to twenty, who were clustered round the orator. The speech contained nothing more than one might have found in the leader of any nationalist newspaper, but it possessed one peculiar quality which I had hardly ever heard before in a speech in Germany—it appealed exclusively to the emotions. This was precisely the reason why it made such a deep impression on the youthful listeners, while older men would stop to listen for a few minutes and then walk away unmoved. Yet, without quite realizing it, they had heard something unique, the first political programme in the history of the German people which had set out to attain its goal by allying itself exclusively with two aspects of the human soul, with passion and with the urge for mysticism.

A policeman in his green uniform was standing beside me, listening; and as I turned to go, he said to me, 'Do you know who that is?'

Then, before I could reply, he added with a laugh, 'That's the gentleman from Austria, the fellow who'd like to govern us all!'

October 3rd brought the death of Dr Gustav Stresemann, Minister for Foreign Affairs of the German Reich, shortly after he had obtained the evacuation of the Rhineland from the Entente powers. A few days later, I received confidential information to the effect that Stresemann had left various notes and diaries for which the world-wide publication rights were available. I negotiated with Baron Rochus von Rheinbaben, a close friend of the dead man, who had written Stresemann's biography. As a result of these conversations, I met Dr Wolfgang Stresemann, the son, and Consul Bernhard, the confidential secretary, of the departed statesman, and

I was the first person outside the dead man's close circle of relations and friends to examine the literary material he had left behind. There were some very interesting confidential notes about the negotiations immediately preceding the Locarno pact, also about certain world-famous personalities who until very recently played leading parts in German politics. The idea was that I should select and compile material for a series of articles from the documents and diaries, and that we should then acquire the publication rights from the Stresemann family.

A number of interesting items would have had to be omitted out of loyalty to the dead man, whilst the rest of the material was, in my opinion, more interesting for Germans than for other readers. So the project failed to materialize. Stresemann's memoirs have since been published by other firms.

Four months later, however, I did see a document of extraordinary interest in Barcelona, where our local correspondent, Conrado de Maluenda, had introduced me to Professor Manuel Rubio Borrás of the local University. The professor showed me an entirely unknown and unquestionably authentic document in Italian, in the beautiful Gothic script of the late fifteenth century. It was written by the hand of one Giovanni Borromeo of Milan, a member of the famous family to which the Borromean Islands opposite Stresa in the Lago Maggiore owe their name, and which has provided the Catholic Church with a saint.

The document was dated 1494, and its author, who died in 1495 and who had obviously felt his end approaching when he wrote it, declares in it that he wished before his death to impart to posterity a secret which had been confided to him by his children's tutor, a certain Don Pedro Martir Angleria, official chronicler of the 'Catholic Kings' and later Ferdinand's and Isabella's diplomatic and financial agent accredited to the Republic of Genoa. Angleria, who had known Columbus personally, had confided to the writer

that the discoverer of the New World had not been born in Genoa but in Majorca, and that, in order to obtain the support of the Catholic Kings, he had usurped the name of one Christopher Colombo of Genoa.

This document would explain why people have supposed that the discoverer of America was Genoese and it would also indicate that Columbus had good reason to fear that Ferdinand and Isabella would refuse their support if they were aware of his identity.

It is known that the South American historian, Professor Luis Ulloa, is of the opinion that Columbus was born either in the Balearic Islands or somewhere near them, that he was of Jewish descent, and that, like his brother, he had been a corsair.

Whether he hit upon America by chance during a journey in the latter capacity, and whether, when he begged the mutineers of the *Santa Maria* for another three days' patience, he was reckoning with the likelihood of sighting a familiar coastline during that time-limit, is a matter for conjecture; as is also the explanation as to why he returned in chains from his second trip to America, and why he and his son later experienced such difficulty in getting the Spanish Court to recognize the rights and titles which had been promised to them. Is it possible that vague unproven rumours, of the nature of the information conveyed to Giovanni Borromeo by Don Pedro as early as 1494, with regard to the identity and the past of the great man, were already in circulation at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella during Columbus's lifetime?

I reached Madrid just at a moment when Spain was again in full ferment. The dictator, Primo de Rivera, General Franco's predecessor and friend, had fallen, and had died a few weeks later in exile in Paris. The new Prime Minister, General Berenguer, was attempting gradually to abolish dictatorship and get the country back to a normal constitu-

tional regime; but it was already too late and the majority of the population demanded a Republic, since Alphonso's person was too closely connected in their minds with the *dictadura*. I shall never forget the impression which I received one afternoon in the first week of June when I saw King Alphonso and his Queen drive in an open landau through the city's main square, the Puerta del Sol. The crowds which fill this square the whole day long did not form into rows, nor even groups. Each one went his way, one or two stopping to watch, and I could have counted the people who raised their hats on the fingers of one hand.

There was not a sound. The atmosphere was filled with an animosity which nothing could budge or overcome. It must have been a terrible moment for those two people in their landau—it was terrible even for the impartial observer. Cries or gestures of anger would have been easier to bear, less oppressive, less cruel than this cold hatred, this freezing scorn.

As usual, I visited client publishers of all parties, and also signed a contract with *El Liberal* of Bilbao, published by the Socialist leader, Don Indalecio Prieto, who, seven years later, between Largo Caballero and Juan Negrin, was Minister for National Defence in the Republican civil war Cabinet. Even his sense of humour, which is highly developed, seemed influenced by his view of life, for when I congratulated him on his French and remarked that he spoke it almost as well as Mirabeau, he replied that he would prefer to speak it as well as Gambetta, the great 'tribune' of the people of Paris in 1870.

In Valencia I signed an agreement with Don Sigfrido Blasco Blasco, owner of the newspaper *El Pueblo*, and a son of that great novelist, the late Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Then followed an unforgettable trip by car along the east and south-east coast of Spain and through Andalusia. After leaving Alicante I came through the famous date forest of Elche. Divided up into a number of individual plots, this plantation contains 115,000 female date-palms and one

single male palm, which provides the fertilizing pollen for the whole plantation. It is the famous *palmera del cura*, with its seven mighty trunks, all of which have sprouted from the original trunk. This unfortunate male date-palm has 115,000 wives. In its wisdom, however, Providence willed it that all 115,000 of them should be firmly rooted into the ground.

From Almeria—which looks exactly like an Arabian town, with its white flat-roofed houses and its gorgeous Moorish citadel, comparable only to the one in Aleppo—I travelled along the south coast of Andalusia, with the sea on my left and before me a never-ending chain of Moorish watch-towers dotted along the shore, and the mountain chains of Morocco showing on the other side of the narrow strip of Mediterranean. Then from Motril, I drove across the Sierra Nevada to Granada, where the creative genius of Moslem art has possibly attained its supreme and triumphant fulfilment. Then came Cordova with its mosque supported by a forest of columns, a present-day wonder of the world, which, fortunately for humanity, along with the Alhambra, has been spared the ravages of civil war.

In Spain they speak not only of an 'Andalusian' type, but of a specifically 'Cordovan' type, and this distinction became perfectly plausible to me when I found that almost the entire male and female population of Cordova has the same physiognomy, the same large, close-set eyes and fine aquiline nose, as the Bedouins in the desert of Northern Arabia. I think I have found the reason why this 'anthropologic island' of Cordova comes to have that pronounced non-Berber, Semitic, purely Arab, Bedouin type. The Caliphs of Cordova, who for centuries had their seat here, were Omayyads, that is, direct descendants of the Caliph Omar, the second leader of Islam to succeed Mohammed. Like their immediate entourage, they hailed of course from Arabia, and I am inclined to believe that during the course of a few generations, polygamy succeeded in imposing upon the population of their Andalusian capital the facial characteristics

of the ruling Arab caste. In Seville, too, for instance, there was a caste of Syrian Arabs ruling over the lower Berber section of the community; indeed in the Arabian world of the Middle Ages, Seville was known not as Seville but as Homs, since its ruling class came from the Syrian town of that name, just as the Pilgrim Fathers, when they landed in New England, gave the name of Plymouth Rock to their landing-place, and called their first big town by the name of the English town Boston.

From Cordova my journey continued via Seville and Huelva to Portugal, where I was faced with no easy task, since for the past fifty years the Portuguese Press had been the sacred preserve of the French Havas telegraph-agency, and mine was the first attempt at breaking that monopoly and inducing the newspaper-publishers of the country to open up their columns to an American news-service. I signed up the *Diario de Noticias* and the *Diario de Lisboa*, the leading Lisbon morning and evening papers, and *O Primeiro de Janeiro* of Oporto, and in due course I was fortunate enough to add to the list four of the six remaining best-known papers in the country, which, incidentally, is one of the most picturesque in Europe.

In Aljes, near Lisbon, I came upon a very interesting form of bull-fight, which is popular in Portugal. The bull-fighters who take part in it are known as *forcados*. Six or seven men, dressed in the knee-breeches and long white stockings and the long pointed cap of the Portuguese peasant, stand in the bull-ring in a group, their leader a few steps ahead of the rest. Then another man lures the bull over to the far side of the arena with his red cloak. The bull has padded balls on the points of his horns, and when he turns round and finds himself facing the *forcados*, he usually charges straight at their leader, who literally 'takes the bull by the horns', while with lightning movements the others seize the animal by neck, back and tail, thus immobilizing it sufficiently to allow their leader to jump off its head. Time and again one or the other of the *forcados* jumps over the animal's back, and I even saw one of

them make a somersault by pressing his hands against the bull's back as he jumped.

But what is the origin of this form of bull-fighting, which has been practised for nearly four thousand years in this particular corner of the Iberian Peninsula and in no other?

It comes from ancient Crete. The totem of the Cretans was the bull, which incidentally is evidenced by the myth current throughout the region of the ancient Mediterranean civilization, telling of King Minos and the Minotaurus, that monster with the head of a bull and the body of a man, which lived in the labyrinth and was overcome by Theseus with Ariadne's help. In honour of this totem of ancient Crete, bull-fights were held there, in which both men and women battled with the animal in just the same way as the Portuguese *forcados*. Sir Arthur Evans, the noted British archaeologist, found wall-paintings in the ruins of the ancient palaces of Crete which depict a female *forcado* in the act of performing a somersault over the bull's back. The famous excavator, Henry Schliemann, who found the fabulous gold treasures in Troy and in Mycene in Greece, discovered a similar wall-painting in Tiryns near Mycene, dating back to about 1400-1250 B.C.

In the National Museum in Athens, I saw casts of objects, the originals of which repose in the Museum in Candia on the island of Crete, where they were found. One of these objects is an ivory statuette, representing a male bull-fighter performing a somersault, and it dates from about 1600 B.C. in the so-called late Minoan period. The other is a vessel about twenty-three inches high, made of black soapstone, in the typical ancient-Crete funnel shape, round the outside of which run four decorative reliefs one above the other. The second from the top shows a bull-fighter who has bungled his somersault. The bull has caught him in mid-air in the middle of the back, so that he is hanging with his back to the animal, his head hanging down near the ground, and his legs dangling over the bull's back. This vessel dates from 1700-1500 B.C.

There is nothing new under the Mediterranean sun.

THE GANGSTER TRAPS OF NEW ORLEANS

ONE DAY IN 1931 I HAD A TALK WITH THE MEDICINE-MAN of a *pueblo* of the Navajo Indians in New Mexico. He had just completed one of the sand-paintings for which his tribe is famous, and in answer to my questions, he explained how he treated his 'patients', tribesmen who suffer from some psychic ailment such as melancholy, anguish, fear, or conditions which we should call 'worry', 'neurosis', 'psychosis' or nervous breakdown.

The intensity of our sensations caused by some scene we witness—whether it is a football game or an artistic performance, and whether we take an active part in it or are merely spectators—is of course determined by our ability to concentrate upon it. And so the Red Indian 'patient' is asked to concentrate on what the medicine-man is doing. The latter then begins, with the help of differently coloured grains of sand, to make on the ground one of the various traditional artistic designs of his tribe, in which the decorative elements, each of which has a symbolic meaning, repeat themselves in symmetrical disposition. When the medicine-man has finished his design and the patient has studied it intensively for a while, he goes away cured.

In the same year, I met a famous European scientist whose methods of psycho-therapy are in part identical with those of the Navajo medicine-men. It was my first meeting with the most remarkable practising psycho-analyst of our time, Professor Carl Gustav Jung of Zürich, who, being free of all professional prejudice, knows and fully appreciates the decisive importance of the psychologic and spiritual inheritance of civilizations other than our own.

In many cases, Professor Jung will ask his patient whether he can draw. If he says he can, Dr Jung will ask him to draw just what comes into his mind. And almost invariably the 'superior white man' who smiles at the Navajo 'savage', will draw decorative elements, repeating themselves in

symmetrical disposition, which the imaginative and creative faculties of the patient, manifesting themselves through his subconscious mind, invest with a symbolic meaning. In other words, the white man does, and concentrates upon a Navajo sand-painting; or, if you prefer the term used in India, Tibet and by the Shingon sect of Buddhism, he draws a *manddla*.

Then the civilized, superior white man, having 'worked off', or to use the proper scientific term, having 'sublimated' the pathological, destructive complex in his subconscious mind in the form of an artistic product of his superconscious, creative mind, goes home happy and cured.

The one and only difference between those two forms of therapy is that the Navajo tribesman does not know the verb, 'to sublimate'.

Jung, a strongly built, grey-haired man whose face radiates intelligence and with whom I have spent in Zürich hours as pleasant as they were profitable, is in my opinion by far the most prominent psychologist of our day. Freud's was the glory of the pioneer, who showed the way into the world of the unconscious mind, with its subconscious, or protective and destructive, and its superconscious, or creative functions. But since the day of Freud's epochal researches psychoanalysis has found new avenues of unique importance, and Dr Jung's greatest merit in this connection is his appreciation of the fundamental significance of Indian and Tibetan philosophy and psychology for modern psycho-therapy.

Even to-day many a Western 'philosopher', let alone the Western public, thinks of the 'subconscious', or more correctly, the unconscious mind, as of some minor annexe to one's personality. In reality, however, it is our unconscious mind which dominates us entirely. With its 'subconscious' vegetative, protective and destructive urges, instincts and 'complexes', and its 'superconscious' creative manifestations, such as 'intuition', 'inspiration' and 'genius', it is the channel through which our consciousness is incessantly fed with ideas and reflexes drawn from the inexhaustible reservoir

of the transcendental, supra-individual, Universal Mind. The less we recognize this truth, the more egocentric is our conception of the world around us. An egocentric outlook, however, is something fundamentally different from self-reliance. In fact, it exposes us to all the dangers of our subconscious, i.e. our primitive mind, to unadmitted and therefore 'repressed' fear, and especially to maintained, continued fear, known as 'worry'. The 'complexes' festering in the subconscious mind as the result of 'worry' are the cause of one of the best known afflictions endemic in the Western World of our generation, the nervous breakdown.

By now it is of course generally known that the nervous breakdown is not a neurosis but a psychosis. It has nothing to do with tired nerves. It is a psychic ailment, the result of continued 'worry', i.e. of fear of things which frequently never happen. The nervous breakdown is the price which the 'efficient' Westerner, the 'regular guy', the 'live wire' business man, pays for the adoration of over-rationalistic thinking, for his contempt of artistic and spiritual interests, for his egocentric outlook and his utter inability to appreciate that *creative power which springs from an impersonal attitude towards life*.

Then, when he gets his nervous breakdown, the 'efficient', 'progressive' Westerner sees his psycho-analyst, for the psycho-analyst is the medicine-man of the Western sceptic.

A few months before my first visit to Professor Jung, I had a discussion on psychological questions with one of the most successful, although spiritually prominent writers of our time. I had referred to the fact that there are practising Catholics who do not accept all the dogmas of their church, and in this connection I put forward the contention that human beings have a very definite ritualistic need, which may or may not be accompanied by a religious need, which is in fact distinct from it; but my host would not see eye-to-eye with me on this subject. When I took it up with Dr Jung, he agreed with me. 'Is not the ceremonious conferment

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of an academic degree,' he said, 'or the official, solemn opening of a new fire-station a positive ritual performance, which creates a feeling of elation in those who take part in it, without having anything whatsoever to do with religious convictions?'

Dr Jung's thorough knowledge of Indian and Tibetan Yoga is responsible for much of the remarkable work of this remarkable man. But a mission of a general nature also awaits that spiritual treasure of the East which is laid down in the *yoga sutras* and the higher *tantras* of India. One day, it may provide the salvation of mankind.

We look upon the expression 'white man' as something flattering, because for some odd reason we consider lack of pigment in the skin as a hall-mark of culture. But there have been and still are men of consequence in our hemisphere, such as Dr Jung, and the late Professor Max Müller of Oxford and the late Sir Edwin Arnold, who realize what the West, with its skin poor in pigment and its mentality rich in conceit, can learn from the wisdom of the East.

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The autumn of 1931 saw me back in America, which I reached this time by the Southern route, past the Azores, which are reputed to be the last remains of the sunken continent of Atlantis.

The U.S.A. was a changed country. There were beggars standing at every street-corner in New York, and the fact that their clothes were still in good condition made the sight doubly paradoxical and doubly disturbing. Every evening on Broadway hundreds of unemployed queued up for coffee and buns, which were provided by the charity of one of New York's leading newspapers. It was the consequence of that characteristic kind of justice with which the much-admired economic system of 'rugged individualism' had treated industry and labour, by meting out individualism to industry and ruggedness to labour.

The psychic depression was even greater than the economic; for the American is still alarmed when he is 'broke', while the European is alarmed when he is not.

The days which I spent in New Orleans were most interesting. New Orleans is a town 'wide open' and both rich and poor go in for gambling, and this is not so much due to greed as a matter of tradition. We visited several gaming-houses in 'St Bernard Parish' and 'Jefferson Parish', where the high-class gaming-houses are situated. These are decorated in surprisingly good taste, often being really artistically designed by well-known interior-decorators, and most of the guests wore evening dress. The proceedings were as quiet and dignified as in any Casino in the South of France.

In the first of these establishments which I visited, my friend and guide, J. Femrite, manager of the New Orleans bureau of the United Press, told me that, strange as it might seem, these places had never had a hold-up.

'And why not?' I wanted to know.

'Well, I have heard it said that there are cunningly concealed slots in the walls, behind which machine-guns are kept constantly manned as long as the place is open.'

My curiosity thus roused, I took a good look at the walls, and sure enough, wasn't that a horizontal slot right behind Femrite's head? I took another good look at it, then said to my friend, 'There's one of those slots right behind where you're standing. Turn round slowly.'

Whilst he was turning round, one of the coloured waiters noticed the direction of our gaze and realized that we had discovered the slot. He promptly pretended to attend to some other guests, but actually sidled up to us, in order to overhear our conversation, perhaps thinking we might be 'spotters' for some gang, sent to figure up the 'layout' and later to work out a 'getaway chart', which would facilitate the gangsters' work and, still more so, their getaway. Or of course we might have been the ga- of ol was st, and about

to whip out our guns the next moment? He was taking no chances either way.

Nor was the man at the machine-gun, who had also noticed that we had spotted him. To show us that, so long as he was on the job, we did not stand a 'Chinaman's chance', as the saying goes, he moved his glowing cigarette-end from side to side along the horizontal slot.

The guests had no idea that they were sitting within the range of a machine-gun.

We walked out, and in the entrance hall, we spotted another slot which dominated the lobby, so that any gangsters who managed to get out of the main room with their haul would be mowed down when they reached the door. We discovered this particular slot because the marksman at the machine-gun was determined to show us that he was on duty, and puffed cigarette-smoke through the opening.

It would be simple to commit suicide here, I thought. One would merely need to make a sudden gesture as though to whip out a gun—and all would be over.

We visited two more fashionable gambling-haunts after that, and took a quiet look round for slots. We spotted them in both instances, and again there was one to cover the main room and one the lobby. In these two places, a most attractive architectural solution had been found for the problem of housing the machine-guns; they were in proper little turrets, which had been artistically arranged to round off the corner of the room and to appear to be part of the scheme of decoration.

The quaint old-world charm of the French quarter of the town, *le vieux carré*, makes a lasting impression on every visitor. Before studying it and the other parts of the city thoroughly, I went for a charabanc sightseeing tour, in order to get a general impression of the place.

When we reached the well-known aquarium, I stepped into an open-air soda-fountain at the entrance, to have an ice-cream-soda, anduggedraved by one of the loveliest girls

I have ever set eyes on, a real fair-haired 'Southern belle'. In order to keep the conversation going, I ordered one ice-cream-soda after another, until my inside felt as though I had swallowed an iceberg. Then I saw the members of the sight-seeing tour filing out of the aquarium again, and the guide, spotting me, remarked, 'Aha, so that's where you dug yourself in?'

'Yes,' I rejoined apologetically, 'but honestly now—you must admit that your rattlesnakes are much less interesting than your lovely girls?'

'Less interesting? Sure!' replied the guide. 'But less dangerous too. They warn you.'

I was particularly interested in the question of the slave-trade, of which New Orleans had once been the centre. Since it was illegal to enslave free-born negroes, the slave-traders who bought them in Africa evaded the law by taking them first to Cuba, where, in return for suitable quantities of 'palm oil', the authorities would draw up certificates stating that the negroes had been born as slaves in the island. They were then sold in New Orleans, often by auction. The platform in the old 'St Louis Hotel' on which these poor wretches were put up for auction, is now in the 'Cabildo', the local museum, where it was placed upon the demolition of the hotel.

I hoped that I might perhaps be able to ferret out an old handbill announcing one of these auctions. I had just been to the famous restaurant known as 'Chez Antoine', and eaten dishes made from French recipes dating back to the foundation of the town under Louis XIV, and which surpassed anything I have ever eaten in France, when, in Royal Street, I stopped in front of an antique-shop bearing the good old French name of Pelletier. The charming, courteous old man behind the counter had studied in France and spoke cultured French. He had no slave-auction handbills, he informed me, but on the other hand, he frequently acted in an advisory capacity in clearing up the estate of old-established local

families, and occasionally bought some of the things they left. He had for instance bought up part of the property left by a man whose father had been a notary, and he thought that there were some slave-contracts among the stuff. After delving among his papers for a while, he unearthed several documents relating to the slave-trade, and smilingly handed them over to me for the nominal price of one or two dollars apiece.

They were legally drawn-up contracts relating to the sale of slaves. In one of these, dated January 23rd 1860, one James C. Zunts sells to one John D. Johnson 'a certain sugar-plantation known by the name of "La Concession", in the Parish of Plaquemines on the right bank of the Mississippi, with all and singular the buildings, engines, stock, cattle, horses, mules, wagons . . . and the following named slaves for life,' that is, 129 slaves of both sexes and almost all ages. The price was 275,000 dollars.

Another document, dated January 20th 1855, drawn up by one Antoine Doriocourt, Notary Public, confirms the sale by auction 'of the slave Joséphine, negress, about twelve years of age' for 600 dollars to a Mademoiselle Carcano. As in all such deals, the Recorder of Mortgages of Jefferson Parish confirms in an annexe that 'the said slave is free of all mortgages'. In a second annexe the vendor declares 'by these presents that he sells, cedes and transfers the rights of ownership in the said slave' to the purchaser 'with all guarantees provided by the law for the event of unknown vices or of illness.'

Abraham Lincoln was a great man.

CARIBBEAN ADVENTURE

IN BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS, I TOOK A PLANE, AND AFTER A glorious flight, taking us up to a height of 14,000 feet, with a short stop in Tampico, we landed in the Mexico City aerodrome five and a half hours after leaving Brownsville. John Morris, the manager of our Mexico City bureau, was there to meet me.

The years which I spent in the Near East proved the spiritual turning-point in my life, but I think that in other respects I carried away even deeper impressions from Mexico. My stay there was one huge thrill, for this country strikes the visitor like an unforgettable dream. The landscape with its active volcanoes, crowned by snowfields and glaciers, and fringed lower down by palms, cactuses and agaves, is a magnificent setting for the fairy-tale treasures of pre-Colombian civilization, with its scaled pyramids, its palaces and temples, which dot the plains and the virgin forest. In the towns, the eye is attracted by the beautiful buildings in Spanish colonial style, while the eleven million full-blooded Indians and the five million other inhabitants of the country, in which eighty-six different languages are spoken, make it a living museum of ethnology and folklore. To this must be added the still existing tradition of old colonial hospitality, which positively overwhelms the stranger by its generosity.

I had the privilege of being able to visit the famous Toltec pyramids of Teotihuacan near Mexico City, among them the 'Pyramid of the Moon' and the 'Pyramid of the Sun', the base-measurements of which approach those of the Cheops Pyramid in Gizeh, under the personal guidance of the man who excavated most of them, the leading archaeologist of the country, Dr Manuel Gamio. I had another bit of luck in visiting the National Museum of Mexico City just on the day when Professor Alfonso Caso was engaged in arranging in show-cases his find of a stupendous hoard of pre-Colombian gold objects which he had discovered a

short while before in the tombs of Monte Albán in Southern Mexican state of Oaxaca. It was the most sensational gold find of American archaeology, and Professor Caso made a 'pre-view' of the objects.

Like the tomb of Tutankhamen, the one containing Mexican gold hoard also consisted of several chambers. Amongst the objects found was a gold mask, representing the god Xipetotec. It was in honour of this god that the Aztecs bound to themselves the face and body of prisoners of war, who had been sacrificed to the war god Huitzilopochtli and whose corpses had been flayed. incidentally is the gruesome origin of the custom of scalping among the prairie Indians of the United States.

The thing which impressed me most was a magnificent breastplate of solid gold, from which stood out in high relief and in technically perfect form the head of a 'tiger knight' wearing a gorgeous head-dress. According to contemporary custom, he wore the jawbone of a fallen enemy tied behind his face, in order to frighten his opponents. On his forehead he reposed the upper jaw of a jaguar, for the warriors of Montezuma's realm were divided into two orders of knights, tiger (or, more correctly jaguar) knights, and eagle knights, who wore on their heads the skull and upper jawbone or the upper part of the beak of their respective totipotential animal.

Another wonderful object was an ornate *lavallière*, made of six pendant pieces, filigreed and carved, terminating in diamond-shaped golden balls. The topmost of these six pieces depicted the 'double god' Tezcatlipoca, who still exists to-day among many U.S. Indians as the 'thunder bird'. He was represented in both his manifestations, namely as the red and the black Tezcatlipoca, and these two beings were shown in the act of playing the favourite game of the ancient Mayas, Toltecs and Aztecs, which was known as *tlatchtli*.

Introduced into Europe by the Spanish *conquistadores*, many of whom were Basques, it is still popular to-day in the Basque

provinces of France, where it is known as *pelota* or *jai alai*. The Spaniards re-introduced it into Cuba as late as 1900. The fastest and most tiring game known, it was played in Spain until three centuries ago, and often still is played in France, just as it originally used to be played in Mexico, with the naked hands, being known as the *trinquet* game; it was not until much later that the now usual *cesta* was introduced, a wicker basket, shaped something like a pelican's lower bill, which is strapped on to the player's wrist to protect his hand from direct contact with the hard little ball.

For the ancient Mexicans the game undoubtedly possessed a significance closely connected with their cosmology and probably symbolizing the movement of the stars, caused by Tezcatlipoca's two manifestations, the 'red' and the 'black', which I believe to have symbolized in their turn day and night.

There are several more or less well preserved ruins of pre-Colombian *tlachtli* courts in Mexico, and among those which I saw in Yucatan, one was almost intact and was flanked by a temple in which sacrifices were made before each game, and which was adorned by wonderful Maya wall-paintings and a frieze of bas-reliefs, the latter depicting jaguars.

Whilst in Mexico City, I visited a former colleague, Don Julio Alvarez del Vayo, whom I had frequently met in Berlin where he was representing the Madrid papers, *El Sol* and *La Voz* and the big Buenos Aires daily, *La Nación*. He was now Spanish Ambassador to Mexico, having been sent there by the young Spanish Republic. Five years later, in the thick of the murderous civil war, fate placed him in the position of Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Spanish Republican Government. He still held that position when I saw him in 1938 in Geneva, and he kept it until Franco's victory.

There were two other interesting people whom I met about the same time—the President of the Republic, Don Pascual Ortíz Rúbio, and the ex-President and War Minister

and, in fact, the Dictator of the country, General Plutarco Elias Calles. In this connection it was a fortunate thing for me that Don Manuel Téllez, who had for years been Mexican Ambassador to the U.S.A., and whom I had known in Washington, had just recently been appointed Foreign Secretary of his country. He received me with that exquisite courtesy which Mexicans show to foreigners who come not as arrogant know-alls, but with the tact and warm interest which alone can open to a traveller the doors of the cultured in any country which he visits.

General Calles was staying on his ranch in Cuernavaca not far from Mexico City, where Cortéz himself had once resided. Téllez accompanied me personally to Cuernavaca, where the Dictator was expecting us for lunch, which I planned to combine with a newspaper interview.

In the courtyard of the modest country house, in which a detachment of soldiers assured Calles' safety, the overlord of Mexico received us most politely. I was struck by his physical resemblance to Kemal Ataturk. Practically the same slender, muscular, wiry figure, almost the same thin, bony face with the deep-set eyes, the same slow movements, and the same measured but extreme courtesy.

Maybe similar souls sometimes construct for themselves similar bodies in the state of embryonic development, was my first thought, as I shook hands with the general.

The meal was as modest as the spotless little farmhouse in which it was served by an old Indian womanservant. Since Calles understood neither English nor French, we began to speak Spanish, after I had apologized for my imperfect knowledge of that language; and while Señor Téllez needed to translate only a sentence here and there into English for me. I had to call much more frequently on him to translate my remarks into Spanish. So between us both, the poor man had no chance to eat his lunch.

Local Mexican colour was provided at the meal by the barrel of a military rifle showing above the window-sill,

and indicating that the Dictator's bodyguard was on the job.

The interview which I obtained during the course of the luncheon was only partly concerned with questions of Mexican home affairs. Its chief theme was world politics, and I am inclined to believe that if General Calles had grown up in the public life not of Mexico but of a big European power, he would to-day be one of the leading figures in world politics. His opinions indicated original and powerful thought and were to my mind a definite contribution towards that eagerly sought-for solution of the problems caused by the methods of orthodox capitalism with their resultant anarchy in production and distribution, the replacement of man by machinery and the recent experiments in 'autarchy', as well as by the failure of the conceptions of orthodox Communism, which Lenin himself had to replace by his *neuskaya ekonomiska politika*, that is, revised Communism.

Especially interesting were Calles' ideas about an economic system based upon a co-ordination of certain capitalistic ideas and of a far-reaching application of co-operative methods of production and distribution.

Téllez was so delighted by the cordial atmosphere in which the conversation with the 'big boss' of the country had taken place and by Calles' invitation to us to stay to lunch, that he excelled himself in his Mexican hospitality. When, after a short rest in my hotel—it is pretty strenuous getting about in an unaccustomed altitude of 7,600 feet—I appeared in Téllez' office after six the same afternoon, to go to the interview with the President of the Republic, a Rolls-Royce stood waiting outside. As a gesture of extreme courtesy, both Foreign Secretary Téllez and the Chief of the Protocol, Señor Manuel de Negri, accompanied me in the car, which slid through the new districts of Mexico City and soon brought us into the famous Chapultepec park with its giant trees. Then we drew up in front of the President's huge palace, which had been built by Emperor Maximilian of

Mexico. It stands on the exact spot on which once stood the residence of the Aztec Emperor, Montezuma.

Télez introduced me to one of the President's A.D.C.s, a colonel, and a full-blooded Aztec with the brownish-black face and the eagle nose of the warriors of Montezuma. The colonel then took us in to President Ortiz Rúbio, a tall, rather slim man, brown-skinned, with a little grey moustache and grey hair, his intellectual expression enhanced by his spectacles. President Ortiz Rúbio is partly *indio*, and I was told that he is descended from the old royal line of the Tarascan tribes. We had a long talk, the interview turning chiefly on topics of the day in Mexican politics.

Dr Andreu Almazán, the Governor of the State of Puebla, also displayed his country's hospitality by giving a luncheon-party in my honour and inviting me for a wonderful trip to Puebla. This man's culture was immediately manifested by the fact that there were no speeches at his luncheon, but instead, two native artistes sang the most delightful Mexican folk-songs, accompanying themselves on the guitar. On account of its many churches, Puebla has been christened 'the Rome of Mexico', and it is an unforgettable mixture of progress amidst monuments of a glorious past. The little university was faultlessly organized and equipped, and even possessed an observatory, and the last word in progress was provided by a large, modern and beautifully designed elementary school, which was shown to us by a very beautiful young woman teacher.

'It's a lovely school, isn't it?' she inquired with a smile.

'It's not the only thing that's lovely,' I replied with a still broader smile, but then recalled that most of my Mexican friends carried their revolvers with them, and since one of them might conceivably be her fiancé, I deemed it more prudent on afterthought to confine my attentions exclusively to pedagogic institutions.

About six weeks prior to my visit to Puebla, the Governor had discovered that one of his fellow-citizens was not in

full agreement with his policy; it had fortunately been possible to remove the bullet from the Governor's leg, and by the time I visited him, Dr Almazán had quite recovered his health; but that dissenter had managed to get away, and nobody knew where he was at the moment nor when he might express his opinions again; and since Dr Almazán took me around with him in his own car, and most charmingly kept me by his side the whole time, I found myself almost all day long in company which was likely to prove more gratifying to my self-respect than beneficial to my health.

In Puebla I saw a pre-Colombian skull showing a typical perforation caused by syphilis—a proof that the *conquistadores* either brought this scourge of modern times with them from America to Europe, or at least that they found it there when those few hundred men under Cortéz staked their lives to conquer and shamelessly plunder a new world. For it is not when he is prepared to murder but when he is prepared to die that man is most dangerous. And the fact that there is scarcely an idea for which many people have not already laid down their lives, proves not so much the greatness of human ideas as the smallness of the human mind.

I terminated my Mexican tour by a visit to the excavations of ancient Maya sites in Yucatan, to which the Carnegie Foundation of Washington had invited me.

From Vera Cruz I flew in a plane belonging to the Pan-American Airways, with only a short stop-over in Campeche, as far as Mérida, the extremely interesting and picturesque capital of the State of Yucatan. This trip afforded me the acquaintance of an interesting man, Señor R., who has a wonderful private collection of Maya antiques and of various other objects of importance. Among other things, his show-cases contain a rich collection of pre-Colombian tobacco-pipes of stone, clay and other materials, the bowls of which are artistically decorated with figures of human beings, animals, etc. The existence of an object which I discovered

in this collection appears to be quite unknown. Upon my suggestion, the owner was kind enough to have photographs of it taken for me, and I shall publish these when a suitable occasion arises.

It is a silver beaker about six inches high, measuring four inches across the top and three and a half across the bottom. The handle is cleverly worked as a *conquistador* in armour and helmet, holding a little round shield in his left hand and a dagger in his right. The outside of the beaker is divided into three adjacent sections in which pictures are engraved. One shows the *maguey* plant, a giant agave which grows throughout Mexico and from the juice of which the national alcoholic drink, *pulque*, is made. Adjoining this picture is a scene which is often mentioned in old chronicles of the country, namely, a peace delegation from a conquered enemy visiting the King of the Toltecs, the predecessors of the Aztecs, who conquered them. In order to avenge themselves, the enemy sent to the Toltec ruler the drink which he had never tasted, *pulque*, and in a short time it so weakened the Toltec people that they in their turn were conquered by their enemies, the Aztecs. The third picture on the beaker shows Cortéz' coat of arms, while round the bottom of this interesting object is engraved the inscription in Spanish:

'To the Most Excellent Señor Governor, Captain-General of New Spain, Don Ferdinand Cortéz, the lessees of the mine of Tlaliuja Hija, Anno 1522.'

Small wonder that the grateful leaseholders of that rich silver-mine had a souvenir for the conqueror of the land made from the first yield of their mine; for this man had earned glory by the massacre of tens of thousands of natives, in order that millions of other natives should die a less speedy and less spectacular death than their comrades in the silver-mines and other economic institutions of the white man, for the glory of the Spanish crown and for the profit of Spanish pockets.

THE MAN-EATING WELL

THE PRETTY AND INTERESTING TOWN OF MÉRIDA, WITH ITS countless open *patios*, is inhabited by a mixed race, a cross between Spanish and Maya blood, which, with an inconsiderate disregard for the dogmas of the racial theory, has produced a particularly handsome type. The beauty of the women of Yucatan is rightly famed, and I have seldom seen so many pretty girls to the square mile as I did in Mérida.

The town is bi-lingual. Almost everybody speaks both Spanish and Maya, which has remained a living language, even newspapers and books being printed in it. In diametrical contrast to England, the climate preserves the façades of the buildings almost unaltered, and the palace-like mansion of the Montejo family, who conquered Yucatan in the first half of the sixteenth century, still stands exactly as it was on the day of its completion. At each of the two extremities of the façade, which is not a long one, a *conquistador* has been chiselled with somewhat primitive technique in a white stone resembling tufa. Each of these two men is standing proudly on the head of a Maya, as who would say, 'Caramba, look at me! Behold how heroically I, with my simple suit of steel armour, my poor arquebuses and my insignificant cannons, have conquered these dangerous naked savages, with their deadly stone axes and their terrible bows and arrows!'

Outside Mérida I saw several full-blooded Mayas, who in face and figure differed completely from the Aztecs in the highlands around Mexico City. The Aztec, like his close relations, the Comanche and the Apache, and like most of the prairie Indians of the U.S.A., is a descendant of the Manchus, while the Mayas are Polynesians, their squat figures rather putting one in mind of the Filipinos or Siamese and their faces of the South Sea Kanakas. Their ancestors probably immigrated from the South Seas in prehistoric times, possibly via Easter Island and Peru. The anthropological origin of the Mayas, however, is still a much-discussed

point to-day and, as so often in scientific matters, perhaps the question might have been settled long ago if the learned men concerned had looked up from their reference-books for long enough to study the subject for a few minutes with the naked eye.

Then came the days which I spent in Chichén-Itza, 'the City of the Man-eating Well', as the guest of that eminent archaeologist, Dr Sylvanus Morley, who snatched from the all-pervading vegetation of the primeval forest a veritable masterpiece of the ancient Mayas, the 'Temple of the Warriors'.

In pre-Colombian times Chichén-Itza was a place of religious pilgrimage, containing a number of temples, in particular, that of the God of the Air, Kukul Kaan, also known as 'the plumed serpent', whom the Aztecs called Quetzal-Coatl, 'Bird of Paradise-Snake', and the great temple of the Rain God, Tlaloc. This town, with its glorious buildings, was for some unknown reason abandoned by its inhabitants some eighty years before the arrival of the Spaniards. Whilst in Europe and Asia the technique of excavation consists of digging, in Mexico it is more a question of removing with great care the luscious vegetation, which in the space of one generation can turn palaces and temples into overgrown hillocks.

Thus, bit by bit, there rose before the eyes of Dr Morley's expedition the glorious 'Temple of the Warriors' in all its original beauty, surrounded by a veritable forest of columns or, rather, square pilasters, covered with realistic bas-reliefs depicting gods, priests and warriors. Its main entrance is guarded by two huge columns, representing the 'plumed serpent', and, in front of them there reposes the recumbent stone figure of the Fire God, Chac Mool.

Beside this temple there stand practically intact the beautiful step-pyramid of the God Kukul Kaan, which was originally photographed from the air by Colonel Lindbergh, since the virgin forest would permit of no landing. On the far side of this pyramid stands in an almost complete state of preservation the pre-Colombian 'squash court', where they once played *tlatchtli*, the Mexican prototype of the *pelota* game, to

which I have already referred. Towering straight out of the jungle were a number of other well-preserved buildings, among them a large construction known as 'las Monjas', and a temple in pure old Maya style, the 'House of the Lintels'. One of these lintels bears a date in Maya hieroglyphs, which allows us to date it about A.D. 800.

Not far from this building there stands, still eighty to ninety per cent intact, a regular, fully-fledged observatory in circular form. From it the Maya priests used to observe the movements of the stars, particularly the passage of Venus, on which observations they based their famous and admirably calculated calendar. The hieroglyphs which refer to the Maya calendar are well known, but the rest have been only partly deciphered.

But the most famous feature of Chichén-Itza is the deep, round, natural well, with its sheer walls, about a hundred feet across, which played such an important part in the cult of the greatest of local gods, the Rain God, Tlaloc. Each year a number of virgins were sacrificed to this deity. They were first drugged and led in solemn procession to the Sacred Well, and then hurled down into its depths, where they drowned in honour of the great Tlaloc.

During the years in which Chichén-Itza flourished, at least 10,000 virgins must have been sacrificed in this cruel, savage attempt to please a higher power. A terrible figure! No less than two per cent of the victims of the Spanish Inquisition.

My stay in the expedition's quarters was a very pleasant one, with interesting and stimulating conversation. Every evening we were, of course, forced to take certain precautions. Our shoes had to be hung on the corners of a chair-back, soles upwards, to avoid unwelcome contact with a snake or a tarantula when stepping into them the following morning. An unpleasant experience of this kind almost befell one member of the expedition shortly before my arrival; he escaped by the skin of his teeth.

Occasionally a jaguar would appear on the scene and prowl around, and one of Dr Morley's assistants was proceeding to the excavation-work one morning when he suddenly caught sight of a full-grown specimen standing a few yards away. Fortunately the animal was either pondering on the chronology of Maya monuments, or the wind was not blowing in its direction; anyway, the archaeologist politely withdrew.

Another pest was a particular kind of flea which infested the shrubs and undergrowth, and, if one walked close by these bushes, would be likely to hop on to one's leg and eat itself about half an inch deep into the flesh, from which only a surgical operation could remove it. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that we all wore gaiters.

Before leaving the country, I was to have one more experience of Mexican hospitality. On the return journey from Chichén-Itza, I found a telegram awaiting me in Dzitas, the first railway-station which one reaches after a long ride by car from the site of the excavations. It came from Don Joaquín Alberto, editor of Yucatan's leading newspaper, the *Diario del Sureste*, of Mérida, and invited me to a reception and supper to be given in my honour. The telegram also mentioned that the Governor and the principal officials of the State of Yucatan would be present.

My host introduced me to the Governor, a dark-brown, full-blooded Maya Indian, whose actual career was that of University professor, and whose charm of manner equalled his liberal education. There was music too, provided by two singers who accompanied themselves on the guitar, and who sang many delightful folk-songs, some melancholy, some gay, all in the Maya language.

Then, after supper and an unforgettable evening amongst friendly people, I took my leave and sat all by myself on a stone bench in a little park decorated with the bust of a Mexican general, to 'take in' once more that environment of exotic charm.

Around me lay the hot silence of the tropical night, and

above me, scattered on the face of the heavens, those same stars which I had already seen in Vienna, Stockholm, Granada and Damascus. The perspective was slightly different each time, but they were always the same stars.

Nobody, I told myself, would ever think of claiming that there were different Great Bears, Lyres, Cassiopeias or Orions in that endless expanse of blue up there, nor deny that one simply saw them from a slightly different view-point according to one's position on the Earth. Then how was it that each group of human beings considered itself fundamentally different from the other, and always so much better? Did men not realize that everywhere, in every climate, and beneath skins of every hue, they are the same *complexio oppositorum*, psychic entities in which that cosmic force of spiritual cohesion, called love, and that great enemy of spiritual cohesion and of spiritual growth, the feeling of the ego and of being something separate from the All, are for ever swinging up and down in search of equilibrium? Did they not notice that the sole difference between them is the slightly different angle of local perspective from which they approach the same illusions, which they call their problems?

As always when I meditate, I became hungry, a sad symptom of the feeling of being something separate from the All. So I went back to my hotel, ate a few sandwiches, and got into bed.

The following morning I took a plane for Havana.

This trip was most interesting, though not without danger. We began by flying over square mile after square mile planted with *henequén*, a kind of agave, the fibres of which are reputed to be almost equal to manila hemp in quality. After that came several hours during which we passed over an endless succession of tree-tops indicating the primeval forest of Yucatan; and had the engines of the Sikorsky 'amphibian' plane chosen to fail at that moment, no landing would have been possible. Even had we been caught up alive in the trees, and perhaps even managed to descend unharmed from the treetops to the ground, it would have been no picnic to

find ourselves in the heart of the practically impenetrable jungle, surrounded by the assiduous attentions of jaguars, pythons and other opponents of the 'good-neighbour policy' which Mr. Roosevelt advocates in Central America.

But all went off smoothly, and we landed after a flight of several hours in San Julian, on the south-western point of Cuba, to refuel. The metropolis of San Julian consisted at that time of a wooden shack for the military guard of three Cuban soldiers, a pony, and a palm tree, to which the pony was tethered. I cannot imagine where they could conceivably have tethered that pony if the Creator had not provided that one obliging palm tree. The pony obviously belonged to the stoic school of philosophy; psycho-analysts would have described him as an introvert. He accepted his fate and was lost in deep meditation.

Soon afterwards we landed in Havana, the city which displays wonderful avenues with royal palms lining the sides and flower-beds down the centre, along with the most terrible slums in the world. The slums are in the so-called 'quarter of the white poor', where there are often as many as a dozen white, coloured, and half-caste men, women and children of all ages living together in one room in unspeakable filth and squalor. At the other end of the city are clubs and private residences which are about the most luxurious and tasteful I have ever seen.

That evening I sat in the main square and listened to a native Cuban band. Never had I found the rumba or the *son cubano* half so melodious as here, in their native land, and never had their effect been so erotic as beneath that tropical sky. Fortunately there was no one to offer any serious temptation. A negress with the proportions of a Hercules, who addressed me politely, '*Señor, vamos en un hotel?*' frightened me in more than one respect, and my interest in the dusky belle did not increase when I noticed a gentleman with whom she had just been having a serious business conference standing over on the other side of the square and watching with a disturbing form of altruism to see whether I would 'bite'. If it were not contrary to the principles of modern

jurisprudence to condemn a man on circumstantial evidence, any jury would have sent that fellow to the electric chair with the sole evidence of his facial construction.

There in that erotically overcharged atmosphere it was brought home to me more clearly than ever before, how far removed our modern dances are from, for instance, an old-fashioned minuet. Oh, shades of Mozart and Haydn! If in a modern American or European ballroom a man should fail to notice that the music had stopped, he could be arrested on the spot for an offence against public morals; and when one watches present-day dancing, one wonders after a while whether the musicians are just a jazz-band or an 'accessory before the fact'.

The Cuban friend who acted as my guide in Havana was a man of learning, who knew his country thoroughly. He gave me much interesting information regarding the various Voodoo sects in Cuba, whose adherents in the population are known as *santeros* and organize big public processions on Shrove Tuesday at which fights frequently take place between rival sects. From time to time the rumour gets round that some white baby or other has disappeared and been used in Voodoo ritual.

I cannot say how true these cases are. The only baby I had anything to do with in Cuba was pitch-black. While I was dining in the 'Saratoga Restaurant', this little black girlie, about two years of age, was sitting on her equally black father's arm outside, listening with obvious delight to the music. She was immaculately dressed, her little curly head tied with an orange ribbon and a big bow. When I waved my hand to her, she began to wriggle her legs until her father set her down on the ground, when she made a bee-line for me, clambered on to my knee and put her arms round my neck. As I dangled little Maria on my knee, a party of North American tourists came in, and a jovial old gentleman called out, 'What a charming piccaninny! Whose is it?'

'Mine,' I replied with the modest pride of a father, and even ten minutes later the old gentleman still showed signs of

doubt as to whether the problem in my case was one of racial biology or of psycho-pathology.

Little Maria behaved perfectly, and, before returning to her father with a paper bag full of cookies, she clambered on to my knee again, kissed me on the cheek, and said, '*Gracias, Señor,*' while her father bowed slightly and elegantly.

The following morning I interviewed the President of Cuba, General Gerardo Machado y Morales.

General Machado liked power, but few Cubans liked General Machado. This sentimental contrast gave rise to various complications. The arguments chosen by the general to prove to the reluctant inhabitants that he was the ideal President of Cuba grew more and more emphatic, and it is said that in the space of a few years as many as two thousand of his political opponents were murdered.

Señor Machado proved himself to be a polite man, however, by sending his car to my hotel to fetch me. I was first received by his Secretary of State, Señor Herrera, and while waiting to be announced, I noticed on a nearby table signed photographs of President Coolidge and Benito Mussolini, dedicated to President Machado.

Machado was a tall, grey-haired, powerfully built man, clean-shaven and of swarthy complexion, and wore spectacles. He received me politely and asked me whether I spoke Spanish; when I answered in the affirmative, he sent everybody else out of the room, so that we remained without witnesses. We then sat down at a small table, and the interview began. It turned out to be a monologue lasting about an hour, in which my host enumerated all the services which he had rendered his country. I do not think he forgot one single service, numerous as they were; his memory was obviously excellent. Having satisfied himself that my memory was excellent too and that I should not be likely to forget any of the services he had rendered his country, he presented me with a signed photograph of himself, then took me by the hand like a long-lost brother; and hand in hand, like the babes in the wood, we walked through three or four rooms until

we reached the ante-room, where a policeman on sentry-duty, who had fallen asleep in a chair, jumped to his feet as though he had been stung by a tarantula at the sight of the father of his country approaching, hand in hand with a stranger who might have been the President of the U.S.A. or the Prince of Wales, or even a Wall Street banker.

There President Machado said good-bye to me, Señor Herrera accompanying me to the presidential car which was to take me back to my hotel. Down at the entrance to the presidential mansion, we met a nurse stepping out of a car with an almost black baby in her arms.

'What a sweet child!' I exclaimed. 'Whose is it?'

'It is the President's grandchild,' said Señor Herrera.

The baby looked at me and smiled. It did not say one word. It had rendered not one service to its country. It was a perfectly delightful baby.

Two days later I returned to New York on the ill-fated *Morro Castle*, which, with a number of passengers on board, was gutted by a fire on a later trip, not far from New York. Then I proceeded to Washington, where my old friend Ray Clapper arranged for me to meet Herbert Hoover, who had become President of the U.S. since our last meeting, after one of the bi-weekly Press conferences at the White House. I had a short chat with him about events in China, which even at that time were a cause for concern.

During the course of the exciting game of political blind man's buff, France and Japan were regarded at the time by many people as united opponents of England and the U.S.A. Alluding to this, I remarked during the course of my conversation with Hoover, 'European diplomats are keeping a close watch on events in the Far East, in order to spot the likely political alignments among the great powers,' to which the President and chief of the Republican Party replied with feeling, 'That, of course, is quite European. Over in Europe, they're always on the look-out for alignments and entanglements.'

TEA WITH THE CROWN PRINCE

SINCE MY NEGOTIATIONS WITH VARIOUS SWISS NEWSPAPERS HAD led to a number of contracts, and since the political situation in Europe was growing increasingly tense, I considered it essential that the headquarters of a news-service striving after an impartial presentation of events, should be kept free from any form of pressure. For this reason I transferred the headquarters of the European Continental Department of the United Press to Zürich at the end of March 1932.

In November of the same year I was in touch with the German ex-Crown Prince with regard to the world serial and book rights of a volume of memoirs which he intended to write. A number of years before we had secured the rights of a book which he had written during his exile on the Dutch island of Wieringen. In a letter to the ex-Crown Prince, I now suggested as a theme for his new book the review of such of his experiences as were of general human interest, that is, not events of a political character. We got as far as meeting in Berlin to discuss the project, but the Kaiser later intervened, I presume for reasons of dynastic policy, and forbade his son to write the book. The plan did, however, enable me to make the acquaintance of the ex-Crown Prince.

At the end of December 1932, one month before Hitler came to power, Frau von Reznicek, the German lawn-tennis star, who had married the well-known racing motorist, Hans von Stuck, invited me to tea with ex-Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, in order that we might have the opportunity of a talk. I was struck by the amazing facial resemblance between the ex-Crown Prince and Frederick the Great, particularly in profile.

Friedrich Wilhelm's tall, slender figure was dressed in a grey lounge-suit and a knitted pullover. He behaved in an absolutely natural manner, without a trace of ceremony, greeted me with the handshake of an athlete, and asked us for permission to remove his jacket on account of the heat, after which he sat down at the tea-table with a sigh of relief.

When he arrived there was another guest, who retired after a few moments; but although he was a civilian, he was busy clicking his heels and bowing during the whole of the short time in which he remained, and this was obviously not to the Crown Prince's liking; his mood improved promptly and visibly when he saw that I behaved in a natural way. We began by discussing our business arrangements with regard to the book. We agreed that he should send me a detailed synopsis, and after reading it I was to inform him which parts were likely to prove most interesting to the world public. The Crown Prince expressed his readiness to write the book along those lines.

The conversation then turned to general matters, and occasionally, when he wished to emphasize some point, Friedrich Wilhelm would use expressions which were obviously drawn from a soldier's vocabulary and left little to the imagination. Several of his remarks also confirmed the reputation which the Kaiser's eldest son had acquired as an admirer of the fair sex.

The conversation somehow turned to Mexico, and that led us to the subject of the Mayas. I expressed the opinion that they had come from Polynesia and immigrated into the American continent.

'Probably via Easter Island,' remarked the Crown Prince.

Since this happened to be my own opinion, I said with some surprise, 'I think so too. But may I ask how you come to be so well informed on such a very special subject?'

'It happens to be one of my father's hobbies,' he replied. 'Everything in that line interests him, you know, especially anything to do with the cult of the sun and with other problems relating to the history of religions.'

It is a well-known fact that the ex-Crown Prince's political ideas do not tally with his father's. I came away with the impression that, had he ever mounted the throne of the German Reich, he would have shown more understanding of constitutional methods of government than the Kaiser, let alone Hitler.

In February 1933 I made another business trip to Italy, to call on our client newspapers. One of the high-lights of this journey was my visit to the extraordinarily interesting Etruscan tombs near Corneto, not far from Civitavecchia, to which my attention had been drawn by one of Aldous Huxley's novels. The wonderfully preserved wall-paintings in these tombs give a striking picture of the life of the Etruscans, whose civilization was completely under Greek influence, with the exception of the bestial cruelty which the Etruscans had in common with their cousins, the Romans, by whom they were hated with that deadly hatred which is natural between close relatives.

These are pictures of feasts with woman slaves whose yellow hair indicates that in history the 'axis' between Central and Southern Europe had not always been one of political friendship. Then there are scenes showing dancing girls and musicians, and also 'games' which consisted in putting a hood on a naked slave to prevent him from seeing, tying a rope round his neck and then setting dogs loose on him, against whom he vainly sought to protect himself with a club. A man held the other end of the rope, the idea obviously being that, if the poor wretch should succeed in keeping the dogs too well at bay, he might be brought to the ground, in order to increase the 'fun'. In another tomb—strange environment for the dead—the most complicated sexual orgies were painted on the walls. These tombs of Etruscan men-about-town date from the sixth and fifth centuries B.C., when Solon, Lao-Tse, Buddha, Pericles and Socrates were alive.

A few days later, I was received in the 'Ministry of Aeronautics' in Rome by Air-Marshal Italo Balbo, now Governor General of Libya, and then Air Minister of Italy. He was just planning the transatlantic flight of an Italian squadron, which he accomplished a few months later, in the summer of 1933, and which brought him fame. Balbo wanted to consult me in connection with the newspaper and radio rights of his personal story of the proposed flight, and I was in

a position to offer both him and his secretary, Commander Gardenghi, a number of suggestions with regard to a rational utilization of the account of the exploit in the American press, on the radio, and in book form.

The Marshal, who was dressed in civilian clothes, wearing a cutaway and striped trousers, gave me a detailed description of his project, and demonstrated on a large map of the world hanging on the wall the course which the twenty-four Italian hydroplanes would strike across the Atlantic under his leadership.

When Caliph Abdul Medjid, through Kemal Ataturk's personal initiative, was forced to exchange the Dolma Bagtcheh Palace on the Bosphorus for exile, his daughter, Princess Durru Shéhvar, which in Persian means 'Imperial Pearl', was ten years of age. Shortly after his arrival in Territet near Montreux, he sent me word through his secretary, and I visited him on several occasions during the following years in Nice, where this progressively minded and highly-cultured man had made his permanent home.

Meanwhile, the little auburn-haired, blue-eyed Durru Shéhvar had grown into a beautiful girl of eighteen, who had inherited the intelligence and the spiritual interests of her father, and a talent for painting both from her father and her grandfather, the Turkish Sultan Abdul Aziz. She spoke fluent English, French, Persian, Turkish and Arabic. She had learnt how to ride and swim well and to play a good game of tennis. And she had become eligible.

It was rumoured that both King Fuad of Egypt and the Shah of Persia, Riza Pehlevi, had their eye on the lovely and cultured Turkish princess, with the idea of winning for their own heirs the hand of the only daughter of the Caliph of the Faithful. This hand was, however, destined for the son and heir of the Nizam of Hyderabad, Prince Azam Jah, who was twenty-five at the time.

In December 1931 a double Moslem marriage was celebrated with great pomp in Nice; for while Azam Jah married Durru Shéhvar, his brother led her cousin Nilufar to the altar.

At the end of December both the young married couples reached Hyderabad, where His Exalted Highness, Osman Ali Bahadur, better known as the Nizam of Hyderabad, received them in royal style.

The Nizam is the most powerful ruler in India, governs a territory equal in area to Great Britain, and is reputed to be the richest man on earth. As ruling monarch of his country he is prevented by an ancient tradition of his dynasty from leaving India, but this rule does not apply to the sons of a ruling Nizam. Crown Prince Azam Jah and his young wife visited Europe in the summer of 1932 and spent a few weeks in the Engadine. We arranged to meet, but it was only a very short meeting. Then, a year later, in July 1933, they invited me to Davos, where we refreshed old memories and arranged to meet again in two months' time in Geneva. Azam Jah's father is the founder of a flourishing University in Hyderabad, and his son too is warmly interested in all things Western. I was therefore convinced that it would be advantageous to all parties if he were to make the personal acquaintance of the leading officials of the League of Nations.

We carried out this plan at the beginning of September, when I introduced the Prince to Monsieur Avenol, Secretary General of the League. An informal luncheon which I gave in the Prince's honour was attended by the two Deputy Secretaries General of the League, Signor Pilotti and Don Pablo de Azcarate. The latter was later to become Spanish Republican Ambassador to the Court of St. James, where he remained until Franco's victory. The conversation turned chiefly on cultural questions, and provided one of the many examples of the magic of personal contact, which often will bridge all differences of environment and tradition.

Three years later, I met Crown Prince Azam Jah and Princess Durru Shéhvar again in London, where they were then representing the Nizam of Hyderabad at the coronation of George VI.

In October 1933, I decided to fulfil a long-cherished desire of being able to stay in one place for a time and not to spend

my entire life in hotels, trains and aeroplanes. To this desire were added interests which, from being a hobby, had gradually become an integral part of my life, and to which I could devote myself only in an atmosphere free from 'flashes' and 'clean beats'. So I resigned from my position in the United Press, after, in agreement with my friends at the head of the concern, having trained one of my assistants in the technique of my job. This was an obvious dictate of loyalty towards men who had treated me not as an employee but rather as a member of a family.

The following years were less hectic from a professional point of view, but in other ways they were extremely instructive and valuable. I naturally met a number of interesting old friends, and made a good many new ones. At the same time I was endeavouring to have more personal experiences by interviewing from time to time not only interesting people, but also myself.

An Arabian proverb says: 'He who took the donkey up to the top of the minaret, can manage to bring him down again.' The same imaginative faculty of man, which conjures up pain and fear, can also surround him with an atmosphere of absence of fear and suffering. This atmosphere is not one of *detachment* from things and from the activities and duties of the daily round, but one of *non-attachment*—a fundamental difference. There is a Sanskrit saying, 'Let thy body be active, thy mind agitated, and thy soul limpid like a mountain lake.'

In May 1934 I made another trip to the U.S.A. by the Southern route, which afforded me an opportunity of revisiting Spain.

A doctor friend of mine had requested me while in Madrid to hand several reprints of his articles on medical subjects to a well-known Spanish professor, who held the chair of physiology at the University of Madrid and took a particular interest in cancer research.

The Spanish scientist received me in the most friendly manner. He took particular pride in showing me the brand-

new and magnificent *ciudad universitaria*, the 'University City' of Madrid, built according to the latest scientific and architectural principles, and drove me all round the University City in his little Ford car, so that I got a fairly complete idea of the glorious layout which, with its clinics, lecture halls, and laboratories, and with its own stadium, had cost several hundred million pesetas.

Two and three years later, this knowledge was very helpful to me in studying the newspapers, for in the Spanish civil war the University City became the key position in the defence of Madrid by the Republican forces, while fate accorded the courteous professor the key position in the defence of Republican Spain. Señor Juan Negrin, M.D., became, and remained until Franco's victory, Prime Minister and Minister for National Defence of the Spanish Republic.

A hero is a man who has just a little more courage than is good for him.

A gambler is a man who has just a little more courage than a hero.

A hero seldom dies in bed. A gambler seldom dies in his own bed.

My next business trip took me once more to Italy, and in Milan I met Luigi Pirandello. That gifted man had waited until late in life for the success which he so richly deserved, and which came to him in official form in the Nobel Prize for Literature, and in human form in the pleasure with which hundreds upon thousands of people listened to his plays. His *Six Characters in Search of an Author* had been a basically new contribution to modern drama. As an old man, he was spare of figure, and his intellectual face beneath the grey hair was adorned by a grey moustache and a little pointed beard *à la Henri Quatre*, while his eyes had the expression of the thinker who looks not at things but beyond them, not unlike the expression of seafaring people whose eyes are accustomed in the physical sense to long distances. We

discussed both professional matters, namely the dramatic rights of some of his plays, and general human problems, on which he expressed consistently wise and mature opinions.

In Geneva, on my way back, I got my first close-up of the Oxford Group movement, through an old acquaintance, Carl Joachim Hambro, Speaker of the 'Storting', the Norwegian parliament, his country's permanent delegate to the League of Nations, and one of the few thoroughly candid and constructive men in European politics. Hambro is a living example of the fact that one can be perfectly sincere and yet a statesman. He invited me to a luncheon in Geneva organized by the Oxford Group, where my neighbour, a charming British admiral, told me what mental satisfaction he had obtained from this fine movement. When Hambro spoke to me about some of the teachings of the Oxford Group, such as the principle of discarding our two principal enemies in life, vanity and fear, and when I thereupon commented on the similarity between that very wise doctrine and the tenets of Buddhism and Taoism, he informed me that some of the basic ideas of the Oxford Group originated during a conversation in a houseboat in China. This threw light upon the ultimate relationship between some of the spiritual treasures of the East and the Oxford Group movement, which I consider to be an admirable system of popularizing some of the finest Eastern thoughts.

I am convinced that decisive spiritual progress in the West will be attained when the cultural and ethical level of the average Western soul has caught up with the scientific and technical dexterity of the average Western brain. The day will come when this happens, but it will be only after the ultimate failure of the present form of the Occidental's approach to his environment. Then maybe the Northern, or 'Mahayana' school of Buddhist thought, with its marriage of a higher kind of wisdom to a higher kind of charity, will become one of the leading religions and possibly the pre-dominating religion of our barbaric Western World.

VIENNESE SWAN-SONG

IN MARCH 1938, AUSTRIA CEASED TO BE AN INDEPENDENT STATE.

The world was plunged into a state of anxiety by the fate of the country and of its chancellor, Dr Kurt von Schuschnigg. As the champion of Austrian independence, he had followed faithfully in the footsteps of his predecessor, Dr Engelbert Dollfuss, whom he revered as his inspired leader and model. And while the Western world was seething with apprehension and indignation there came back to me a memorable experience which I had in Austria in May 1933.

A congress of the International Chamber of Commerce was held in Vienna at the time, attended by K. A. Bickel, President of the United Press, and in his honour I gave a luncheon-party in a private dining-room in the Grand Hotel, inviting, among others, General Anderson, one of the directors of the Exchange Telegraph Company of London, and André Glarner, the Paris correspondent of the same telegraph-agency, also a few Austrian guests and Webb Miller, then General European News Manager of the United Press.

The Austrian Chancellor, Dr Dollfuss, accepted my invitation, but mentioned that, in view of certain important matters on which he was engaged, he might only be able to join us for coffee after lunch, and promised to give us a programmatic statement about his policy. I did not tell the other guests that I was expecting the Chancellor, in order that they should not be disappointed if he should unexpectedly be prevented from turning up; the surprise would be all the greater if he did come. So I was careful to tell them only that a member of the Austrian government might join us afterwards for coffee and that he might give us an exclusive statement for the Press.

Chancellor Dollfuss was known for his unpunctuality. Great was my surprise therefore, when, half-way through lunch, the hotel-manager entered in a state of agitation and whispered something in my ear.

'Gentlemen, the Austrian Chancellor has been good enough

to come,' I announced, savouring my friends' surprise, and the next instant, Dr Dollfuss walked into the room, followed by the two permanent heads of the Austrian Foreign Office, the Councillors of Legation Schmid and Hornbostel, who retained the same positions under Dr von Schuschnigg.

I knew of course that Dr Dollfuss was a little man, but I had not imagined him quite so 'pocket-size' as that. I am only of medium height myself, and he just came up to my shoulder. But that small frame housed unusual moral strength.

Having greeted the Chancellor and introduced the company to him, I requested him to take the seat on my right.

'We are only half-way through lunch,' I said, 'won't you give us the pleasure of joining us?'

'Please don't trouble,' he replied with all the unpretentious modesty of the Austrian, 'my wife has lunch ready for me at home.' We did, however, manage to persuade him to join us.

Being anxious to avoid all stiffness and formality, I had arranged for coffee to be served in an adjoining private room. At the end of the meal, I addressed the English and French guests, then addressed the Chancellor in German since he knew only very little French and no English.

Mentioning the importance of personal contact between statesmen and newspapermen, and the advantages which accrue from it for both parties and for the understanding between nations, I emphasized that true and accurate reporting was possible only when a correspondent remained free of all outside influence. I added that Vienna was fortunate in having a number of foreign correspondents who represented the best type of honest journalism. (I was thinking particularly of my friends John Gunther, the author of *Inside Europe* and *Inside Asia*, then in Vienna for the *Chicago Daily News*, and Fodor, of the *Manchester Guardian*.)

Then I spoke a few words about Austria, which ever since my youth I have regarded as my spiritual home. There were, I said, two kinds of modesty and naturalness; that of the simple, honourable man of the people, who, from an

ethical point of view, is often far in advance of his 'cultured' fellow-citizen; and that higher form of modesty and naturalness, the result of the spiritual growth of an individual, who, during his intellectual evolution, has already left the egocentric stage of the mind behind him.

What applied to individuals, I concluded, applied also to nations, and the Austrian people were a classical example of this truth, for the well-known naturalness and unpretentiousness of the Austrian belong to that higher category of modesty which is the spiritual residue of two millenniums of civilization.

The Chancellor looked at me, and I think he was moved; not so much perhaps by what I said, as by my heartfelt sincerity of which he was conscious.

I then suggested an adjournment to the next room, where coffee was served, and as soon as the waiters had withdrawn, Chancellor Dollfuss gave us a detailed programmatic statement, having first requested me to translate his words sentence by sentence into English.

He reviewed the political, social and economic problems of Austria, and pointed out that the poverty-stricken little country had managed to balance its budget and stabilize its rate of currency. He then declared at some length that Austria's independence was the unalterable doctrine of his government. Through the maintenance of her independence, Austria was doing not only herself, but the whole of Europe and possibly the whole world a service; for in view of her specific culture and tradition and her achievements in art and science, she presented an important spiritual rallying-point in the centre of Europe, for which the future possibly reserved a new cultural mission.

Dr Dollfuss then went on to speak of National Socialism, and declared quite openly and in no uncertain terms that his country would never of her own free will submit to a movement or a regime which was propagated from outside and was diametrically opposed to the Austrian temperament.

He did not underestimate the difficulties and dangers which this propaganda held for Austria, and in this connection he reminded us of Schiller's famous saying:

'The best of men cannot in peace subsist,
If such be not his wicked neighbour's wish.'

But he was determined to fight to his last breath for the freedom of Austria.

When the Chancellor had finished speaking, I asked him whether in view of its superiority over the Austrian army both in numbers and equipment, the decisive factor might not at the critical moment prove to be the German army?

Dr Dollfuss looked at me steadily, before speaking slowly and quietly, without emphasis, like one to whom the thought had long been familiar:

'The decisive factor? Yes, perhaps. I cannot say whether other powers would be able to help us or not. It is not impossible that my country may one day be overrun. But many people underestimate the no less decisive factor which is the will of a people to be free. Did not the Poles regain their freedom after a hundred and fifty years, the Czechs after three hundred years, the Serbs and the Greeks after four hundred, the Bulgarians and the Rumanians after five hundred? A people who have for centuries been a free nation, cannot die. I believe in Austria as I believe in God. Should she one day be invaded, I know that she will outlive her invaders.'

The Chancellor then requested Bickel to give him an outline of the position in the U.S.A. and to indicate the reaction of the American public to Austria's problems. In a lucid and instructive speech, Bickel went into both these points, and I translated his words sentence by sentence into German.

Then Chancellor Dollfuss rose and took leave of us.

One year later, he was lying on the ground, slowly bleeding to death from a bullet-wound. Another four years and his beloved Austria too was lying on the ground.

Whether she will remain so for ever, time will show.

THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE

I HAD JUST COME HOME ON A COLD AND FOGGY LONDON WINTER afternoon, in the early part of 1939, and, according to an old habit of mine, I placed a cushion on the floor, sat cross-legged on it and, closing my eyes, began to meditate. I remained thus seated for a long time. When I opened my eyes again, a man was sitting opposite me in the same cross-legged position. His face was clean-shaven, his head shorn close to the scalp, and he wore a kind of yellow toga. He had the noblest and most serene features I had ever seen.

'Forgive me,' I remarked, taken aback for a moment, 'I did not know you were here. Nobody announced you.'

'I always come unannounced,' remarked the stranger enigmatically, then added, with a smile, 'Please don't let me disturb you. I am perfectly comfortable. I have come because I should like to talk to you a little about the subjects on which you have just been meditating.'

My ability to feel surprise had long since been lost to a great extent.

'I suppose you know what I have just been thinking?' I asked, 'and I don't need to tell you?'

My visitor nodded.

'Your thoughts were right,' I then heard him say, 'the average human being, and even the thinking man, is bewildered by the ever-changing and ever-conflicting slogans and catchwords, and other manifestations of hatred and violence, which confront him daily. He instinctively abhors war. Apart from this, both his instinct of self-preservation and the spiritual element in him are looking for a way out of that labyrinth of inherited and acquired falsehoods and personal and collective illusions, and of that atmosphere of passion, fear and worry which surround him. He cannot grasp the common, basic reason for those slogans, hypotheses and ideas, most of which he vaguely senses to be arbitrary and untrue. So, in his anguish he seeks in superstition, in

primitive religious beliefs, or in a sterile, primitive kind of agnosticism, which all bar the way to higher cognitions, the spiritual satisfaction and support which he lacks.'

'What is the reason for this blindness?' I asked.

'The technique of the human intellect consists of logic and analysis. Higher cognition, however, is intuitive and spontaneous, that is, synthetic and beyond logic; which is the reason why people fail to grasp the complete homogeneousness and the absolute unity of the Universe around them. The human mind, with its analytical methods, bases its conclusions upon detail, upon differences between things, and upon their separateness; thus surrounding itself in the spiritual as in the physical sense with an atmosphere of separateness from other things and beings and from the All, and opening itself up to the resultant emotions of greed and hatred.

'To separate Nature into its apparent component parts is indispensable for *describing* it, that is, for the purposes of science. But one can *understand* it only as a whole, as a unity. The anatomist *describes* the individual parts of the human *body*, but the psychologist, who endeavours to *understand* the human *being*, is not particularly interested in anatomy.'

'And the classification of the phenomena which surround us into categories?' I interjected.

'I was just about to speak of that,' replied my guest. 'In order to relieve the spiritual tension resulting from the desire for knowledge, and the attendant spiritual unrest, man simply attaches to the phenomenon which disturbs him in his spiritual inertia a Greek or Latin—or in India, a Sanskrit—label. Although he has by no means grasped the *why* or the *wherefore* of the occurrence, he has exorcized it from his mind by means of the Greek or Latin magic formula, that is to say, he has "neutralized" it and rendered it harmless.'

'What do you mean?' I asked.

Instead of replying, the man in the yellow robe put a question to me.

'When the transcendental, supra-individual, Universal

Mind injects into the ganglions of a man's brain the idea to compose various pieces of steel into a turbine, then to bring that turbine into contact with a waterfall and to transform the electricity latent in the waterfall into dynamic electricity—what would you call that process?’

‘An invention.’

‘Now if the Universal Mind, without choosing the indirect way via the ganglions of a so-called living being, makes two clouds approach, and thus, by means of a flash of lightning, causes the electricity latent in the water which forms those clouds to be transformed into dynamic electricity—what would you call that?’

‘That,’ I replied, ‘is a natural phenomenon.’

‘Excellent. And now supposing the Universal Mind, availing itself of the ganglions in the brain of a bee, causes the creature to build up wax prisms in the form of a hexahedron, with a geometrical precision which a human being can attain only by the use of technical and mathematical aids?’

‘Instinct, of course.’

‘And if that same Universal Mind, this time without taking the indirect way via the ganglions of a “living creature”, should, with the same mathematical precision which is possible to the bee but not to man without mathematical aids, build crystals in the form of a hexahedron or octahedron?’

‘A natural phenomenon.’

‘Another question. You know that the nautilus builds itself a shell around an imaginary and, from a mathematical point of view, absolutely perfect logarithmic curve, which no human being could draw without accurate instruments. Who conceives that logarithmic curve and builds that shell around it?—the nautilus, whose nervous system is called upon to conduct this work, or something outside the nautilus? “Instinct”, maybe? But another thing—the shell itself consists of millions of calcium crystals, which, like all crystals, have a perfect geometric form. Does the “instinct” of the nautilus create these crystals, or are they created by

something outside the nautilus, something which does not know the arbitrary and childish classifications of "human invention", "instinct", and "natural phenomenon"?'

I was silent.

'Please don't be embarrassed,' said my visitor, with a disarming smile. 'In your perplexity, you are in good company, which includes a number of Nobel Prize winners.'

'During the past ten or twenty years the physicists of the Western world have arrived at the recognition that there is only energy and no matter, and now at last they are guided by a synthetic and constructive thought of general, fundamental significance, the conception of the Cosmos as a gigantic complex of simultaneous electro-magnetic phenomena. In other words, the latest Western scientific conception of the Universe is one of movement, of dynamics, of energy, in the form of electro-magnetic vibration; from the vibrations which cause light, heat and sound, to those known as X-rays, as radio-activity, as cosmic rays, and as thought, which is now known and has been proved to manifest itself in the form of electro-magnetic waves.'

'This conception of the Universe as motion, as power, as dynamic force, and to use your favourite Greek term, as energy, has existed in the tantric philosophy of India for about two thousand years, with the sole difference that in place of the Greek term "energy", it uses the Sanskrit term *shakti*.

'And here for the first time since the beginning of Occidental civilization, there appears a bridge between Western scientific and religious thought in their highest sense, and at the same time the long hoped-for synthesis between what is highest in Western and in Eastern thought. At last we have found a truth which both satisfies our scientific curiosity and gives us spiritual comfort and support in the midst of that maelstrom of emotions and cares in which we live. To this end, however, one further cognition is necessary, namely this:

'Energy, or call it electricity if you prefer, is merely a *vehicle*. It is the vehicle of which creative and perceptive thought which exists both within and without the ganglions

of the brain of living creatures, avails itself. In fact, it is the sole form in which intra-individual and extra-individual, or human and non-human thought, that is, Universal Thought in its two aspects, propagates itself. But energy, or electricity, is merely the vehicle of Universal Thought or Universal Mind.

'The simple person equips Universal Mind with human attributes and visualizes it in a more or less primitive form. By a paraphrase of Spinoza's aphorism, one could say that if a triangle could think it would imagine Universal Mind to be eminently triangular. The thinking person has a more or less abstract conception of Universal Mind according to his intellectual and spiritual level. The ancient gnostics, among them St John the Evangelist, called the Universal Mind *logos*, which was wrongly translated as "the word" and should be translated as "Universal Spirit", "Universal Thought" or "Universal Mind". Christians call it the Holy Ghost. The Jung school of psycho-analysis calls it *libido*. Cabbalists know it as *ain soph*, and, in its earthly manifestation, as *shekhinah*. Christian mystics, like Thomas à Kempis, knew it as "the Spirit of the Lord". Lao-Tse calls it the *tao*. Indian vedantic philosophers know it as the *atman*, and, in its human aspect, *buddhi*, and the tantric thinkers of India as *chit shakti*. It is the great secret of the mysterious religion of the Druses of the Lebanon, and is known to the handful of their highest initiates as *al ahkil al kully*, the equivalent in arabic for "Universal Mind".

'The puzzled Western scientist, who has seen one scientific axiom after the other collapse, now at last admits Universal Mind into his laboratory, albeit through the back-door, and somewhat shamefacedly, and refers to it *sotto voce* as "the principle of indeterminacy" of the modern form of the Quantum Theory.

'Universal Mind, which manifests itself through energy, and through energy alone, not only moves the Universe, it is the Universe; it is the spiritual aspect of energy, that is, of the Cosmos.

'Those who prefer to believe in a personal God, distinct

from the Cosmos, will find it quite compatible with their convictions to look upon Universal Mind, i.e. upon the Cosmos, as the manifestation, the active principle, the dynamics of the Godhead.'

My visitor was silent.

'And how is the thinking individual to find his place in this general manifestation of cosmic energy, in this thousand-fold and uninterrupted movement and vibration which we call the Universe?' I asked.

'By endeavouring to grasp that he is nothing but movement and vibration himself, nothing but a manifestation of cosmic energy and of its spiritual aspect, Universal Mind; in other words, that he as something separate from Universal Mind does not exist at all. This realization is a source of tremendous power, for a conscious and voluntary self-alignment with Universal Mind, that is, with the cosmic forces, opens up to the illuminated soul the unfathomable reserves of strength of those very cosmic forces and of that same Universal Mind.

'The path of self-alignment with Universal Mind is long and dreary, and every one of us must walk it for himself. Teachers can merely point the way. But whosoever has the patience to walk it to the end, will be transformed. Suffering anxiety, fear, worry, fall from him. He goes through life animated by sympathy and compassion for his fellow-creatures, that is, not in spiritual detachment; but he lives in a permanent state of spiritual non-attachment, free from the blinkers and the shackles of fear, illusion, greed, hatred and folly.

'He understands that the cells of his body, and that which animates them; that his so-called soul, and that which invents the turbine, calls forth the lightning, and builds the honeycomb, the crystal and the shell of the nautilus, are one and the same thing, namely, Universal Mind. He understands that the gaseous substances which form the nebulae of Orion, in a physical as well as in a spiritual sense, are not similar to, nor analogous with the Nobel Prize winner who observes the nebulae of Orion through a telescope, but are *identical* with

him, for, like their observer, they consist both of energy and of Universal Mind, that is, of the spiritual aspect of energy.

'Whosoever fully realizes these truths, within him is unfolded Universal Mind, and he looks with a divine inward peace at himself and at his cosmos as though they were nothing but a diorama in some museum, a diorama *of which he is both a part and a spectator*.

'That, my friend, was the spiritual state of the adepts of the mysteries of Osiris and of Eleusis, as described by Jamblichus. That was the "Christian peace" of Thomas à Kempis and of St. Francis of Assisi. It is the ataraxy of Democritus and of the stoics, the spiritual peace of the Sûfi Moslem, the *kaivalya* and the *jivân-mukti*, that is, the "liberation of the soul", of the sages of India. It is the "liberation from the wheel of cause and effect", the "dissolution of Karma". It is *nirvana* and it can be attained on earth; and this by everyone, irrespective of his intellectual advancement.

'It can be reached by the religiously inclined, by the philosopher and by the higher kind of agnostic; and by Christian, Jew, Moslem, Buddhist and Brahmin alike. It can be arrived at by either of the following paths, whichever appeals most to the pilgrims: religious worship, philosophical meditation, or simple charity and helpfulness. And, as you see, it has long been known both in the East and the West, and is therefore not new at all.'

The voice had grown silent, and suddenly the apparition was gone. Just behind the spot where it had been sitting, I now noticed the familiar wooden figure of the Indian sage in its usual place, sitting with crossed legs, its face wearing the same serene smile as always. And, as always, it held its right hand raised with palm outward, in the traditional *abhâya mûdra*, 'the gesture of the absence of fear.'

But the room was suffused from end to end with an all-pervading silver glow, a light which seemed to fill space with indescribable peacefulness and bliss—a reflection of Eternity.